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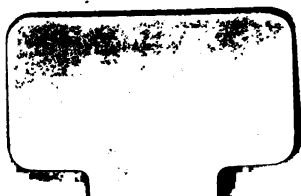
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THE
BRITISH POETS.

INCLUDING
TRANSLATIONS.

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

XXVI.

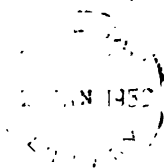
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CHISWICK:

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THE
POEMS
OF
ADDISON, AND JOHN PHILIPS.

Chiswick :
FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
COLLEGE HOUSE.

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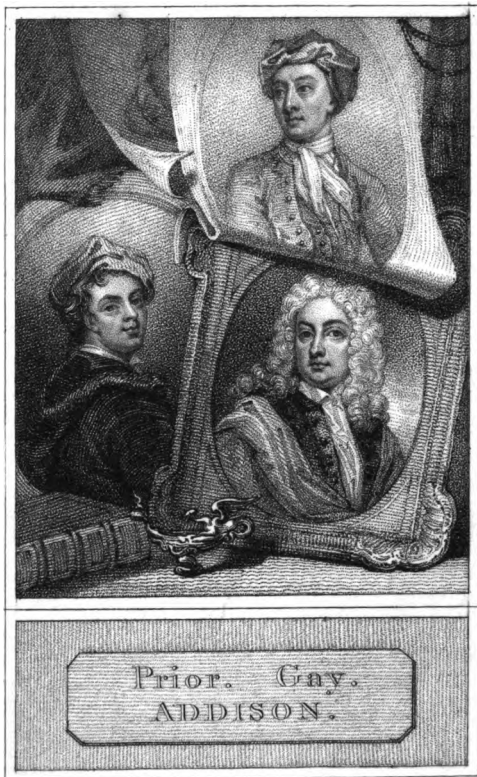
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THE
POEMS
OF
Joseph Addison.



Prior. Gay.
ADDISON.

*Engraved by Arch^d. Cardon, from a Drawing by Thomas Uwins,
after the Originals of Richardson, Black and Kneller and
Published 1st Printed, by John Sharpe.
Pleasantly.*

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH ADDISON.

BY
DR. JOHNSON.

JOSEPH ADDISON was born on the first of May, 1672, at Millston, of which his father, Lancelot Addison, was then rector, near Amesbury in Wiltshire, and appearing weak and unlikely to live, he was christened the same day. After the usual domestic education, which from the character of his father may be reasonably supposed to have given him strong impressions of piety, he was committed to the care of Mr. Naish at Amesbury, and afterwards of Mr. Taylor at Salisbury.

Not to name the school or the masters of men illustrious for literature, is a kind of historical fraud, by which honest fame is injuriously diminished: I would therefore trace him through the whole process of his education. In 1683, in the beginning of his twelfth year, his father, being made dean of Lichfield, naturally carried his family to his new residence, and, I believe, placed him for some time, probably not long, under Mr. Shaw, then master of the school at Lichfield, father of the late Dr. Peter Shaw. Of this interval his biographers have given no account, and I know it only from a story of a *barring-out*, told me, when I was a boy, by Andrew Corbet of Shropshire, who had heard it from Mr. Pigot his uncle.

The practice of *barring-out* was a savage licence, practised in many schools to the end of the last century, by which the boys, when the periodical vacation drew near, growing petulant at the approach of liberty, some days before the time of regular recess, took possession of the school, of which they barred the doors, and bade their master defiance from the windows. It is not easy to suppose that on such occasions the master would do more than laugh; yet, if tradition may be credited, he often struggled hard to force or surprise the garrison. The master, when Pigot was a schoolboy, was *barred-out* at Lichfield; and the whole operation, as he said, was planned and conducted by Addison.

To judge better of the probability of this story, I have enquired when he was sent to the Chartreux; but, as he was not one of those who enjoyed the Founder's benefaction, there is no account preserved of his admission. At the school of the Chartreux, to which he was removed either from that of Salisbury or Lichfield, he pursued his juvenile studies under the care of Dr. Ellis, and contracted that intimacy with Sir Richard Steele, which their joint labours have so effectually recorded.

Of this memorable friendship the greater praise must be given to Steele. It is not hard to love those from whom nothing can be feared; and Addison never considered Steele as a rival; but Steele lived, as he confesses, under an habitual subjection to the predominating genius of Addison, whom he always mentioned with reverence, and treated with obsequiousness.

Addison, who knew his own dignity, could not always forbear to show it, by playing a little upon his admirer; but he was in no danger of retort: his jests were endured without resistance or resentment.

But the sneer of jocularitv was not the worst. Steele, whose imprudence of generosity, or vanity

of profusion, kept him always incurably necessitous, upon some pressing exigence, in an evil hour, borrowed an hundred pounds of his friend, probably without much purpose of repayment; but Addison, who seems to have had other notions of a hundred pounds, grew impatient of delay, and reclaimed his loan by an execution. Steele felt with great sensibility the obduracy of his creditor, but with emotions of sorrow rather than of anger.

In 1687 he was entered into Queen's College in Oxford, where, in 1689, the accidental perusal of some Latin verses gained him the patronage of Dr. Lancaster, afterwards provost of Queen's College; by whose recommendation he was elected into Magdalen College as a Demy, a term by which that society denominates those which are elsewhere called Scholars; young men, who partake of the founder's benefaction, and succeed in their order to vacant fellowships¹.

Here he continued to cultivate poetry and criticism, and grew first eminent by his Latin compositions, which are indeed entitled to particular praise. He has not confined himself to the imitation of any ancient author, but has formed his style from the general language, such as a diligent perusal of the productions of different ages happened to supply.

His Latin compositions seem to have had much of his fondness, for he collected a second volume of the '*Musæ Anglicanæ*,' perhaps for a convenient receptacle, in which all his Latin pieces are inserted, and where his Poem on the Peace has the first place. He afterwards presented the collection to Boileau, who, from that time, "conceiyed," says Tickell, "an opinion of the English genius for poetry." Nothing is better known of Boileau, than that he had an injudicious and peevish contempt of modern Latin, and

¹ He took the degree of M. A. Feb. 14, 1693.

therefore his profession of regard was probably the effect of his civility rather than approbation.

Three of his Latin poems are upon subjects on which perhaps he would not have ventured to have written in his own language. 'The Battle of the Pigmies and Cranes;' 'The Barometer;' and 'A Bowling-green.' When the matter is low or scanty, a dead language, in which nothing is mean because nothing is familiar, affords great conveniences; and, by the sonorous magnificence of Roman syllables, the writer conceals penury of thought, and want of novelty, often from the reader, and often from himself.

In his twenty-second year he first showed his power of English poetry by some verses addressed to Dryden; and soon afterwards published a translation of the greater part of the Fourth Georgic upon Bees: after which, says Dryden, "my latter swarm is hardly worth the hiving."

About the same time he composed the arguments prefixed to the several books of Dryden's Virgil: and produced an Essay on the Georgics, juvenile, superficial, and uninformative, without much either of the scholar's learning or the critic's penetration.

His next paper of verses contained a character of the principal English poets, inscribed to Henry Sacheverell, who was then, if not a poet, a writer of verses²; as is shown by his version of a small part of Virgil's Georgics, published in the Miscellanies; and a Latin encomium on Queen Mary, in the 'Musæ Anglicanæ.' These verses exhibit all the fondness of friendship; but, on one side or the other, friendship was afterwards too weak for the malignity of faction.

² The verses in question were *not* an address to the famous Dr. Sacheverell, but to a very ingenious gentleman of the same name, who died young, supposed to be a Manksman, for that he wrote the history of the Isle of Man. This person left his papers to Mr. Addison, and had formed a plan of a tragedy upon the death of Socrates.

In this poem is a very confident and discriminate character of Spenser, whose work he had then never read³. So little sometimes is criticism the effect of judgment. It is necessary to inform the reader, that about this time he was introduced by Congreve to Montague, then Chancellor of the Exchequer: Addison was then learning the trade of a courtier, and subjoined Montague as a poetical name to those of Cowley and of Dryden.

By the influence of Mr. Montague, concurring, according to Tickell, with his natural modesty, he was diverted from his original design of entering into holy orders. Montague alleged the corruption of men who engaged in civil employments without liberal education; and declared, that, though he was represented as an enemy to the Church, he would never do it any injury but by withholding Addison from it.

Soon after (in 1695) he wrote a poem to King William, with a rhyming introduction addressed to lord Somers. King William had no regard to elegance or literature; his study was only war; yet by a choice of ministers, whose disposition was very different from his own, he procured, without intention, a very liberal patronage to poetry. Addison was caressed both by Somers and Montague.

In 1697 appeared his Latin verses on the peace of Ryswick, which he dedicated to Montague, and which was afterwards called, by Smith, "the best Latin poem since the *Æneid*." Praise must not be too rigorously examined; but the performance cannot be denied to be vigorous and elegant.

Having yet no public employment, he obtained (in 1699) a pension of three hundred pounds a year, that he might be enabled to travel. He staid a year at Blois⁴, probably to learn the French language;

³ Spence.

⁴ Spence.

and then proceeded in his journey to Italy, which he surveyed with the eyes of a poet.

While he was travelling at leisure, he was far from being idle: for he not only collected his observations on the country, but found time to write his Dialogues on Medals, and four Acts of Cato. Such at least is the relation of Tickell. Perhaps he only collected his materials, and formed his plan.

Whatever were his other employments in Italy, he there wrote the letter to lord Halifax, which is justly considered as the most elegant, if not the most sublime, of his poetical productions. But in about two years he found it necessary to hasten home: being, as Swift informs us, distressed by indigence, and compelled to become the tutor of a travelling Squire, because his pension was not remitted.

At his return he published his Travels, with a dedication to lord Somers. As his stay in foreign countries was short, his observations are such as might be supplied by a hasty view, and consist chiefly in comparisons of the present face of the country with the descriptions left us by the Roman poets, from whom he made preparatory collections, though he might have spared the trouble, had he known that such collections had been made twice before by Italian authors.

The most amusing passage of his book is his account of the minute republic of San Marino; of many parts, it is not a very severe censure to say, that they might have been written at home. His elegance of language, and variegation of prose and verse, however, gains upon the reader; and the book, though awhile neglected, became in time so much the favourite of the public, that before it was reprinted it rose to five times its price.

When he returned to England (in 1702), with a meanness of appearance which gave testimony of the difficulties to which he had been reduced, he found his

old patrons out of power, and was therefore, for a time, at full leisure for the cultivation of his mind; and a mind so cultivated gives reason to believe that little time was lost.

But he remained not long neglected or useless. The victory at Blenheim (1704) spread triumph and confidence over the nation; and lord Godolphin, lamenting to lord Halifax, that it had not been celebrated in a manner equal to the subject, desired him to propose it to some better poet. Halifax told him, that there was no encouragement for genius; that worthless men were unprofitably enriched with public money, without any care to find or employ those whose appearance might do honour to their country. To this Godolphin replied, that such abuses should in time be rectified; and that, if a man could be found capable of the task then proposed, he should not want an ample recompense. Halifax then named Addison, but required that the Treasurer should apply to him in his own person. Godolphin sent the message by Mr. Boyle, afterwards lord Carlton; and Addison, having undertaken the work, communicated it to the Treasurer, while it was yet advanced no further than the simile of the Angel, and was immediately rewarded by succeeding Mr. Locke in the place of Commissioner of Appeals.

In the following year he was at Hanover with lord Halifax: and the year after he was made under-secretary of state, first to Sir Charles Hedges, and in a few months more to the earl of Sunderland.

About this time the prevalent taste for Italian operas inclined him to try what would be the effect of a musical Drama in our own language. He therefore wrote the opera of 'Rosamond,' which, when exhibited on the stage, was either hissed or neglected; but, trusting that the readers would do him more justice, he published it, with an inscription to the duchess of Marlborough; a woman without skill,

or pretensions to skill, in poetry or literature. His dedication was therefore an instance of servile absurdity, to be exceeded only by Joshua Barnes's dedication of a Greek Anacreon to the Duke.

His reputation had been somewhat advanced by 'The Tender Husband,' a comedy which Steele dedicated to him, with a confession that he owed to him several of the most successful scenes. To this play Addison supplied a prologue.

When the marquis of Wharton was appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, Addison attended him as his secretary; and was made keeper of the records in Birmingham's Tower, with a salary of three hundred pounds a year. The office was little more than nominal, and the salary was augmented for his accommodation.

Interest and faction allow little to the operation of particular dispositions, or private opinions. Two men of personal characters more opposite than those of Wharton and Addison could not easily be brought together. Wharton was impious, profligate, and shameless, without regard, or appearance of regard, to right and wrong⁵: whatever is contrary to this may be said of Addison; but as agents of a party they were connected, and how they adjusted their other sentiments we cannot know.

Addison must however not be too hastily condemned. It is not necessary to refuse benefits from a bad man, when the acceptance implies no approbation of his crimes; nor has the subordinate officer any obligation to examine the opinions or conduct of those under whom he acts, except that he may not be made the instrument of wickedness. It is reasonable to suppose that Addison counteracted, as far as he was able, the malignant and blasting influence of

⁵ Perhaps Dr. Johnson blended the character of the Marquis with that of his son the Duke?

the Lieutenant; and that at least by his intervention some good was done, and some mischief prevented.

When he was in office, he made a law to himself, as Swift has recorded, never to remit his regular fees in civility to his friends: "for," said he, "I may have a hundred friends; and, if my fee be two guineas, I shall, by relinquishing my right, lose two hundred guineas, and no friend gain more than two; there is therefore no proportion between the good imparted, and the evil suffered."

He was in Ireland when Steele, without any communication of his design, began the publication of the 'Tatler:' but he was not long concealed; by inserting a remark on Virgil, which Addison had given him, he discovered himself. It is indeed not easy for any man to write upon literature or common life, so as not to make himself known to those with whom he familiarly converses, and who are acquainted with his track of study, his favourite topic, his peculiar notions, and his habitual phrases.

If Steele desired to write in secret, he was not lucky; a single month detected him. His first Tatler was published April 22 (1709); and Addison's contribution appeared May 26. Tickell observes, that the Tatler began and was concluded without his concurrence. This is doubtless literally true; but the work did not suffer much by his unconsciousness of its commencement, or his absence at its cessation; for he continued his assistance to December 23, and the Paper stopped on January 2. He did not distinguish his pieces by any signature; and I know not whether his name was not kept secret till the papers were collected into volumes.

To the 'Tatler,' in about two months, succeeded the 'Spectator;' a series of essays of the same kind, but written with less levity, upon a more regular plan, and published daily. Such an undertaking showed the writers not to distrust their own copious-

ness of materials or facility of composition, and their performance justified their confidence. They found however, in their progress, many auxiliaries. To attempt a single paper was no terrifying labour; many pieces were offered, and many were received.

Addison had enough of the zeal of party; but Steele had at that time almost nothing else. The 'Spectator,' in one of the first papers, showed the political tenets of its authors; but a resolution was soon taken, of courting general approbation by general topics, and subjects on which faction had produced no diversity of sentiments; such as literature, morality, and familiar life. To this practice they adhered with few deviations. The ardour of Steele once broke out in praise of Marlborough; and when Dr. Fleetwood prefixed to some sermons a preface, overflowing with whiggish opinions, that it might be read by the Queen⁶, it was reprinted in the Spectator.

To teach the minuter decencies and inferior duties, to regulate the practice of daily conversation, to correct those depravities which are rather ridiculous than criminal, and remove those grievances which, if they produce no lasting calamities, impress hourly vexation, was first attempted by Casa in his book of 'Manners,' and Castiglione in his 'Courtier:' two books yet celebrated in Italy for purity and elegance, and which, if they are now less read, are neglected only because they have effected that reformation which their authors intended, and their precepts now are no longer wanted. Their usefulness to the age in which they were written is sufficiently attested by the translations which almost all the nations of Europe was in haste to obtain.

This species of instruction was continued, and

⁶ This particular Number was not published till twelve o'clock, that it might come out precisely at the hour of her Majesty's breakfast, and no time be left for deliberating about serving it up with that meal.

perhaps advanced, by the French ; among whom La Bruyere's 'Manners of the Age,' though, as Boileau remarked, it is written without connection, certainly deserves praise, for liveliness of description, and justness of observation.

Before the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator,' if the writers for the theatre are excepted, England had no masters of common life. No writers had yet undertaken to reform either the savageness of neglect, or the impertinence of civility ; to show when to speak, or to be silent ; how to refuse, or how to comply. We had many books to teach us our more important duties, and to settle opinions in philosophy or politics ; but an *Arbiter Elegantiarum*, a judge of propriety, was yet wanting, who should survey the track of daily conversation, and free it from thorns and prickles, which teaze the passer, though they do not wound him.

For this purpose nothing is so proper as the frequent publication of short papers, which we read not as study but amusement. If the subject be slight, the treatise is short. The busy may find time, and the idle may find patience.

This mode of conveying cheap and easy knowledge began among us in the Civil War⁷, when it was much the interest of either party to raise and fix the prejudices of the people. At that time appeared 'Mercurius Aulicus,' 'Mercurius Rusticus,' and 'Mercurius Civicus.' It is said, that when any title grew popular, it was stolen by the antagonist, who by this stratagem conveyed his notions to those

⁷ Newspapers had an earlier date than here assigned. Clieveland, in his Character of a London Diurnal, affirms that "the original signer of this kind was Dutch ; Gallo-belgious the Protoplas, and the Modern Mercuries but Hans en kelders." Some intelligence given by Mercurius Gallo-belgicus is mentioned in Carew's Survey of Cornwall, p. 126, published in 1602.

who would not have received him had he not worn the appearance of a friend. The tumult of those unhappy days left scarcely any man leisure to treasure up occasional compositions; and so much were they neglected, that a complete collection is no where to be found.

These Mercuries were succeeded by L'Estrange's 'Observator:' and that by Lesley's 'Rehearsal,' and perhaps by others: but hitherto nothing had been conveyed to the people, in this commodious manner, but controversy relating to the Church or State; of which they taught many to talk, whom they could not teach to judge.

It has been suggested, that the Royal Society was instituted soon after the Restoration, to divert the attention of the people from the public discontent. The 'Tatler' and 'Spectator' had the same tendency; they were published at a time when two parties, loud, restless, and violent, each with plausible declarations, and each perhaps without any distinct termination of its views, were agitating the nation; to minds heated with political contest, they supplied cooler and more inoffensive reflections; and it is said by Addison, in a subsequent work, that they had a perceptible influence upon the conversation of that time, and taught the frolic and the gay to unite merriment with decency; an effect which they can never wholly lose, while they continue to be among the first books by which both sexes are initiated in the elegances of knowledge.

The 'Tatler' and 'Spectator' adjusted, like Casa, the unsettled practice of daily intercourse by propriety and politeness; and, like La Bruyere, exhibited the *Characters and Manners of the Age*. The personages introduced in these papers were not merely ideal; they were then known, and conspicuous in various stations. Of the 'Tatler,' this is told by Steele in his last paper: and of the 'Spec-

tator' by Budgel in the preface to 'Theophrastus,' a book which Addison has recommended, and which he was suspected to have revised, if he did not write it. Of these portraits, which may be supposed to be sometimes embellished, and sometimes aggravated, the originals are now partly known, and partly forgotten.

But to say that they united the plans of two or three eminent writers, is to give them but a small part of their due praise; they superadded literature and criticism, and sometimes towered far above their predecessors; and taught, with great justness of argument and dignity of language, the most important duties and sublime truths.

All these topics were happily varied with elegant fictions and refined allegories, and illuminated with different changes of style and felicities of invention.

It is recorded by Budgel, that of the characters feigned or exhibited in the 'Spectator,' the favourite of Addison was Sir Roger de Coverley, of whom he had formed a very delicate and discriminate idea, which he would not suffer to be violated; and therefore, when Steele had shown him innocently picking up a girl in the Temple, and taking her to a tavern, he drew upon himself so much of his friend's indignation, that he was forced to appease him by a promise of forbearing Sir Roger for the time to come.

The reason which induced Cervantes to bring his hero to the grave, *para mi sola nacio Don Quixote, y yo para el*, made Addison declare, with undue vehemence of expression, that he would kill Sir Roger; being of opinion that they were born for one another, and that any other hand would do him wrong.

It may be doubted whether Addison ever filled up his original delineation. He describes his Knight as having his imagination somewhat warped; but of this perversion he has made very little use. The

irregularities in Sir Roger's conduct seem not so much the effects of a mind deviating from the beaten track of life, by the perpetual pressure of some overwhelming idea, as of habitual rusticity, and that negligence which solitary grandeur naturally generates.

The variable weather of the mind, the flying vapours of incipient madness, which from time to time cloud reason, without eclipsing it, it requires so much nicety to exhibit, that Addison seems to have been deterred from prosecuting his own design.

To Sir Roger, who, as a country gentleman, appears to be a Tory, or, as it is gently expressed, an adherent to the landed interest, is opposed Sir Andrew Freeport, a new man, a wealthy merchant, zealous for the monied interest, and a Whig. Of this contrariety of opinions, it is probable more consequences were at first intended than could be produced when the resolution was taken to exclude party from the paper. Sir Andrew does but little, and that little seems not to have pleased Addison, who, when he dismissed him from the club, changed his opinions. Steele had made him, in the true spirit of unfeeling commerce, declare that he "would not build an hospital for idle people;" but at last he buys land, settles in the country, and builds not a manufactory, but an hospital for twelve old husbandmen, for men with whom a merchant has little acquaintance, and whom he commonly considers with little kindness.

Of essays thus elegant, thus instructive, and thus commodiously distributed, it is natural to suppose the approbation general, and the sale numerous. I once heard it observed, that the sale may be calculated by the product of the tax, related in the last number to produce more than twenty pounds a week, and therefore stated at one-and-twenty pounds, or

three pounds ten shillings a day: this, at a half-penny a paper, will give sixteen hundred and eighty⁸ for the daily number.

This sale is not great; yet this, if Swift be credited, was likely to grow less; for he declares that the 'Spectator,' whom he ridicules for his endless mention of the *fair sex*, had before his recess wearied his readers.

The next year (1713) in which 'Cato' came upon the stage, was the grand climacteric of Addison's reputation. Upon the death of Cato he had, as is said, planned a tragedy in the time of his travels, and had for several years the four first acts finished, which were shown to such as were likely to spread their admiration. They were seen by Pope, and by Cibber, who relates that Steele, when he took back the copy, told him, in the despicable cant of literary modesty, that, whatever spirit his friend had shown in the composition, he doubted whether he would have courage sufficient to expose it to the censure of a British audience.

The time however was now come, when those, who affected to think liberty in danger, affected likewise to think that a stage-play might preserve it; and Addison was importuned, in the name of the tutelary deities of Britain, to show his courage and his zeal by finishing his design.

To resume his work he seemed perversely and unaccountably unwilling; and by a request, which perhaps he wished to be denied, desired Mr. Hughes to add a fifth act. Hughes supposed him serious; and, undertaking the supplement, brought in a few days some scenes for his examination; but he had in the mean time gone to work himself, and produced half an act, which he afterwards completed, but with brevity irregularly disproportionate to the foregoing

⁸ So far from being exaggerated, this calculation falls much below the real number.

parts, like a task performed with reluctance, and hurried to its conclusion.

It may yet be doubted whether 'Cato' was made public by any change of the author's purpose; for Dennis charged him with raising prejudices in his own favour by false positions of preparatory criticism, and with *poisoning the town*, by contradicting in the 'Spectator' the established rule of poetical justice, because his own hero, with all his virtues, was to fall before a tyrant. The fact is certain; the motives we must guess.

Addison was, I believe, sufficiently disposed to bar all avenues against all danger. When Pope brought him the prologue, which is properly accommodated to the play, there were these words, 'Britons, *arise!* be worth like this approved;' meaning nothing more than, Britons, erect and exalt yourselves to the approbation of public virtue. Addison was frightened, lest he should be thought a promoter of insurrection, and the line was liquidated to 'Britons, *attend!*'

Now, 'heavily in clouds came on the day, the great, the important day,' when Addison was to stand the hazard of the theatre. That there might, however, be left as little hazard as was possible, on the first night Steele, as himself relates, undertook to pack an audience. "This," says Pope⁹, "had been tried for the first time in favour of the 'Distrest Mother;' and was now, with more efficacy, practised for 'Cato'."

The danger was soon over. The whole nation was at that time on fire with faction. The Whigs applauded every line in which Liberty was mentioned, as a satire on the Tories; and the Tories echoed every clap, to show that the satire was unfelt. The story of Bolingbroke is well known. He called Booth to his box, and gave him fifty guineas for defending the cause of Liberty so well against a

⁹ Spence.

perpetual dictator. "The Whigs," says Pope, "design a second present, when they can accompany it with as good a sentence."

The play, supported thus by the emulation of factious praise, was acted night after night for a longer time than, I believe, the public had allowed to any drama before; and the author, as Mrs. Porter long afterwards related, wandered through the whole exhibition behind the scenes with restless and unappeasable solicitude.

When it was printed, notice was given that the Queen would be pleased if it was dedicated to her; "but, as he had designed that compliment elsewhere, he found himself obliged," says Tickell, "by his duty on the one hand, and his honour on the other, to send it into the world without any dedication."

Human happiness has always its abatements; the brightest sunshine of success is not without a cloud. No sooner was 'Cato' offered to the reader, than it was attacked by the acute malignity of Dennis, with all the violence of angry criticism. Dennis, though equally zealous, and probably by his temper more furious than Addison, for what they called Liberty, and though a flatterer of the Whig ministry, could not sit quiet at a successful play; but was eager to tell friends and enemies, that they had misplaced their admiration. The world was too stubborn for instruction: with the fate of the censurer of Corneille's 'Cid,' his animadversions showed his anger without effect; and 'Cato' continued to be praised.

Pope had now an opportunity of courting the friendship of Addison, by vilifying his old enemy, and could give resentment its full play without appearing to revenge himself. He therefore published 'A Narrative of the Madness of John Dennis;' a performance which left the objections to the play in their full force, and therefore discovered more desire of vexing the critic than of defending the poet.

Addison, who was no stranger to the world, probably saw the selfishness of Pope's friendship; and, resolving that he should have the consequences of his officiousness to himself, informed Dennis by Steele, that he was sorry for the insult: and that, whenever he should think fit to answer his remarks, he would do it in a manner to which nothing could be objected.

The greatest weakness of the play is in the scenes of love, which are said by Pope¹⁰ to have been added to the original plan upon a subsequent review, in compliance with the popular practice of the stage. Such an authority it is hard to reject; yet the love is so intimately mingled with the whole action, that it cannot easily be thought extrinsic and adventitious; for, if it were taken away, what would be left? or how were the four acts filled in the first draught?

At the publication, the wits seemed proud to pay their attendance with encomiastic verses. The best are from an unknown hand, which will perhaps lose somewhat of their praise when the author is known to be Jeffreys.

'Cato' had yet other honours. It was censured as a party-play by a *Scholar of Oxford*; and defended in a favourable examination by Dr. Sewell. It was translated by Salvini into Italian, and acted at Florence; and by the Jesuits of St. Omer's into Latin, and played by their pupils. Of this version a copy was sent to Mr. Addison: it is to be wished that it could be found, for the sake of comparing their version of the soliloquy with that of Bland.

A tragedy was written on the same subject by Des Champs, a French poet, which was translated with a criticism on the English play. But the translator and the critic are now forgotten.

Dennis lived on unanswered, and therefore little read. Addison knew the policy of literature too

¹⁰ Spence.

well to make his enemy important by drawing the attention of the public upon a criticism, which, though sometimes intemperate, was often irrefragable.

While 'Cato' was upon the stage, another daily paper, called 'The Guardian,' was published by Steele. To this Addison gave great assistance; whether occasionally, or by previous engagement, is not known.

The character of *Guardian* was too narrow and too serious: it might properly enough admit both the duties and the decencies of life, but seemed not to include literary speculations, and was in some degree violated by merriment and burlesque. What had the *Guardian* of the Lizards to do with clubs of tall or of little men, with nests of ants, or with Strada's prolusions?

Of this paper nothing is necessary to be said, but that it found many contributors, and that it was a continuation of the 'Spectator,' with the same elegance, and the same variety, till some unlucky sparkle from a Tory paper set Steele's politics on fire, and wit at once blazed into faction. He was soon too hot for neutral topics; and quitted the *Guardian* to write the *Englishman*.

The papers of Addison are marked in the 'Spectator,' by one of the letters in the name of *Clio*, and in the 'Guardian' by *a hand*; whether it was, as Tickell pretends to think, that he was unwilling to usurp the praise of others, or, as Steele, with far greater likelihood, insinuates, that he could not without discontent impart to others any of his own. I have heard that his avidity did not satisfy itself with the air of renown, but that with great eagerness he laid hold on his proportion of the profits.

Many of these papers were written with powers truly comic, with nice discrimination of characters, and accurate observation of natural or accidental

deviation from propriety; but it was not supposed that he had tried a comedy on the stage, till Steele after his death declared him the author of the 'Drummer.' This however Steele did not know to be true by any direct testimony; for, when Addison put the play into his hands, he only told him, it was the work of a "Gentleman in the Company;" and when it was received, as is confessed, with cold disapprobation, he was probably less willing to claim it. Tickell omitted it in his collection; but the testimony of Steele, and the total silence of any other claimant, has determined the public to assign it to Addison, and it is now printed with his other poetry. Steele carried the 'Drummer' to the play-house, and afterwards to the press, and sold the copy for fifty guineas.

To the opinion of Steele may be added the proof supplied by the play itself, of which the characters are such as Addison would have delineated, and the tendency such as Addison would have promoted. That it should have been ill received would raise wonder, did we not daily see the capricious distribution of theatrical praise.

He was not all this time an indifferent spectator of public affairs. He wrote, as different exigencies required (in 1707,) 'The present State of the War, and the Necessity of an Augmentation;' which, however judicious, being written on temporary topics, and exhibiting no peculiar powers, laid hold on no attention, and has naturally sunk by its own weight into neglect. This cannot be said of the few papers entitled 'The Whig Examiner,' in which is employed all the force of gay malevolence and humorous satire. Of this paper, which just appeared and expired, Swift remarks, with exultation, that "it is now down among the dead men." He might well rejoice at the death of that which he could not have killed. Every reader of every party, since personal

malice is past, and the papers which once inflamed the nation are read only as effusions of wit, must wish for more of the *Whig Examiners*; for on no occasion was the genius of Addison more vigorously exerted, and on none did the superiority of his powers more evidently appear. His *Trial of Count Tariff*, written to expose the Treaty of Commerce with France, lived no longer than the question that produced it.

Not long afterwards, an attempt was made to revive the 'Spectator,' at a time indeed by no means favourable to literature, when the succession of a new family to the throne filled the nation with anxiety, discord, and confusion; and either the turbulence of the times, or the satiety of the readers, put a stop to the publication, after an experiment of eighty numbers, which were afterwards collected into an eighth volume, perhaps more valuable than any of those that went before it. Addison produced more than a fourth part; and the other contributors are by no means unworthy of appearing as his associates. The time that had passed during the suspension of the 'Spectator,' though it had not lessened his power of humour, seems to have increased his disposition to seriousness: the proportion of his religious to his comic papers is greater than in the former series.

The 'Spectator,' from its re-commencement, was published only three times a week; and no discriminative marks were added to the papers. To Addison, Tickell has ascribed twenty-three¹¹.

The 'Spectator' had many contributors; and Steele, whose negligence kept him always in a hurry, when it was his turn to furnish a paper, called loudly for

¹¹ Numb. 556, 557, 558, 559. 561, 562. 565. 567, 568, 569. 571. 574, 575. 579, 580. 582, 583, 584, 585. 590. 592. 598. 600.

the *Letters*¹², of which Addison, whose materials were more, made little use; having recourse to sketches and hints, the product of his former studies, which he now reviewed and completed: among these are named by Tickell the *Essays on Wit*, those on the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, and the *Criticism on Milton*.

When the House of Hanover took possession of the throne, it was reasonable to expect that the zeal of Addison would be suitably rewarded. Before the arrival of King George, he was made secretary to the regency, and was required by his office to send notice to Hanover that the queen was dead, and that the throne was vacant. To do this would not have been difficult to any man but Addison, who was so overwhelmed with the greatness of the event, and so distracted by choice of expression, that the Lords, who could not wait for the niceties of criticism, called Mr. Southwell, a clerk in the house, and ordered him to dispatch the message. Southwell readily told what was necessary, in the common style of business, and valued himself upon having done what was too hard for Addison.

He was better qualified for the 'Freeholder,' a paper which he published twice a week, from Dec. 23, 1715, to the middle of the next year. This was undertaken in defence of the established government, sometimes with argument, and sometimes with mirth. In argument he had many equals; but his humour was singular and matchless. Bigotry itself must be delighted with the Tory Fox-hunter.

There are however some strokes less elegant, and less decent; such as the Pretender's Journal, in which one topic of ridicule is his poverty. This

¹² That is, the contributions of correspondents; which, if the statement is correct, Steele of course applied to his own literary purposes. This fact is not incurious.

mode of abuse had been employed by Milton against king Charles II.

‘————— *Jacobæi*
Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.’

And Oldmixon delights to tell of some alderman of London, that he had more money than the exiled princes; but that which might be expected from Milton's savageness, or Oldmixon's meanness, was not suitable to the delicacy of Addison.

Steele thought the humour of the ‘Freeholder’ too nice and gentle for such noisy times; and is reported to have said, that “the ministry made use of a lute, when they should have called for a trumpet.”

This year (1716¹³) he married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, whom he had solicited by a very long and anxious courtship, perhaps with behaviour not very unlike that of Sir Roger to his disdainful widow; and who, I am afraid, diverted herself often by playing with his passion. He is said to have first known her by becoming tutor to her son¹⁴. “He formed,” said Tonson, “the design of getting that lady from the time when he was first recommended into the family.” In what part of his life he obtained the recommendation, or how long, and in what manner he lived in the family, I know not. His advances at first were certainly timorous, but grew bolder as his reputation and influence increased; till at last the lady was persuaded to marry him, on terms much like those on which a Turkish princess is espoused, to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce, “Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.” The marriage, if uncontradicted report can be credited, made no addition to his happiness; it neither found them nor made them equal. She always remembered her own rank, and thought herself entitled to treat with very little ceremony the

¹³ August 2.

¹⁴ Spence.

tutor of her son. Rowe's ballad of the *Despairing Shepherd* is said to have been written, either before or after marriage, upon this memorable pair; and it is certain that Addison has left behind him no encouragement for ambitious love.

The year after (1717) he rose to his highest elevation, being made Secretary of State. For this employment he might justly be supposed qualified by long practice of business, and by his regular ascent through other offices; but expectation is often disappointed; it is universally confessed that he was unequal to the duties of his place. In the House of Commons he could not speak, and therefore was useless to the defence of the government. In the office, says Pope¹⁵, "he could not issue an order without losing his time in quest of fine expressions." What he gained in rank he lost in credit; and, finding by experience his own inability, was forced to solicit his dismissal, with a pension of fifteen hundred pounds a year. His friends palliated this relinquishment, of which both friends and enemies knew the true reason, with an account of declining health, and the necessity of recess and quiet.

He now returned to his vocation, and began to plan literary occupations for his future life. He purposed a tragedy on the death of Socrates; a story of which, as Tickell remarks, the basis is narrow, and to which I know not how love could have been appended. There would however have been no want either of virtue in the sentiments, or elegance in the language.

He engaged in a nobler work, a Defence of the Christian Religion, of which part was published after his death; and he designed to have made a new poetical version of the Psalms.

These pious compositions Pope imputed¹⁶ to a selfish motive, upon the credit, as he owns, of Ton-

¹⁵ Spence.

¹⁶ Idem.

son; who having quarrelled with Addison, and not loving him, said, that when he laid down the secretary's office, he intended to take orders, and obtain a bishopric; "for," said he, "I always thought him a priest in his heart."

That Pope should have thought this conjecture of Tonson worth remembrance, is a proof, (but indeed, so far as I have found, the only proof,) that he retained some malignity from their ancient rivalry. Tonson pretended but to guess it; no other mortal ever suspected it; and Pope might have reflected, that a man, who had been secretary of state in the ministry of Sunderland, knew a nearer way to a bishopric than by defending Religion, or translating the Psalms.

It is related, that he had once a design to make an English Dictionary, and that he considered Dr. Tillotson as the writer of highest authority. There was formerly sent to me by Mr. Locker, clerk of the Leathersellers' Company, who was eminent for curiosity and literature, a collection of examples selected from Tillotson's works, as Locker said, by Addison. It came too late to be of use, so I inspected it but slightly, and remember it indistinctly. I thought the passages too short.

Addison, however, did not conclude his life in peaceful studies; but relapsed, when he was near his end, to a political dispute.

It so happened that (1718-19) a controversy was agitated with great vehemence between those friends of long continuance, Addison and Steele. It may be asked, in the language of Homer, what power or what cause should set them at variance? The subject of their dispute was of great importance. The earl of Sunderland proposed an act called *The Peerage Bill*; by which the number of Peers should be fixed, and the king restrained from any new creation of nobility, unless when an old family should be ex-

tinct. To this the lords would naturally agree; and the king, who was yet little acquainted with his own prerogative, and, as is now well known, almost indifferent to the possession of the crown, had been persuaded to consent. The only difficulty was found among the commons, who were not likely to approve the perpetual exclusion of themselves and their posterity. The bill therefore was eagerly opposed, and among others by Sir Robert Walpole, whose speech was published.

The lords might think their dignity diminished by improper advancements, and particularly by the introduction of twelve new peers at once, to produce a majority of Tories in the last reign; an act of authority violent enough, yet certainly legal, and by no means to be compared with that contempt of national right with which, some time afterwards, by the instigation of Whiggism, the commons, chosen by the people for three years, chose themselves for seven. But whatever might be the disposition of the lords, the people had no wish to increase their power. The tendency of the bill, as Steele observed in a letter to the earl of Oxford, was to introduce an aristocracy; for a majority in the house of lords, so limited, would have been despotic and irresistible.

To prevent this subversion of the ancient establishment, Steele, whose pen readily seconded his political passions, endeavoured to alarm the nation by a pamphlet called 'The Plebeian.' To this an answer was published by Addison, under the title of 'The Old Whig,' in which it is not discovered that Steele was then known to be the advocate for the commons. Steele replied by a second 'Plebeian;' and, whether by ignorance or by courtesy, confined himself to his question, without any personal notice of his opponent. Nothing hitherto was committed against the laws of friendship, or proprieties of de-

gency; but controvertists cannot long retain their kindness for each other. The 'Old Whig' answered the 'Plebeian,' and could not forbear some contempt of "little *Dicky*, whose trade it was to write pamphlets." *Dicky*, however, did not lose his settled veneration for his friend; but contented himself with quoting some lines of 'Cato,' which were at once detection and reproof. The bill was laid aside during that session; and Addison died before the next, in which its commitment was rejected by two hundred and sixty-five to one hundred and seventy-seven.

Every reader surely must regret that these two illustrious friends, after so many years past in confidence and endearment, in unity of interest, conformity of opinion, and fellowship of study, should finally part in acrimonious opposition. Such a controversy was "*Bellum plusquam civile*," as Lucan expresses it. Why could not faction find other advocates? But among the uncertainties of the human state, we are doomed to number the instability of friendship.

Of this dispute I have little knowledge but from the 'Biographia Britannica.' The 'Old Whig' is not inserted in Addison's works; nor is it mentioned by Tickell in his Life; why it was omitted, the biographers doubtless give the true reason; the fact was too recent, and those who had been heated in the contention were not yet cool.

The necessity of complying with times, and of sparing persons, is the great impediment of biography. History may be formed from permanent monuments and records; but Lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less, and in a short time is lost for ever. What is known can seldom be immediately told; and when it might be told, it is no longer known. The delicate features of the mind, the nice discriminations

of character, and the minute peculiarities of conduct, are soon obliterated; and it is surely better that caprice, obstinacy, frolic, and folly, however they might delight in the description, should be silently forgotten, than that, by wanton merriment and unseasonable detection, a pang should be given to a widow, a daughter, a brother, or a friend. As the process of these narratives is now bringing me among my contemporaries, I begin to feel myself "walking upon ashes under which the fire is not extinguished," and coming to the time of which it will be proper rather to say "nothing that is false, than all that is true."

The end of this useful life was now approaching. —Addison had for some time been oppressed by shortness of breath, which was now aggravated by a dropsy: and, finding his danger pressing, he prepared to die conformably to his own precepts and professions.

During this lingering decay, he sent, as Pope relates¹⁷, a message by the Earl of Warwick to Mr. Gay, desiring to see him. Gay, who had not visited him for some time before, obeyed the summons, and found himself received with great kindness. The purpose for which the interview had been solicited was then discovered. Addison told him that he had injured him; but that, if he recovered, he would recompense him. What the injury was he did not explain; nor did Gay ever know, but supposed that some preferment designed for him had, by Addison's intervention, been withheld.

Lord Warwick was a young man of very irregular life, and perhaps of loose opinions. Addison, for whom he did not want respect, had very diligently endeavoured to reclaim him; but his arguments and expostulations had no effect. One experiment, however, remained to be tried: when he found his life

¹⁷ Spence.

near its end, he directed the young lord to be called; and when he desired, with great tenderness, to hear his last injunctions, told him, "I have sent for you, that you may see how a Christian can die." What effect this awful scene had on the earl, I know not: he likewise died himself in a short time.

In Tickell's excellent Elegy on his friend are these lines :

' He taught us how to live ; and, oh ! too high
The price of knowledge, taught us how to die—'

in which he alludes, as he told Dr. Young, to this moving interview.

Having given directions to Mr. Tickell for the publication of his works, and dedicated them on his death-bed to his friend Mr. Craggs, he died, June 17, 1719, at Holland-house, leaving no child but a daughter¹⁸.

Of his virtue it is a sufficient testimony, that the resentment of party has transmitted no charge of any crime. He was not one of those who are praised only after death ; for his merit was so generally acknowledged, that Swift, having observed that his election passed without a contest, adds, that, " if he proposed himself for king, he would hardly have been refused."

His zeal for his party did not extinguish his kindness for the merit of his opponents: when he was Secretary in Ireland, he refused to intermit his acquaintance with Swift.

Of his habits, or external manners, nothing is so often mentioned as that timorous and sullen taciturnity, which his friends called modesty by too mild a name. Steele mentions with great tenderness " that remarkable bashfulness, which is a cloak that hides and muffles merit ;" and tells us, " that his abilities

¹⁸ She died at Bilton, in Warwickshire, at a very advanced age, in 1797.

were covered only by modesty, which doubles the beauties which are seen, and gives credit and esteem to all that are concealed." Chesterfield affirms, that "Addison was the most timorous and awkward man that he ever saw." And Addison, speaking of his own deficiency in conversation, used to say of himself, that, with respect to intellectual wealth, "he could draw bills for a thousand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket."

That he wanted current coin for ready payment, and by that want was often obstructed and distressed; that he was often oppressed by an improper and ungraceful timidity, every testimony concurs to prove: but Chesterfield's representation is doubtless hyperbolic. That man cannot be supposed very unexpert in the arts of conversation and practice of life, who, without fortune or alliance, by his usefulness and dexterity, became secretary of state; and who died at forty-seven, after having not only stood long in the highest rank of wit and literature, but filled one of the most important offices of state.

The time in which he lived had reason to lament his obstinacy of silence; "for he was," says Steele, "above all men in that talent called humour, and enjoyed it in such perfection, that I have often reflected, after a night spent with him apart from all the world, that I had had the pleasure of conversing with an intimate acquaintance of Terence and Catullus, who had all their wit and nature, heightened with humour more exquisite and delightful than any other man ever possessed." This is the fondness of a friend; let us hear what is told us by a rival: "Addison's conversation¹⁹," says Pope, "had something in it more charming than I have found in any other man. But this was only when familiar: before strangers, or, perhaps, a single stranger, he preserved his dignity by a stiff silence."

¹⁹ Spence.

This modesty was by no means inconsistent with a very high opinion of his own merit. He demanded to be the first name in modern Wit; and, with Steele to echo him, used to depreciate Dryden, whom Pope and Congreve defended against them²⁰. There is no reason to doubt that he suffered too much pain from the prevalence of Pope's poetical reputation; nor is it without strong reason suspected, that by some disingenuous acts he endeavoured to obstruct it; Pope was not the only man whom he insidiously injured, though the only man of whom he could be afraid.

His own powers were such as might have satisfied him with conscious excellence. Of very extensive learning he has indeed given no proofs. He seems to have had small acquaintance with the sciences, and to have read little except Latin and French; but of the Latin poets his 'Dialogues on Medals' show that he had perused the works with great diligence and skill. The abundance of his own mind left him little indeed of adventitious sentiments; his wit always could suggest what the occasion demanded. He had read with critical eyes the important volume of human life, and knew the heart of man from the depths of stratagem to the surface of affectation.

What he knew he could easily communicate. "This," says Steele, "was particular in this writer, that, when he had taken his resolution, or made his plan for what he designed to write, he would walk about a room, and dictate it into language with so much freedom and ease as any one could write it down, and attend to the coherence and grammar of what he dictated."

Pope²¹, who can be less suspected of favouring his memory, declares that he wrote very fluently, but was slow and scrupulous in correcting; that many of his Spectators were written very fast, and sent im-

²⁰ Tonson and Spence.

²¹ Spence.

mediately to the press ; and that it seemed to be for his advantage not to have time for much revisal.

“ He would alter,” says Pope, “ any thing to please his friends, before publication ; but would not retouch his pieces afterwards ; and I believe not one word in ‘ Cato,’ to which I made an objection, was suffered to stand.”

The last line of ‘ Cato’ is Pope’s, having been originally written.

‘ And oh ! ’twas this that ended Cato’s life.’

Pope might have made more objections to the six concluding lines. In the first couplet the words ‘ from hence’ are improper ; and the second line is taken from Dryden’s Virgil. Of the next couplet, the first verse, being included in the second, is therefore useless ; and in the third *Discord* is made to produce *Strife*.

Of the course of Addison’s familiar day²¹, before his marriage, Pope has given a detail. He had in the house with him Budgell, and perhaps Philips. His chief companions were Steele, Budgell, Philips, Carey, Davenant, and Colonel Brett. With one or other of these he always breakfasted. He studied all morning ; then dined at a tavern ; and went afterwards to Button’s.

Button had been a servant in the Countess of Warwick’s family, who, under the patronage of Addison, kept a coffee-house on the south side of Russel-street, about two doors from Covent-garden. Here it was that the Wits of that time used to assemble. It is said, when Addison had suffered any vexation from the Countess, he withdrew the company from Button’s house.

From the coffee-house he went again to a tavern, where he often sat late, and drank too much wine. In the bottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice

²¹ Spence,

for courage, and bashfulness for confidence. It is not unlikely that Addison was first seduced to excess by the manumission which he obtained from the servile timidity of his sober hours. He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior, will desire to set loose his powers of conversation; and who, that ever asked succours from Bacchus, was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary?

Among those friends it was that Addison displayed the elegance of his colloquial accomplishments, which may easily be supposed such as Pope represents them. The remark of Mandeville, who, when he had passed an evening in his company, declared that he was a parson in a tye-wig, can detract little from his character; he was always reserved to strangers, and was not incited to uncommon freedom by a character like that of Mandeville.

From any minute knowledge of his familiar manners, the intervention of sixty years has now debarred us. Steele once promised Congreve and the public a complete description of his character; but the promises of authors are like the vows of lovers. Steele thought no more on his design, or thought on it with anxiety that at last disgusted him, and left his friend in the hands of Tickell.

One slight lineament of his character Swift has preserved. It was his practice, when he found any man invincibly wrong, to flatter his opinions by acquiescence, and sink him yet deeper in absurdity. This artifice of mischief was admired by *Stella*; and Swift seems to approve her admiration.

His works will supply some information. It appears, from his various pictures of the world, that, with all his bashfulness, he had conversed with many distinct classes of men, had surveyed their ways with very diligent observation, and marked with great acuteness the effects of different modes of life. He

was a man in whose presence nothing reprehensible was out of danger ; quick in discerning whatever was wrong or ridiculous, and not unwilling to expose it. "There are," says Steele, "in his writings many oblique strokes upon some of the wittiest men of the age." His delight was more to excite merriment than detestation ; and he detects follies rather than crimes.

If any judgment be made, from his books, of his moral character, nothing will be found but purity and excellence. Knowledge of mankind, indeed, less extensive than that of Addison, will show, that to write, and to live, are very different. Many who praise virtue, do no more than praise it. Yet it is reasonable to believe that Addison's professions and practice were at no great variance, since amidst that storm of faction in which most of his life was passed, though his station made him conspicuous, and his activity made him formidable, the character given him by his friends was never contradicted by his enemies : of those, with whom interest or opinion united him, he had not only the esteem, but the kindness ; and of others, whom the violence of opposition drove against him, though he might lose the love, he retained the reverence.

It is justly observed by Tickell, that he employed wit on the side of virtue and religion. He not only made the proper use of wit himself, but taught it to others ; and from his time it has been generally subservient to the cause of reason and of truth. He has dissipated the prejudice that had long connected gaiety with vice, and easiness of manners with laxity of principles. He has restored virtue to its dignity, and taught innocence not to be ashamed. This is an elevation of literary character, 'above all Greek, above all Roman fame.' No greater felicity can genius attain, than that of having purified intellectual pleasure, separated mirth from indecency, and wit

from licentiousness; of having taught a succession of writers to bring elegance and gaiety to the aid of goodness; and, if I may use expressions yet more awful, of having '*turned many to righteousness.*'

Addison, in his life, and for some time afterwards, was considered by a great part of readers as supremely excelling both in poetry and criticism. Part of his reputation may be probably ascribed to the advancement of his fortune; when, as Swift observes, he became a statesman, and saw poets waiting at his levee, it was no wonder that praise was accumulated upon him. Much likewise may be more honourably ascribed to his personal character: he who, if he had claimed it, might have obtained the diadem, was not likely to be denied the laurel.

But time quickly puts an end to artificial and accidental fame; and Addison is to pass through futurity protected only by his genius. Every name which kindness or interest once raised too high is in danger, lest the next age should, by the vengeance of criticism, sink it in the same proportion. A great writer has lately styled him "an indifferent poet, and a worse critic."

His poetry is first to be considered; of which it must be confessed that it has not often those felicities of diction which give lustre to sentiments, or that vigour of sentiment that animates diction: there is little of ardour, vehemence, or transport; there is very rarely the awfulness of grandeur, and not very often the splendour of elegance. He thinks justly; but he thinks faintly. This is his general character; to which, doubtless, many single passages will furnish exception.

Yet, if he seldom reaches supreme excellence, he rarely sinks into dulness, and is still more rarely entangled in absurdity. He did not trust his powers enough to be negligent. There is in most of his compositions a calmness and equability, deliberate

and cautious, sometimes with little that delights, but seldom with any thing that offends.

Of this kind seem to be his poems to Dryden, to Somers, and to the King. His Ode on St. Cecilia has been imitated by Pope, and has something in it of Dryden's vigour. Of his Account of the English Poets, he used to speak as "a poor thing²²;" but it is not worse than his usual strain. He has said, not very judiciously, in his character of Waller,

'Thy verse could show even Cromwell's innocence;
And compliment the storms that bore him hence.
O! had thy Muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great Nassau on the British throne,
How had his triumph glitter'd in thy page!'

What is this but to say, that he who could compliment Cromwell had been the proper poet for king William? Addison, however, never printed the piece.

The 'Letter from Italy' has been always praised, but has never been praised beyond its merit. It is more correct, with less appearance of labour, and more elegant, with less ambition of ornament, than any other of his poems. There is, however, one broken metaphor, of which notice may properly be taken:

'Fired with that name—
I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a nobler strain.'

To *bridle a goddess* is no very delicate idea; but why must she be *bridled*? because she *longs to launch*; an act which was never hindered by a *bridle*: and whither will she *launch*? into a *nobler strain*. She is in the first line a *horse*, in the second a *boat*; and the care of the poet is to keep his *horse* or his *boat* from *singing*.

The next composition is the far-famed "Campaign," which Dr. Warton has termed a "Gazette

²² Spence.

in Rhyme," with harshness not often used by the good nature of his criticism. Before a censure so severe is admitted, let us consider that War is a frequent subject of Poetry, and then inquire who has described it with more justness and force. Many of our own writers tried their powers upon this year of victory: yet Addison's is confessedly the best performance; his poem is the work of a man not blinded by the dust of learning; his images are not borrowed merely from books. The superiority which he confers upon his hero is not personal prowess, and "mighty bone," but deliberate intrepidity, a calm command of his passions, and the power of consulting his own mind in the midst of danger. The rejection and contempt of fiction is rational and manly.

It may be observed that the last line is imitated by Pope:

' Marlborough's exploits appear divinely bright—
 Raised of themselves their genuine charms they boast,
 And those that paint them truest, praise them most.'

This Pope had in his thoughts; but, not knowing how to use what was not his own, he spoiled the thought when he had borrowed it:

The well-sung woes shall soothe my pensive ghost;
 He best can paint them who shall feel them most.

Martial exploits may be *painted*; perhaps *woes* may be *painted*; but they are surely not *painted* by being *well sung*: it is not easy to paint in song, or to sing in colours.

No passage in the 'Campaign' has been more often mentioned than the simile of the angel, which is said in the Tatler to be "one of the noblest thoughts that ever entered into the heart of man," and is therefore worthy of attentive consideration. Let it be first inquired whether it be a simile. A poetical simile is the discovery of likeness between two actions, in their general nature dissimilar, or of

causes terminating by different operations in some resemblance of effect. But the mention of another like consequence from a like cause, or of a like performance by a like agency, is not a simile, but an exemplification. It is not a simile to say that the Thames waters fields, as the Po waters fields; or that as Hecla vomits flames in Iceland, so *Ætna* vomits flames in Sicily. When Horace says of Pindar, that he pours his violence and rapidity of verse, as a river swoln with rain rushes from the mountain; or of himself, that his genius wanders in quest of poetical decorations, as the bee wanders to collect honey; he, in either case, produces a simile; the mind is impressed with the resemblance of things generally unlike, as unlike as intellect and body. But if Pindar had been described as writing with the copiousness and grandeur of Homer, or Horace had told that he reviewed and finished his own poetry with the same care as Isocrates polished his orations, instead of similitude, he would have exhibited almost identity; he would have given the same portraits with different names. In the poem now examined, when the English are represented as gaining a fortified pass, by repetition of attack, and perseverance of resolution; their obstinacy of courage and vigour of onset is well illustrated by the sea that breaks, with incessant battery, the dikes of Holland. This is a simile: but when Addison, having celebrated the beauty of Marlborough's person, tells us, that 'Achilles thus was formed with every grace,' here is no simile, but a mere exemplification. A simile may be compared to lines converging at a point, and is more excellent as the lines approach from greater distance: an exemplification may be considered as two parallel lines, which run on together without approximation, never far separated, and never joined.

Marlborough is so like the angel in the poem, that

the action of both is almost the same, and performed by both in the same manner. Marlborough "teaches the battle to rage;" the angel "directs the storm;" Marlborough is "unmoved in peaceful thought;" the angel is "calm and serene;" Marlborough stands "unmoved amidst the shock of hosts;" the angel rides "calm in the whirlwind." The lines on Marlborough are just and noble; but the simile gives almost the same images a second time.

But perhaps this thought, though hardly a simile, was remote from vulgar conceptions, and required great labour of research, or dexterity of application. Of this Dr. Madden, a name which Ireland ought to honour, once gave me his opinion. "If I had set," said he, "ten school-boys to write on the battle of Blenheim, and eight had brought me the angel, I should not have been surprised."

The opera of 'Rosamond,' though it is seldom mentioned, is one of the first of Addison's compositions. The subject is well chosen, the fiction is pleasing, and the praise of Marlborough, for which the scene gives an opportunity, is, what perhaps every human excellence must be, the product of good luck, improved by genius. The thoughts are sometimes great, and sometimes tender; the versification is easy and gay. There is doubtless some advantage in the shortness of the lines, which there is little temptation to load with expletive epithets: The dialogue seems commonly better than the songs. The two comic characters of Sir Trusty and Gride-line, though of no great value, are yet such as the poet intended. Sir Trusty's account of the death of Rosamond is, I think, too grossly absurd. The whole drama is airy and elegant; engaging in its process, and pleasing in its conclusion. If Addison had cultivated the lighter parts of poetry, he would probably have excelled.

The tragedy of 'Cato,' which, contrary to the rule

observed in selecting the works of other poets, has by the weight of its character forced its way into the late collection, is unquestionably the noblest production of Addison's genius. Of a work so much read, it is difficult to say any thing new. About things on which the public thinks long, it commonly attains to think right; and of 'Cato' it has been not unjustly determined, that it is rather a poem in dialogue than a drama, rather a succession of just sentiments in elegant language, than a representation of natural affections, or of any state probable or possible in human life. Nothing here "excites or assuages emotion:" here is "no magical power of raising fantastic terror or wild anxiety." The events are expected without solicitude, and are remembered without joy or sorrow. Of the agents we have no care; we consider not what they are doing, or what they are suffering; we wish only to know what they have to say. Cato is a being above our solicitude; a man of whom the gods take care, and whom we leave to their care with heedless confidence. To the rest neither gods nor men can have much attention; for there is not one amongst them that strongly attracts either affection or esteem. But they are made the vehicles of such sentiments and such expression, that there is scarcely a scene in the play which the reader does not wish to impress upon his memory.

When 'Cato' was shown to Pope²³, he advised the author to print it, without any theatrical exhibition; supposing that it would be read more favourably than heard. Addison declared himself of the same opinion; but urged the importunity of his friends for its appearance on the stage. The emulation of parties made it successful beyond expectation; and its success has introduced or confirmed

²³ Spence.

among us the use of dialogue too declamatory, of unaffecting elegance, and chill philosophy.

The universality of applause, however it might quell the censure of common mortals, had no other effect than to harden Dennis in fixed dislike; but his dislike was not merely capricious. He found and showed many faults; he showed them indeed with anger, but he found them with acuteness, such as ought to rescue his criticism from oblivion; though, at last, it will have no other life than it derives from the work which it endeavours to oppress.

Why he pays no regard to the opinion of the audience, he gives his reason, by remarking, that,

“A deference is to be paid to a general applause, when it appears that the applause is natural and spontaneous; but that little regard is to be had to it, when it is affected and artificial. Of all the tragedies which in his memory have had vast and violent runs, not one has been excellent, few have been tolerable, most have been scandalous. When a poet writes a tragedy, who knows he has judgment, and who feels he has genius, that poet presumes upon his own merit, and scorns to make a cabal. That people come coolly to the representation of such a tragedy, without any violent expectation, or delusive imagination, or invincible prepossession; that such an audience is liable to receive the impressions which the poem shall naturally make on them, and to judge by their own reason, and their own judgments, and that reason and judgment are calm and serene, not formed by nature to make proselytes, and to control and lord it over the imaginations of others. But that when an author writes a tragedy, who knows he has neither genius or judgment, he has recourse to the making a party, and he endeavours to make up in industry what is wanting in talent, and to supply by poetical craft the absence of poetical art: that such an author is humbly contented to raise men's

passions by a plot without doors, since he despairs of doing it by that which he brings upon the stage. That party, and passion, and prepossession, are clamorous and tumultuous things, and so much the more clamorous and tumultuous by how much the more erroneous: that they domineer and tyrannize over the imaginations of persons who want judgment, and sometimes too of those who have it; and, like a fierce and outrageous torrent, bear down all opposition before them."

He then condemns the neglect of poetical justice; which is always one of his favourite principles.

" 'Tis certainly the duty of every tragic poet, by the exact distribution of poetical justice, to imitate the Divine Dispensation, and to inculcate a particular Providence. 'Tis true, indeed, upon the stage of the world, the wicked sometimes prosper, and the guiltless suffer. But that is permitted by the Governor of the world, to show, from the attribute of his infinite justice, that there is a compensation in futurity, to prove the immortality of the human soul, and the certainty of future rewards and punishments. But the poetical persons in tragedy exist no longer than the reading, or the representation; the whole extent of their enmity is circumscribed by those; and therefore, during that reading or representation, according to their merits or demerits, they must be punished or rewarded. If this is not done; there is no impartial distribution of poetical justice, no instructive lecture of a particular Providence, and no imitation of the Divine Dispensation. And yet the author of this tragedy does not only run counter to this, in the fate of his principal character; but every where, throughout it, makes virtue suffer, and vice triumph: for not only Cato is vanquished by Cæsar, but the treachery and perfidiousness of Syphax prevail over the honest simplicity and the credulity of Juba; and the sly subtlety and dissimu-

lation of Portius over the generous frankness and open-heartedness of Marcus."

Whatever pleasure there may be in seeing crimes punished and virtue rewarded, yet, since wickedness often prospers in real life, the poet is certainly at liberty to give it prosperity on the stage. For if poetry has an imitation of reality, how are its laws broken by exhibiting the world in its true form? The stage may sometimes gratify our wishes; but, if it be truly the "*mirror of life*," it ought to show us sometimes what we are to expect.

Dennis objects to the characters, that they are not natural, or reasonable; but as heroes and heroines are not beings that are seen every day, it is hard to find upon what principles their conduct shall be tried. It is, however, not useless to consider what he says of the manner in which Cato receives the account of his son's death.

"Nor is the grief of Cato, in the fourth act, one jot more in nature than that of his son and Lucia in the third. Cato receives the news of his son's death not only with dry eyes, but with a sort of satisfaction; and in the same page sheds tears for the calamity of his country, and does the same thing in the next page upon the bare apprehension of the danger of his friends. Now, since the love of one's country is the love of one's countrymen, as I have shown upon another occasion, I desire to ask these questions: Of all our countrymen, which do we love most, those whom we know, or those whom we know not? And of those whom we know, which do we cherish most, our friends or our enemies? And of our friends, which are the dearest to us, those who are related to us, or those who are not? And of all our relations, for which have we most tenderness, for those who are near to us, or for those who are remote? And of our near relations, which are the nearest, and consequently the dearest to us, our

offspring or others? Our offspring most certainly; as Nature, or, in other words, Providence, has wisely contrived for the preservation of mankind. Now, does it not follow, from what has been said, that for a man to receive the news of his son's death with dry eyes, and to weep at the same time for the calamities of his country, is a wretched affectation, and a miserable inconsistency? Is not that, in plain English, to receive with dry eyes the news of the deaths of those for whose sake our country is a name so dear to us, and at the same time to shed tears for those for whose sakes our country is not a name so dear to us?"

But this formidable assailant is less resistible when he attacks the probability of the action, and the reasonableness of the plan. Every critical reader must remark, that Addison has, with scrupulosity almost unexampled on the English stage, confined himself in time to a single day, and in place to rigorous unity. The scene never changes, and the whole action of the play passes in the great hall of Cato's house at Utica. Much therefore is done in the hall, for which any other place had been more fit; and this impropriety affords Dennis many hints of merriment, and opportunities of triumph. The passage is long; but as such disquisitions are not common, and the objections are skilfully formed and vigorously urged, those who delight in critical controversy will not think it tedious.

"Upon the departure of Portius, Sempronius makes but one soliloquy, and immediately in comes Syphax, and then the two politicians are at it immediately. They lay their heads together, with their snuff-boxes in their hands, as Mr. Bayes has it, and feague it away. But, in the midst of that wise scene, Syphax seems to give a seasonable caution to Sempronius:

Syph. But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious;
Cato has piercing eyes.'

"There is a great deal of caution shown indeed, in meeting in a governor's own hall to carry on their plot against him. Whatever opinion they have of his eyes, I suppose they have none of his ears, or they would never have talked at this foolish rate so near:

'Gods! thou must be cautious.'

"Oh! yes, very cautious: for if Cato should overhear you, and turn you off for politicians, Cæsar would never take you; no, Cæsar would never take you.

"When Cato, Act II. turns the senators out of the hall, upon pretence of acquainting Juba with the result of their debates, he appears to me to do a thing which is neither reasonable nor civil. Juba might certainly have better been made acquainted with the result of that debate in some private apartment of the palace. But the poet was driven upon this absurdity to make way for another; and that is, to give Juba an opportunity to demand Marcia of her father. But the quarrel and rage of Juba and Syphax, in the same act; the invectives of Syphax against the Romans and Cato; the advice that he gives Juba, in her father's hall, to bear away Marcia by force; and his brutal and clamorous rage upon his refusal, and at a time when Cato was scarcely out of sight, and perhaps not out of hearing, at least some of his guards or domestics must necessarily be supposed to be within hearing; is a thing that is so far from being probable, that it is hardly possible.

"Sempronius, in the second Act, comes back once more in the same morning to the governor's hall, to carry on the conspiracy with Syphax against the governor, his country, and his family; which is so stupid, that it is below the wisdom of the O—'s, the

Mac's, and the Teague's; even Eustace Cummins himself would never have gone to Justice-hall, to have conspired against the government. If officers at Portsmouth should lay their heads together, in order to the carrying off²⁴ J— G—'s niece or daughter, would they meet in J— G—'s hall, to carry on that conspiracy? There would be no necessity for their meeting there, at least till they came to the execution of their plot, because there would be other places to meet in. There would be no probability that they should meet there, because there would be places more private and more commodious. Now there ought to be nothing in a tragical action but what is necessary or probable.

"But treason is not the only thing that is carried on in this hall; that, and love, and philosophy, take their turns in it, without any manner of necessity or probability occasioned by the action, as duly and as regularly, without interrupting one another, as if there were a triple league between them, and a mutual agreement that each should give place to, and make way for, the other, in a due and orderly succession.

"We now come to the third Act. Sempronius, in this Act, comes into the governor's hall, with the leaders of the mutiny: but, as soon as Cato is gone, Sempronius, who but just before had acted like an unparalleled knave, discovers himself, like an egregious fool, to be an accomplice in the conspiracy.

*'Semp. Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by; but, if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag them forth
To sudden death—'*

"'Tis true, indeed, the second leader says, there

²⁴ Sir John Gibson, Lieutenant Governor of Portsmouth in the year 1710. He was much beloved in the army.

are none there but friends; but is that possible at such a juncture? Can a parcel of rogues attempt to assassinate the governor of a town of war, in his own house, in mid-day? and, after they are discovered, and defeated, can there be none near them but friends? Is it not plain, from these words of Sempronius,

‘ Here, take these factious monsters, drag them forth
To sudden death—’

and from the entrance of the guards upon the word of command, that those guards were within ear-shot? Behold Sempronius then palpably discovered. How comes it to pass, then, that instead of being hanged up with the rest, he remains secure in the governor’s hall, and there carries on his conspiracy against the government, the third time in the same day, with his old comrade Syphax, who enters at the same time that the guards are carrying away the leaders, big with the news of the defeat of Sempronius; though where he had his intelligence so soon is difficult to imagine? And now the reader may expect a very extraordinary scene; there is not abundance of spirit indeed, nor a great deal of passion, but there is wisdom more than enough to supply all defects.

‘ *Syph.* Our first design, my friend, has proved abortive; Still there remains an after-game to play :
My troops are mounted, their Numidian steeds
Snuff up the winds, and long to scour the desert.
Let but Sempronius lead us in our flight,
We’ll force the gate, where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage ;
A day will bring us into Cæsar’s camp.

‘ *Semp.* Confusion ! I have fail’d of half my purpose ;
Marcia, the charming Marcia’s left behind.’

“ Well ! but though he tells us the half purpose he
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has failed of, he does not tell us the half that he has carried. But what does he mean by

‘ Marcia, the charming Marcia’s left behind ?’

“ He is now in her-own house ! and we have neither seen her, nor heard of her, any where else since the play began. But now let us hear Syphax :

‘ What hinders then, but that you find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force ?’

“ But what does old Syphax mean by finding her out ? They talk as if she were as hard to be found as a hare in a frosty morning.

‘ *Semp.* But how to gain admission !’

“ Oh ! she is found out then, it seems.

‘ But how to gain admission ! for access
Is given to none, but Juba and her brothers.’

“ But, raillery apart, why access to Juba ? For he was owned and received as a lover neither by the father nor by the daughter. Well ; but let that pass. Syphax puts Sempronius out of pain immediately ; and, being a Numidian, abounding in wiles, supplies him with a stratagem for admission, that, I believe, is a non-pareille.

‘ *Syph.* Thou shalt have Juba’s dress, and Juba’s guards ;
The doors will open when Numidia’s prince
Seems to appear before them.’

“ Sempronius is, it seems, to pass for Juba in full day at Cato’s house, where they were both so very well known, by having Juba’s dress and his guards ; as if one of the Marshals of France could pass for the duke of Bavaria at noon-day, at Versailles, by having his dress and liveries. But how does Syphax pretend to help Sempronius to young Juba’s dress ? Does he serve him in a double capacity, as general and master of his wardrobe ? But why Juba’s guards ? For the devil of any guards has Juba appeared with

yet. Well! though this is a mighty politic invention, yet, methinks, they might have done without it: for, since the advice that Syphax gave to Sempronius was,

‘To hurry her away by manly force,’

in my opinion, the shortest and likeliest way of coming at the lady was by demolishing, instead of putting on an impertinent disguise to circumvent two or three slaves. But Sempronius, it seems, is of another opinion. He extols to the skies the invention of old Syphax:

‘*Semp.* Heavens! what a thought was there!’

“Now, I appeal to the reader, if I have not been as good as my word. Did I not tell him, that I would lay before him a very wise scene?

“But now let us lay before the reader that part of the scenery of the Fourth Act, which may show the absurdities which the author has run into, through the indiscreet observance of the Unity of Place. I do not remember that Aristotle has said any thing expressly concerning the Unity of Place. ’Tis true, implicitly he has said enough in the rules which he has laid down for the Chorus. For, by making the Chorus an essential part of Tragedy, and by bringing it on the stage immediately after the opening of the scene, and retaining it there till the very catastrophe, he has so determined and fixed the place of action, that it was impossible for an author on the Grecian stage to break through that unity. I am of opinion, that if a modern tragic poet can preserve the unity of place, without destroying the probability of the incidents, ’tis always best for him to do it; because, by the preserving of that unity, as we have taken notice above, he adds grace, and clearness, and comeliness, to the representation. But since there are no express rules about it, and we are under no compulsion to keep it, since we have no chorus

as the Grecian poet had; if it cannot be preserved, without rendering the greater part of the incidents unreasonable and absurd, and perhaps sometimes monstrous, 'tis certainly better to break it.

"Now comes bully Sempronius, comically accoutred and equipped with his Numidian dress and his Numidian guards. Let the reader attend to him with all his ears; for the words of the wise are precious:

'Semp. The deer is lodged, I've track'd her to her covert.'

"Now I would fain know why this deer is said to be lodged, since we have not heard one word, since the play began, of her being at all out of harbour: and if we consider the discourse with which she and Lucia begin the Act, we have reason to believe that they had hardly been talking of such matters in the street. However, to pleasure Sempronius, let us suppose, for once, that the deer is lodged.

'The deer is lodged, I've track'd her to her covert.'

"If he had seen her in the open field, what occasion had he to track her, when he had so many Numidian dogs at his heels, which, with one halloo, he might have set upon her haunches? If he did not see her in the open field, how could he possibly track her? If he had seen her in the street, why did he not set upon her in the street, since through the street she must be carried at last? Now here, instead of having his thoughts upon his business, and upon the present danger; instead of meditating and contriving how he shall pass with his mistress through the southern gate, where her brother Marcus is upon the guard, and where he would certainly prove an impediment to him, which is the Roman word for the *baggage*; instead of doing this, Sempronius is entertaining himself with whimsies: :

Semp. How will the young Numidian rave to see
 His mistress lost! If aught could glad my soul,
 Beyond the' enjoyment of so bright a prize,
 'Twould be to torture that young, gay Barbarian.
 But hark! what noise? Death to my hopes! 'tis he,
 'Tis Juba's self! There is but one way left!
 He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
 Through those his guards.'

"Pray, what are 'those his guards?' I thought at present, that Juba's guards had been Sempronius's tools, and had been dangling after his heels.

"But now let us sum up all these absurdities together. Sempronius goes at noon-day, in Juba's clothes, and with Juba's guards, to Cato's palace, in order to pass for Juba, in a place where they were both so very well known: he meets Juba there, and resolves to murder him with his own guards. Upon the guards appearing a little bashful, he threatens them;

'Hah! Dastards, do you tremble!
 Or act like men; or, by yon azure heaven!'

"But the guards still remaining restive, Sempronius himself attacks Juba, while each of the guards is representing Mr. Spectator's sign of the Gaper, awed, it seems, and terrified by Sempronius's threats. Juba kills Sempronius, and takes his own army prisoners, and carries them in triumph away to Cato. Now, I would fain know, if any part of Mr. Bayes's tragedy is so full of absurdities as this?

"Upon hearing the clash of swords, Lucia and Marcia come in. The question is, why no men come in upon hearing the noise of swords in the governor's hall? Where was the governor himself? Where were his guards? Where were his servants? Such an attempt as this, so near the person of a governor of a place of war, was enough to alarm the whole garrison: and yet, for almost half an hour after Sempronius was killed, we find none of those

appear, who were the likeliest in the world to be alarmed; and the noise of swords is made to draw only two poor women thither, who were most certain to run away from it. Upon Lucia and Marcia's coming in, Lucia appears in all the symptoms of an hysterical gentlewoman:

'Luc. Sure 'twas the clash of swords! my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and aches at every sound!'

"And immediately her old whimsey returns upon her:

*'O Marcia, should thy brothers, for my sake—
I die away with horror at the thought.'*

"She fancies that there can be no cutting of throats, but it must be for her. If this is tragical, I would fain know what is comical. Well; upon this they spy the body of Sempronius; and Marcia, deluded by the habit, it seems, takes him for Juba; for, says she,

'The face is muffled up within the garment.'

"Now how a man could fight, and fall with his face muffled up in his garment is, I think, a little hard to conceive! Besides, Juba, before he killed him, knew him to be Sempronius. It was not by his garment that he knew this; it was by his face then: his face therefore was not muffled. Upon seeing this man with his muffled face, Marcia falls a-raving; and, owning her passion for the supposed defunct, begins to make his funeral oration. Upon which Juba enters listening, I suppose on tip-toe; for I cannot imagine how any one can enter listening in any other posture. I would fain know how it came to pass, that during all this time he had sent nobody, no, not so much as a candle-snuffer, to take away the dead body of Sempronius. Well! but let us regard him listening. Having left his apprehension behind

him, he, at first applies what Marcia says to Sempromius. But finding at last, with much ado, that he himself is the happy man, he quits his eve-dropping, and discovers himself just time enough to prevent his being cuckolded by a dead man, of whom the moment before he had appeared so jealous; and greedily intercepts the bliss which was fondly designed for one who could not be the better for it. But here I must ask a question: how comes Juba to listen here who had not listened before throughout the play? Or how comes he to be the only person of this tragedy who listens, when love and treason were so often talked in so public a place as a hall? I am afraid the author was driven upon all these absurdities only to introduce this miserable mistake of Marcia, which, after all, is much below the dignity of tragedy, as any thing is which is the effect or result of trick.

“But let us come to the scenery of the Fifth Act. Cato appears first upon the scene, sitting in a thoughtful posture; in his hand Plato’s treatise on the Immortality of the Soul, a drawn sword on the table by him. Now let us consider the place in which this sight is presented to us. The place, forsooth, is a long hall. Let us suppose, that any one should place himself in this posture, in the midst of one of our halls in London; that he should appear *solus*, in a sullen posture, a drawn sword on the table by him; in his hand Plato’s treatise on the Immortality of the Soul, translated lately by Bernard Lintot: I desire the reader to consider, whether such a person as this would pass, with them who beheld him, for a great patriot, a great philosopher, or a general, or some whimsical person who fancied himself all these? and whether the people who belonged to the family, would think that such a person had a design upon their midriffs or his own?

“In short, that Cato should sit long enough in the

aforesaid posturè, in the midst of this large hall, to read over Plato's treatise on the Immortality of the Soul, which is a lecture of two long hours; that he should propose to himself to be private there upon that occasion; that he should be angry with his son for intruding there; then, that he should leave this hall upon the pretence of sleep, give himself the mortal wound in his bedchamber, and then be brought back into that hall to expire, purely to show his good-breeding, and save his friends the trouble of coming up to his bedchamber; all this appears to me to be improbable, incredible, impossible."

Such is the censure of Dennis. There is, as Dryden expresses it, perhaps "too much horse-play in his raillery;" but if his jests are coarse, his arguments are strong. Yet, as we love better to be pleased than be taught, Cato is read, and the critic is neglected.

Flushed with consciousness of these detections of absurdity in the conduct, he afterwards attacked the sentiments of Cato; but he then amused himself with petty cavils and minute objections.

Of Addison's smaller poems, no particular mention is necessary; they have little that can employ or require a critic. The parallel of the Princes and Gods, in his verses to Kneller, is often happy, but is too well known to be quoted.

His translations, so far as I have compared them, want the exactness of a scholar. That he understood his authors cannot be doubted; but his versions will not teach others to understand them, being too licentiously paraphrastical. They are, however, for the most part, smooth and easy; and, what is the first excellence of a translator, such as may be read with pleasure by those who do not know the originals.

His poetry is polished and pure; the product of a mind too judicious to commit faults, but not suffi-

ciently vigorous to attain excellence. He has sometimes a striking line, or a shining paragraph; but in the whole he is warm rather than fervid, and shows more dexterity than strength. He was however one of our earliest examples of correctness.

The versification, which he had learned from Dryden, he debased rather than refined. His rhymes are often dissonant: in his *Georgic* he admits broken lines. He uses both triplets and alexandrines, but triplets more frequently in his translation than his other works. The mere structure of verses seems never to have engaged much of his care. But his lines are very smooth in 'Rosamond,' and too smooth in 'Cato.'

Addison is now to be considered as a critic; a name which the present generation is scarcely willing to allow him. His criticism is condemned as tentative or experimental, rather than scientific; and he is considered as deciding by taste rather than by principles.

It is not uncommon, for those who have grown wise by the labour of others, to add a little of their own, and overlook their masters. Addison is now despised by some who perhaps would never have seen his defects, but by the lights which he afforded them. That he always wrote as he would think it necessary to write now, cannot be affirmed: his instructions were such as the characters of his readers made proper. That general knowledge which now circulates in common talk, was in his time rarely to be found. Men not professing learning were not ashamed of ignorance; and, in the female world, any acquaintance with books was distinguished only to be censured. His purpose was to infuse literary curiosity by gentle and unsuspected conveyance, into the gay, the idle, and the wealthy: he therefore presented knowledge in the most alluring form, not lofty and austere, but accessible and familiar. When

he showed them their defects, he showed them likewise that they might be easily supplied. His attempt succeeded; inquiry was awakened, and comprehension expanded. An emulation of intellectual elegance was excited, and, from this time to our own, life has been gradually exalted, and conversation purified and enlarged.

Dryden had, not many years before, scattered criticism over his Prefaces with very little parsimony; but though he sometimes condescended to be somewhat familiar, his manner was in general too scholastic for those who had yet their rudiments to learn, and found it not easy to understand their master. His observations were framed rather for those that were learning to write, than for those that read only to talk.

An instructor like Addison was now wanting, whose remarks being superficial might be easily understood, and being just might prepare the mind for more attainments. Had he presented *Paradise Lost* to the public with all the pomp of system and severity of science, the criticism would perhaps have been admired, and the poem still have been neglected; but by the blandishments of gentleness and facility he has made Milton an universal favourite, with whom readers of every class think it necessary to be pleased.

He descended now and then to lower disquisitions; and by a serious display of the beauties of *Chevy Chase* exposed himself to the ridicule of Wagstaff, who bestowed a like pompous character on *Tom Thumb*; and to the contempt of Dennis, who, considering the fundamental position of his criticism, that *Chevy Chase* pleases, and ought to please, because it is natural, observes, "that there is a way of deviating from nature, by bombast or tumour, which soars above nature, and enlarges images beyond their real bulk; by affectation, which forsakes

nature in quest of something unsuitable; and by imbecility, which degrades nature by faintness and diminution, by obscuring its appearances, and weakening its effects." In *Chevy Chase* there is not much of either bombast or affectation; but there is chill and lifeless imbecility. The story cannot possibly be told in a manner that shall make less impression on the mind.

Before the profound observers of the present race repose too securely on the consciousness of their superiority to Addison, let them consider his *Remarks on Ovid*, in which may be found specimens of criticism sufficiently subtle and refined: let them peruse likewise his *Essays on Wit*, and on the *Pleasures of Imagination*, in which he founds art on the base of nature, and draws the principles of invention from dispositions inherent in the mind of man with skill and elegance, such as his contemners will not easily attain.

As a describer of life and manners, he must be allowed to stand perhaps the first of the first rank. His humour, which, as Steele observes, is peculiar to himself, is so happily diffused as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never "outsteps the modesty of nature," nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion, nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity, that he can be hardly said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination.

As a teacher of wisdom, he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious: he appears neither weakly credulous, nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax, nor impracticably rigid. All the enchantment of fancy, and all the cogency of argu-

ment, are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the Author of his being. Truth is shown sometimes as the phantom of a vision ; sometimes appears half-veiled in an allegory ; sometimes attracts regard in the robes of fancy ; and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason. She wears a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing :

Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

His prose is the model of the middle style ; on grave subjects not formal, on light occasions not grovelling ; pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration ; always equable, and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. Addison never deviates from his track to snatch a grace ; he seeks no ambitious ornaments, and tries no hazardous innovations. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendour.

It was apparently his principal endeavour to avoid all harshness and severity of diction ; he is therefore sometimes verbose in his transitions and connexions, and sometimes descends too much to the language of conversation ; yet if his language had been less idiomatical, it might have lost somewhat of its genuine anglicism. What he attempted, he performed ; he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic : he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude, nor affected brevity ; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, and elegant, but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

POEMS
OF
JOSEPH ADDISON.

TO MR. DRYDEN.

**How long, great poet! shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise?
Can neither injuries of time or age
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote, [thought;
Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising
Pensive and sad, his drooping Muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.**

**Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possess'd,
And second youth is kindled in thy breast;
Thou makest the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boasts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in thee:
Thou teachest Persius to inform our isle
In smoother numbers and a clearer style;
And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
Edges his satire and improves his rage.**

Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,
And still outshines the bright original.

Now Ovid boasts the' advantage of thy song,
And tells his story in the British tongue;
Thy charming verse, and fair translations, show
How thy own laurel first began to grow;
How wild Lycaon, changed by angry gods,
And frighted at himself, ran howling through the
woods.

O! may'st thou still the noble task prolong,
Nor age nor sickness interrupt thy song!
Then may we, wondering, read how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms and dissolved in streams;
Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold,
How some in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have lived a second life, and different natures tried.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himself can tell.

Magd. College, Oxon.

June 2, 1693.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREATEST

ENGLISH POETS.

TO MR. HENRY SACHEVERELL¹.

April 3, 1694.

SINCE, dearest Harry! you will needs request
A short account of all the Muse possess'd,
That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes,

¹ Not the notorious Dr. Sacheverell, as has been supposed;
but a gentleman who died young.

Without more preface, writ in formal length,
 To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
 I'll try to make their several beauties known,
 And show their verses' worth, though not my own.

Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
 Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine,
 Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
 And many a story told in rhyme and prose ;
 But age has rusted what the poet writ,
 Worn out his language, and obscured his wit ;
 In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
 And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.

Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetic rage,
 In ancient tales amused a barbarous age ;
 An age that, yet uncultivate and rude,
 Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursued
 Through pathless fields and unfrequented floods,
 To dens of dragons and enchanted woods.
 But now the mystic tale that pleased of yore
 Can charm an understanding age no more ;
 The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
 While the dull moral lies too plain below.
 We view, well-pleased, at distance all the sights
 Of arms and palfries, battles, fields, and fights,
 And damsels in distress, and courteous knights ;
 But when we look too near the shades decay,
 And all the pleasing landscape fades away.

Great Cowley then (a mighty genius !) wrote,
 O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought :
 His turns too closely on the reader press ;
 He more had pleased us had he pleased us less :
 One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
 With silent wonder, but new wonders rise ;
 As in the Milky-way a shining white
 O'erflows the heavens with one continued light,

That not a single star can show his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great poet! that I dare to name
The' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess;
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What Muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre?
Pindar! whom others, in a labour'd strain,
And forced expression, imitate in vain?
Well pleased in thee he soars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a
nobler flight. [lays

Bless'd man! whose spotless life and charming
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise;
Bless'd man! who now shall be for ever known
In Sprat's successful labours and thy own.

But Milton next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd in majestic numbers, walks:
No vulgar hero can his Muse engage,
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! see! he upward springs, and, towering high,
Spurns the dull province of mortality;
Shakes Heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets the' Almighty thunderer in arms!
Whate'er his pen describes, I more than see,
Whilst every verse, array'd in majesty,
Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critic's nicer laws.
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with archangel copes in fight!
When great Messiah's outspread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What sound of brazen wheels, what thunder, scare
And stun the reader with the din of war!

With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scenes of Paradise,
What tongue, what words of rapture can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness!
Oh! had the poet ne'er profaned his pen,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men,
His other works might have deserved applause;
But now the language can't support the cause;
While the clean current, though serene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.

But now, my Muse, a softer strain rehearse,
Turn every line with art, and smooth thy verse;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays:
Muse! tune thy verse with art to Waller's praise,
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire,
So long shall Waller's strains our passion move,
And Sacharissa's beauty kindle love.
Thy verse, harmonious bard! and flattering song,
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong;
Thy verse can show even Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the storm that bore him hence!
Oh, had thy Muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great Nassau on the British throne,
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boyne's wide current reek'd in blood!
Or if Maria's² charms thou wouldst rehearse
In smoother numbers and a softer verse,

² Queen Mary.

Thy pen had well described her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.

Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
That makes e'en Rules a noble poetry;
Rules, whose deep sense and heavenly numbers
The best of critics and of poets too. [show
Nor, Denham! must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighbouring
plains.

But see where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming even in years!
Great Dryden next! whose tuneful Muse affords
The sweetest numbers and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall;
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourish'd, should decay with thee,
Did not the Muses' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve! and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promised more:
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's Muse shall in his friend survive.

I'm tired with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more:
The noble Montagu remains unnamed,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment, famed:
To Dorset he directs his artful Muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.

How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains !
How Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory shines !
We see his army set in just array,
And Boyne's dyed waves run purple to the sea.
Nor Simois, choked with men, and arms, and blood,
Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,
Though gods and heroes fought promiscuous in
their streams :

But now, to Nassau's secret councils raised,
He aids the hero whom before he praised.

I've done, at length ; and now, dear Friend !
receive

The last poor present that my Muse can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise them with more success.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell ;
And so at once, dear Friend and Muse ! farewell.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN SOMERS,

LORD-KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL.

If yet your thoughts are loose from state affairs,
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares ;
If yet your time and actions are your own,
Receive the present of a Muse unknown ;
A Muse that in advent'rous numbers sings
The rout of armies and the fall of kings,

Britain advanced, and Europe's peace restored,
By Somers' counsels, and by Nassau's sword.

To you, my Lord, these daring thoughts belong,
Who help'd to raise the subject of my song ;
To you the hero of my verse reveals
His great designs, to you in council tells
His inmost thoughts, determining the doom
Of towns unstorm'd, and battles yet to come.
And well could you, in your immortal strains,
Describe his conduct, and reward his pains ;
But since the state has all your cares engross'd,
And poetry in higher thoughts is lost,
Attend to what a lesser Muse indites,
Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights,
On you, my Lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment must expect my fate,
Who, free from vulgar passions, are above
Degrading envy or misguided love.
If you, well pleased, shall smile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,
For next to what you write is what you praise.

TO

THE KING.

WHEN now the business of the field is o'er,
The trumpets sleep, and cannons cease to roar ;
When every dismal echo is decay'd,
And all the thunder of the battle laid,
Attend, auspicious Prince ! and let the Muse
In humble accents milder thoughts infuse.

Others, in bold prophetic numbers skill'd,
Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field ;

My Muse, expecting, on the British strand
Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land :
She oft has seen thee pressing on the foe,
When Europe was concern'd in every blow,
But durst not in heroic strains rejoice ;
The trumpets, drums, and cannons, drown'd her
voice :

She saw the Boyne run thick with human gore,
And floating corpse' lie beating on the shore ;
She saw thee climb the banks, but tried in vain
To trace her hero through the dusty plain,
When through the thick embattled lines he broke,
Now plunged amidst the foes, now lost in clouds
of smoke.

O that some Muse, renown'd for lofty verse,
In daring numbers would thy toils rehearse !
Draw thee, beloved in peace and fear'd in wars,
Inured to noonday sweats and midnight cares !
But still the godlike man, by some hard fate,
Receives the glory of his toils too late :
Too late the verse the mighty act succeeds ;
One age the hero, one the poet breeds.

A thousand years in full succession ran
Ere Virgil raised his voice, and sung the man
Who, driven by stress of Fate, such dangers bore
On stormy seas and a disastrous shore ;
Before he settled in the promised earth,
And gave the empire of the world its birth.

Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce
Ere Homer muster'd up their troops in verse ;
Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans' lust,
And laid the labour of the gods in dust,
Before the towering Muse began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight,

Engaged in tented fields and rolling floods,
Or slaughtering mortals, or a match for gods.

And here, perhaps, by Fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That shall in William's godlike acts engage,
And with his battles warm a future age.
Hibernian fields shall here thy conquests show;
And Boyne be sung when it has ceased to flow;
Here Gallic labours shall advance thy fame,
And here Seneffe shall wear another name.
Our late posterity, with secret dread,
Shall view thy battles, and with pleasure read
How, in the bloody field, too near advanced,
The guiltless bullet on thy shoulder glanced.

The race of Nassaus was by Heaven design'd
To curb the proud oppressors of mankind,
To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And fight in every injured nation's cause,
The world's great patriots ; they for justice call,
And, as they favour, kingdoms rise or fall.
Our British youth, unused to rough alarms,
Careless of fame, and negligent of arms,
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And heard, unwarm'd, the martial trumpet blow ;
But now, inspired by thee, with fresh delight,
Their swords they brandish, and require the fight;
Renew their ancient conquests on the main,
And act their fathers' triumphs o'er again ;
Fired when they hear how Agincourt was strow'd
With Gallic corpse' and Cressy swam in blood,
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who first shall storm the breach or mount the wall.
In vain the thronging enemy, by force,
Would clear the ramparts, and repel their course ;

They break through all, for William leads the way
Where fires rage most, and loudest engines play.
Namur's late terrors and destruction show
What William, warm'd with just revenge, can do:
Where once a thousand turrets raised on high
Their gilded spires, and glitter'd in the sky;
An undistinguish'd heap of dust is found,
And all the pile lies smoking on the ground.

His toils, for no ignoble ends design'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears,
The cries of orphans, and the widows' tears:
Oppress'd Religion gives the first alarms,
And injured Justice sets him in his arms;
His conquests freedom to the world afford,
And nations bless the labours of his sword.

Thus when the forming Muse would copy forth
A perfect pattern of heroic worth,
She sets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down, and monsters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and smear'd with dust and sweat,
Whilst angry gods conspire to make him great.

Thy navy rides on seas before unpress'd,
And strikes a terror through the haughty East;
Algiers and Tunis, from their sultry shore,
With horror hear the British engines roar;
Fain from the neighbouring dangers would they run,
And wish themselves still nearer to the sun.
The Gallic ships are in their ports confined,
Denied the common use of sea and wind,
Nor dare again the British strength engage;
Still they remember that destructive rage
Which lately made their trembling host retire,
Stunn'd with the noise, and wrapp'd in smoke and
fire;

Ask Villeroy, for Villeroy beheld
The town surrender'd and the treaty seal'd ;
With what amazing strength the forts were won,
Whilst the whole power of France stood looking on.

But stop not here : behold where Berkeley stands,
And executes his injured King's commands ;
Around thy coast his bursting bombs he pours
On flaming citadels and falling towers ;
With hissing streams of fire the air they streak,
And hurl destruction round them where they break ;
The skies with long ascending flames are bright,
And all the sea reflects a quivering light.

Thus Ætna, when in fierce eruptions broke,
Fills Heaven with ashes and the earth with smoke ;
Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten stones and scatter'd cinders fly ;
Its fury reaches the remotest coast,
And strows the Asiatic shore with dust.

Now does the sailor from the neighbouring main
Look after Gallic towns and forts in vain ;
No more his wonted marks he can descry,
But sees a long unmeasured ruin lie,
Whilst, pointing to the naked coast, he shows
His wondering mates where towns and steeples
Where crowded citizens he lately view'd, [rose,
And singles out the place where once St. Maloes'
stood.

Here Russel's actions should my Muse require,
And would my strength but second my desire,
I'd all his boundless bravery rehearse,
And draw his cannons thundering in my verse ;
High on the deck should the great leader stand,
Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand ;

Like Homer's Hector, when he flung his fire
Amidst a thousand ships, and made all Greece
retire.

But who can run the British triumphs o'er,
And count the flames dispersed on every shore?
Who can describe the scatter'd victory,
And draw the reader on from sea to sea?
Else who could Ormond's godlike acts refuse?
Ormond! the theme of every Oxford Muse.
Fain would I here his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chase of fame,
Through all the noise and hurry of the fight
Observe each blow, and keep him still in sight.
Oh! did our British peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their great forefathers won,
Our arms would then triumphantly advance,
Nor Henry be the last that conquer'd France.
What might not England hope, if such abroad
Purchased their country's honour with their blood?
When such, detain'd at home, support our state
In William's stead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
The schemes of Gallic policy o'erthrow,
And blast the counsels of the common foe;
Direct our armies, and distribute right,
And render our Maria's¹ loss more light?
But stop, my Muse, the' ungrateful sound forbear,
Maria's name still wounds each British ear;
Each British heart Maria still does wound,
And tears burst out unbidden at the sound;
Maria still our rising mirth destroys,
Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.

But see, at length, the British ships appear!
Our Nassau comes! and, as his fleet draws near,

¹ Queen Mary, who died in 1694.

The rising masts advance, the sails grow white,
And all his pompous navy floats in sight.
Come, mighty Prince! desired of Britain! come;
May Heaven's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crowds behold that look,
Which such confusion and amazement strook
Through Gallic hosts; but, oh! let us descry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleasure in thine eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found,
But for a while forget the trumpet's sound;
Well pleased, thy people's loyalty approve,
Accept their duty, and enjoy their love:
For as, when lately moved with fierce delight,
You plunged amidst the tumult of the fight,
Whole heaps of death encompass'd you around,
And steeds, o'erturn'd, lay foaming on the ground;
So, crown'd with laurels now, where'er you go,
Around you blooming joys and peacefull blessings
flow.

TO

SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE KING.

KNELLER! with silence and surprise
We see Britannia's monarch rise,
A godlike form, by thee display'd
In all the force of light and shade;
And, awed by thy delusive hand,
As in the Presence-chamber stand.
The magic of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,

His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends and scorn of foes :
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And Albion's happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.

O may I live to hail the day
When the glad nation shall survey
Their sovereign through his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land !
Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.

The image on the medal placed,
With its bright round of titles graced,
And, stamp'd on British coins, shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form the genial sun
Has daily, since his course begun,
Rejoiced the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.

Thou, Kneller ! long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vied
With Nature in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvass into life :
Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in the robes of state array'd,
The kings of half an age display'd.

Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air ;

Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd :
There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies through the Continent,
Ere yet her hero was disgraced :
O may famed Brunswick be the last,
(Though Heaven should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee)
The last, the happiest, British king,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing !

Wise Phidias thus, his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanced to Jove,
And taught the polish'd rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine,
Till Greece, amazed, and half afraid,
The' assembled deities survey'd.

Great Pan, who wont to chase the fair,
And loved the spreading oak, was there ;
Old Saturn, too, with up-cast eyes
Beheld his abdicated skies ;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd ;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads ; the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung :
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-lived darling son to mourn :
The last was he whose thunder slew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,
That, from a hundred hills allied,
In impious leagues, their king defied.

This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produced, his art was at a stand ;
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George, or carved a Jove ?

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO, NOV. 1714.

THE Muse that oft, with sacred raptures fired,
Has generous thoughts of liberty inspired,
And, boldly rising for Britannia's laws,
Engaged great Cato in her country's cause,
On you submissive waits, with hopes assured,
By whom the mighty blessing stands secured,
And all the glories that our age adorn
Are promised to a people yet unborn.

No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage and a doubtful throne,
But boast her royal progeny's increase,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to strengthen and to grace our isle !
While you, fair Princess ! in your offspring smile,
Supplying charms to the succeeding age,
Each heavenly daughter's triumph we presage,
Already see the' illustrious youths complain,
And pity monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.

Thou, too, the darling of our fond desires,
Whom, Albion, opening wide her arms, requires,

With manly valour and attractive air
Shalt quell the fierce and captivate the fair.
O England's younger hope! in whom conspire
The mother's sweetness and the father's fire!
For thee, perhaps, even now, of kingly race,
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
Some Carolina, to Heaven's dictates true,
Who, while the sceptred rivals vainly sue,
Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
And slight the' imperial diadem for thee.

Pleased with the prospect of successive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress'd,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty distress'd:
To milder sounds each Muse shall tune the lyre,
And gratitude and faith to kings inspire,
And filial love; bid impious discord cease,
And sooth the madding factions into peace;
Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new monarch's praise,
Describe his awful look and godlike mind,
And Cæsar's power with Cato's virtue join'd.

Meanwhile, bright Princess! who with graceful
And native majesty art form'd to please, [ease
Behold those arts with a propitious eye,
That suppliant to their great protectress fly;
Then shall they triumph, and the British stage
Improve her manners and refine her rage,
More noble characters expose to view,
And draw her finish'd heroines from you.

Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathless Muse:
The deathless Muse; with undiminish'd rays,
Through distant time the lovely dame conveys.

To Gloriana Waller's harp was strung ;
 The queen still shines, because the poet sung.
 Even all those graces in your frame combined,
 The common fate of mortal charms may find,
 (Content our short-lived praises to engage,
 The joy and wonder of a single age)
 Unless some poet, in a lasting song,
 To late posterity their fame prolong,
 Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
 And see your beauty with their fathers' eyes.

THE CAMPAIGN.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

1705.

— Rheni pacator et Istri.

Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
 Ordinibus ; lætatur eques, plauditque senator,
 Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.

CLAUD. de Laud. Stilic.

Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ suâ impensa, suo labore
 ac periculo, bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc
 finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris
 continenti junctis præstet. Maria trajiciat : ne quod toto
 orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et ubique jus, fas,
 lex, protentissima sint.

LIV. Hist. lib. xxxiii.

WHILE crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,
 Proud in their number to enrol your name ;
 While emperors to you commit their cause,
 And Anna's praises crown the vast applause,
 Accept, great leader ! what the Muse recites,
 That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.

Fired and transported with a theme so new,
Ten thousand wonders opening to my view
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill the' important year;
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one Campaign.

The haughty Gaul beheld, with towering pride,
His ancient bounds enlarged on every side;
Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdued,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Opposed their Alps and Appennines in vain,
Nor found themselves with strength of rocks im-
Behind their everlasting hills secured; [mured,
The rising Danube its long race began,
And half its course through the new conquests ran;
Amazed and anxious for her sovereign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states;
Great Leopold himself was seized with fear;
He gazed around, but saw no succour near;
He gazed, and half-abandon'd to despair
His hopes on Heaven, and confidence in prayer.

To Britain's Queen the nations turn their eyes;
On her resolves the western world relies,
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain! from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the Continent!
That sees her bravest son advanced so high,
And flourishing so near her prince's eye:
Thy favourites grow not up by Fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a court;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long tried faith, and friendship's holy ties:

Their sovereign's well-distinguish'd smiles they
share,

Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice,
By showers of blessings Heaven approves their
choice;

Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud them most;

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly:
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,
Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war;
Delightful stream! had Nature bid her fall
In distant climes, far from the perjured Gaul;
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows:
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes' ghosts,
Hoped, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

Our godlike leader, ere the stream he pass'd,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
Forming the wondrous year within his thought;
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese,
Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues.
Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
The sultry gales round his chafed temples beat,
Till on the borders of the Mayne he finds
Defensive shadows and refreshing winds.
Our British youth, with inborn freedom bold,
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debased,
(Their Maker's image more than half defaced)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native soil.

Still to the rising sun they take their way
Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day :
When now the Neckar on its friendly coast
With cooling streams revives the fainting host,
That cheerfully his labours past forgets,
The midnight watches and the noonday heats.

O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass,
(Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in grass)
Breathing revenge, whilst anger and disdain
Fire every breast, and boil in every vein.
Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.

At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn ;
A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,

Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits and fermenting blood;
Lodged in the soul, with virtue over-ruled,
Inflamed by reason, and by reason cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shown :
To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
Heaven dares intrust the cause of human-kind.

Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
Her harass'd troops the hero's presence warms,
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thundering peals of British shouts resound :
Doubling their speed they march with fresh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the staunch hound the trembling deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unravelling by degrees ;
But when the scent comes warm in every breeze,
Fired at the near approach, he shoots away
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are
past,
The' immortal Schellemburg appears at last :
Like hills the' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie ;
Batteries on batteries guard each fatal pass,
Threatening destruction ; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep :
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious
sight,

His march o'erpaid by such a promis'd fight.

The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day :

Evening approach'd ; but, oh ! what host of foes
Were never to behold that evening close !
Thickening their ranks, and wedged in firm array,
The close-compacted Britons win their way :
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defaced
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste ;
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
Through flames of sulphur and a night of smoke,
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage ;
The battle, kindled into tenfold rage,
With showers of bullets, and with storms of fire,
Burns in full fury ; heaps on heaps expire ;
Nations with nations mix'd confusedly die,
And, lost, in one promiscuous carnage lie.

How many generous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom !
The' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame ! O glorious heat,
Only destructive to the brave and great !)
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their last.
But hold, my Muse ! may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear ; [pense
While Marlborough lives Britannia's stars dis-
A friendly light, and shine in innocence :
Plunging through seas of blood his fiery steed,
Where'er his friends retire or foes succeed ;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great Man ! renown'd in arms ! forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,

Nor hazard thus, confused in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety and the world's repose ;
Let nations, anxious for thy life, abate
This scorn of danger and contempt of fate :
Thou livest not for thyself ; thy Queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands ;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
By crowded armies fortified in vain.
The war breaks in ; the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight increased with swelling
But if the rushing wave a passage finds, [tides ;
Enraged by watry moons and warring winds,
The trembling peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

The few surviving foes dispersed in flight,
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
In every rustling wind the victor hear,
And Marlborough's form in every shadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night, with kind embrace,
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To Donavert, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields,
(The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares,
The food of armies and support of wars :
With magazines of death-destructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern stored,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.

Deluded Prince! how is thy greatness cross'd,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancied throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there: surrounded with alarms,
Thou hopest the' assistance of the Gallic arms;
The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,
And crowd thy standards with the power of France,
While, to exalt thy doom, the' aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
Long did he strive the' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain,
Till, fired at length, he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance roused, the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land;
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And, mix'd with bellowing herds, confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in every brake:
The listening soldier fix'd in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands;
The leader grieves, by generous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet, terrible from far,
In shriller clangors animates the war,

Confederate drums in fuller consort beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat.
Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind ;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled host he views
Stretch'd out in deep array and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the grieved world had long desir'd in vain :
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul prefer'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd :
The day was come when Heaven design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long-extended squadrons shape their way !
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts ;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control ;
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'erlook the foe, advantaged by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host.
Though fens and floods possess'd the middle space,
That unprovoked they would have fear'd to pass ;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe ranged on their borders stands.

But, O! my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd !

Methinks I hear the drums' tumultuous sound
The victors' shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise ! [proved,
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war ;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleased the' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

But see ! the haughty household-troops advance,
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France :
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a general's love of conquest glows :
Proudly he marches on, and, void of fear,
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear.
Vain insolence ! with native freedom brave,
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave ;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns ;
Each fights as in his arm the' important day,
And all the fate of his great monarch, lay :
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
Confused in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.

O Dormer! how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate?
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds, with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mix'd,
Midst heaps of spears and standards driven around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd,
Troops of bold youths, borne on the distant Soane,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhône,
Or where the Seine her flowery fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding vineyards
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away, [glides,
And into Scythian seas their bloated corpse convey.
From Blenheim's towers the Gaul, with wild af-
Beholds the various havoc of the fight; [fright,
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate Tallard! oh! who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
That with mix'd tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd!
Thine only son pierced with a deadly wound,
Choked in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive, wept.

An English Muse is touch'd with generous woe,
And in the' unhappy man forgets the foe.
Greatly distress'd ! thy loud complaints forbear ;
Blame not the turns of Fate and chance of war ;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won ;
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the second honours of the day.

With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd fell,
The marshes stagnate and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd :
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage and inglorious chains :
Even those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging king dishonours, to complete
Marlborough's great work, and finish the defeat.

From Memmingen's high domes and Augsburg's
walls,
The distant battle drives the' insulting Gauls ;
Freed by the terror of the victor's name,
The rescued states his great protection claim ;
Whilst Ulm the' approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great designs ;
In every thought the towering genius shines :
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide Continent his march extends ;
If sieges in his labouring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd ;
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What distant land, what region, can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword ?

Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the series of his toils complete ?

Where the swoln Rhine rushing with all its force,
Divides the hostile nations in its course,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarged or straiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide-extended plain commands ;
Twice, since the war was kindled, has it tried
The victor's rage, and twice has changed its side ;
As oft whole armies, with a prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects,
And, though the Dog-star had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the sun :
Fix'd on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons and increase of heats :
No toils are painful that can danger show,
No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.

The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land,
But soon as the victorious host he spies,
From hill to hill, from stream to stream, he flies ;
Such dire impressions in his heart remain
Of Marlborough's sword and Höchstet's fatal plain.
In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
Their shady coverts and obscure retreats ;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destined to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends,
That in the Pagan gods his lineage ends,

Comes from afar in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne.
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in the' embraces of the godlike man ;
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fix'd,
To see such fire with so much sweetness mix'd,
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court !

Achilles thus was form'd with every grace,
And Nireus shone but in the second place ;
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely flush'd with an immortal bloom
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by Marlborough's presence
charm'd,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's sight.

The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increased in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And bless'd by rescued nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms,
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms,
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While Marlborough presses to the bold attack,
Plants all his batteries, bids his cannon roar,
And shows how Landau might have fallen before.
Scared at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserved for his declining years,

Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey ;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
The' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
The works of ages sunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions sacrificed in vain.

Such are the' effects of Anna's royal cares :
By her Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind :
By her the' unfetter'd Ister's states are free,
And taste the sweets of English liberty :
But who can tell the joys of those that lie
Beneath the constant influence of her eye !
Whilst in diffusive showers her bounties fall
Like Heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succour the distress'd,
Make every subject glad, and a whole people
bless'd.

Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse,
That, if such members can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wondrous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak ;
Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise ;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze :
Marlborough's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light ;
Raised of themselves, their genuine charms they
boast,
And those who paint them truest praise them most.

A

LETTER FROM ITALY.

TO THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

IN THE YEAR 1701.

Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.

VIRG. Georg. ii.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me, into foreign realms my fate conveys
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.

How am I pleased to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!

To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source !
To see the Mincio draw his watery store
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore !
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide !

Fired with a thousand raptures, I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
The king of floods ! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortalized in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the Muses' skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the famed river's empty shore admire,
That, destitute of strength, derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source,
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys ;
So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme !
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And, unobserved, in wild meanders play'd,
Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound,
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like your's, and raise an equal fire,

Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine !

See how the golden groves around me smile !
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle ;
Or when transplanted, and preserved with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler tastes and more exalted scents ;
Even the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats,
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the Seasons lavish all their pride ;
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers, together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb :
Here pillars, rough with sculpture, pierce the skies ;
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans deathless acts' display'd
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid :
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wondering at their height through airy channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wandering Muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires,

Where the smooth chissel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls, stand ;
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown ;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly sued,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdued.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show the immortal labours in my verse,
Wherefrom the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight ;
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow,
From theme to theme with secret pleasure toss'd,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost.
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound ;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind Heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand ;
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of Nature and the charms of Art,
While proud Oppression in her valleys reigns,
And Tyranny usurps her happy plains ?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain,
The reddening orange and the swelling grain ;
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines ;

Starves, in the midst of Nature's bounty curs'd,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh, Liberty! thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eased of her load Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou makest the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Givest beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess! thee Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil;
We envy not the warmer clime that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine;
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

Others with towering piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight,
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvass give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live;
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state;
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbours' prayer.

The Dane and Swede, roused up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms ;
Soon as her fleets appear their terrors cease,
And all the Northern world lies hush'd in peace.

The' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite,
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite ;
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.

Fired with the name which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling Muse, with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous song :
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow or a purling stream ;
Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, should praise,

MISCELLANIES.

A

SONG, FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

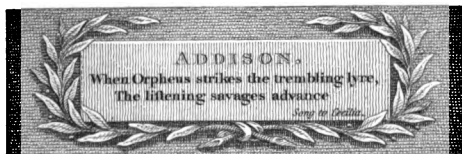
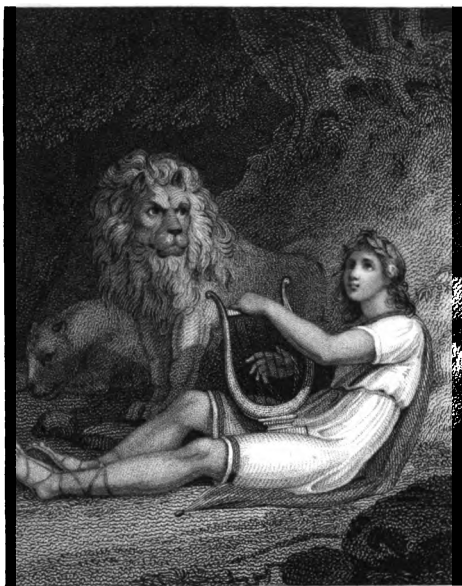
AT OXFORD.

CECILIA! whose exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the bless'd,
In choirs of warbling seraphims
Known and distinguish'd from the rest;
Attend, harmonious Saint! and see
Thy vocal sons of Harmony;
Attend, harmonious Saint! and hear our prayers;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee:
Tune every string and every tongue;
Be thou the Muse and subject of our song.

Let all Cecilia's praise proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark how the flutes and trumpets raise,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays!
The organ labours in her praise.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace;
From every voice the tuneful accents fly;
In soaring trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the base.

Cecilia's name through all the notes we sing,
The work of every skilful tongue,
The sound of every trembling string,
The sound and triumph of our song.
For ever consecrate the day
To music and Cecilia;
Music! the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of Heaven we have below.
Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love,
With unsuspected eloquence can move
And manage all the man with secret art.
When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre,
The streams stand still, the stones admire;
The listening savages advance,
The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in awkward measures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance:
The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And Rhodope was left without a shade.

Music religious heats inspires;
It wakes the soul and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
The' Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
And seems well pleased, and courted with a song.
Soft moving sounds and heavenly airs [prayers.
Give force to every word, and recommend our
When time itself shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurl'd,
Music shall then exert its power,
And sound survive the ruins of the world:



Drawn by Rich^d Wornall R.A.

Engraved by J.H. Wright

*Published 1st April 1807, by John Sharpe,
Piccadilly.*



Then saints and angels shall agree
 In one eternal jubilee ;
 All Heaven shall echo with their hymns divine,
 And God himself with pleasure see
 The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Consecrate the place and day
 To music and Cecilia ;
 Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
 Invade the hallow'd bounds,
 Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
 Nor spoil the fleeting sounds ;
 Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
 But gladness dwell on every tongue,
 Whilst all, with voice and strings prepared,
 Keep up the loud harmonious song,
 And imitate the bless'd abode
 In joy, and harmony, and love.

 THE PLAY-HOUSE.

WHERE gentle Thames through stately channels
 And England's proud metropolis divides ; [glides,
 A lofty fabric does the sight invade,
 And stretches o'er the waves a pompous shade ;
 Whence sudden shouts the neighbourhood surprise,
 And thundering claps and dreadful hissings rise.
 Here thrifty R——¹ hires monarchs by the day,
 And keeps his mercenary kings in pay ;
 With deep-mouth'd actors fills the vacant scenes,
 And rakes the stews for goddesses and queens.

¹ Probably Rich.

Here the lewd punk, with crowns and sceptres
Teaches her eyes a more majestic cast ; [grac'd,
And hungry monarchs, with a numerous train
Of suppliant slaves, like Sancho, starve and reign.

But enter in, my Muse ; the stage survey,
And all its pomp and pageantry display ;
Trap-doors and pit-falls, from the' unfaithful
And magic walls encompass it around : [ground,
On either side maim'd temples fill our eyes,
And, intermix'd with brothel-houses, rise ;
Disjointed palaces in order stand,
And groves, obedient to the mover's hand,
O'ers shade the stage, and flourish at command.
A stamp makes broken towns and trees entire :
So when Amphion struck the vocal lyre,
He saw the spacious circuit all around
With crowding woods and rising cities crown'd.
But next the tiring-room survey, and see
False titles, and promiscuous quality,
Confus'dly swarm, from heroes and from queens,
To those that swing in clouds and fill machines.
Their various characters they choose with art,
The frowning bully fits the tyrant's part :
Swoln cheeks and swagging belly make an host ;
Pale meagre looks and hollow-voice, a ghost !
From careful brows and heavy downcast eyes,
Dull cits and thick-skull'd aldermen arise ;
The comic tone, inspired by Congreve, draws
At every word, loud laughter and applause :
The whining dame continues as before,
Her character unchanged, and acts a whore.

Above the rest, the prince with haughty stalks
Magnificent in purple buskins walks ;
The royal robes his awful shoulders grace ;
Profuse of spangles and of copper-lace ;

Officious rascals to his mighty thigh,
Guiltless of blood, the' unpointed weapon tie :
Then the gay glittering diadem put on,
Ponderous with brass, and starr'd with Bristol
His royal consort next consults her glass, [stone.
And out of twenty boxes culls a face ;
The whitening first her ghastly looks besmears,
All pale and wan the' unfinish'd form appears ;
Till on her cheeks the blushing purple glows,
And a false virgin-modesty bestows.
Her ruddy lips the deep vermilion dyes ;
Length to her brows the pencil's art supplies,
And with black bending arches shades her eyes.
Well pleased at length, the picture she beholds,
And spots it o'er with artificial molds ;
Her countenance complete, the beaux she warms
With looks not hers ; and, spite of nature, charms.

Thus artfully their persons they disguise,
Till the last flourish bids the curtain rise.
The prince then enters on the stage in state ;
Behind, a guard of candle-snuffers wait :
There, sworn with empire, terrible and fierce,
He shakes the dome, and tears his lungs with verse :
His subjects tremble ; the submissive pit,
Wrapp'd up in silence and attention, sit :
Till, freed at length, he lays aside the weight
Of public business and affairs of state ;
Forgets his pomp, dead to ambition's fires,
And to some peaceful brandy-shop retires ;
Where, in full gills, his anxious thoughts he drowns,
And quaffs away the care that waits on crowns.

The princess next her painted charms displays,
Where every look the pencil's art betrays ;
The callow squire at distance feeds his eyes,
And silently, for paint and washes, dies.

But if the youth behind the scenes retreat,
He sees the blended colours melt with heat,
And all the trickling beauty run in sweat.
The borrow'd visage he admires no more,
And nauseates every charm he loved before :
So the famed spear, for double force-renown'd,
Applied the remedy that gave the wound.

In tedious lists 'twere endless to engage,
And draw at length the rabble of the stage ;
Where one for twenty years has given alarms,
And call'd contending monarchs to their arms ;
Another fills a more important post,
And rises, every other night, a ghost ;
Through the cleft stage his mealy face he rears,
Then stalks along, groans thrice, and disappears ;
Others, with swords and shields, the soldier's pride,
More than a thousand times have changed their side,
And in a thousand fatal battles died.

Thus several persons, several parts perform ;
Soft lovers whine, and blustering heroes storm :
The stern exasperated tyrants rage,
Till the kind bowl of poison clears the stage.
Then honours vanish, and distinctions cease,
Then, with reluctance, haughty queens undress ;
Heroes no more their fading laurels boast,
And mighty kings in private men are lost.
He, whom such titles swell'd, such power made
proud, [bow'd,
To whom whole realms and vanquish'd nations
Throws off the gaudy plume, the purple train,
And in his own vile tatters stinks again.

ON
LADY MANCHESTER.

WRITTEN ON THE TOASTING-GLASSES OF THE
KIT-KAT CLUB.

WHILE haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
In native charms divinely fair;
Confusion in their looks they show'd;
And with unborrow'd blushes glow'd.

HYMN I.

FROM PART OF THE SIXTH PSALM.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled Heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And, nightly, to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball :
What though, no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found :
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

HYMN II.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !
My rising soul surveys ;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart !—
But thou canst read it there.
Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd ;
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.
Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence those comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord !
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN III.

How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!

How sure is their defence!

Eternal wisdom is their guide,

Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,

Supported by thy care,

Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,

And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,

Made every region please;

The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,

And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul! devoutly think,

How, with affrighted eyes,

Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep

In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt on every face,

And fear in every heart;

When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,

O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord!

Thy mercy set me free;

Whilst in the confidence of prayer

My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung

High on the broken wave,

I knew thou wert not slow to hear,

Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,

Obedient to thy will;

The sea, that roar'd at thy command,

At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

HYMN IV.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear ?

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought :

When thou, O Lord ! shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear ?

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late ;
And add my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare
And feed me with a shepherd's care :
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord ! art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though, in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

PROLOGUE

TO PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS. 1707.

LONG has a race of heroes fill'd the stage,
That rant by note, and through the gamut rage;
In songs and airs express their martial fire,
Combat in trills, and in a fugue expire;
While lull'd by sound, and undisturb'd by wit,
Calm and serene you indolently sit,
And from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
Hear the facetious fiddles' repartee:
Our homespun authors must forsake the field,
And Shakspeare to the soft Scarlatti yield.

To your new taste the poet of this day
Was by a friend advised to form his play.
Had Valentini, musically coy, [joy,
Shunn'd Phædra's arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd
It had not moved your wonder to have seen
An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen:
How would it please should she in English speak,
And could Hippolitus reply in Greek?
But he, a stranger to your modish way,
By your old rules must stand or fall to-day,
And hopes you will your foreign taste command
To bear, for once, with what you understand.

PROLOGUE

TO THE TENDER HUSBAND. 1705.

IN the first rise and infancy of farce, [scarce,
When fools were many, and when plays were
The raw unpractised authors could, with ease,
A young and unexperienced audience please:

L 2

No single character had e'er been shown,
But the whole herd of fops was all their own :
Rich in originals, they set to view,
In every piece, a coxcomb that was new.

But now our British theatre can boast
Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host !
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows [beaux ;
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and
Rough country knights are found of ev'ry shire,
Of every fashion gentle fops appear ;
And punks of different characters we meet
As frequent on the stage as in the pit.
Our modern wits are forced to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a fool :
Long ere they find the necessary spark,
They search the Town, and beat about the Park,
To all his most frequented haunts resort,
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court,
As love of pleasure or of place invites,
And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.

Howe'er, to do you right, the present age
Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage,
That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And won't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but survey this crowded house to-night ;
—Here's still encouragement for those that write.

Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with variety of fools his play,
And that there may be something gay and new,
Two ladies-errant has exposed to view ;
The first a damsel travell'd in romance,
The other more refined, she comes from France ;
Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph from
danger,
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the stranger.

EPILOGUE

TO THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

1706.

WHEN Orpheus tuned his lyre with pleasing woe,
 Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
 While listening forests cover'd, as he play'd,
 The soft musician in a moving shade.
 That this night's strains the same success may find,
 The force of music is to music join'd;
 Where sounding strings and artful voices fail,
 The charming rod and mutter'd spells prevail.
 Let sage Urganda wave the circling wand
 On barren mountains or a waste of sand,
 The desert smiles, the woods begin to grow,
 The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.

The same dull sights in the same landscap mix'd,
 Scenes of still life, and points for ever fix'd,
 A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,
 And pall the sense with one continued show:
 But as our two magicians try their skill,
 The vision varies, though the place stands still,
 While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
 Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.
 Thus (without unity of place transgress'd)
 The' Enchanter turns the critic to a jest.

But howso'er, to please your wandering eyes,
 Bright objects disappear and brighter rise,
 There's none can make amends for lost delight,
 While from that circle we divert your sight.

TRANSLATIONS.

HORACE,

BOOK III. ODE III.

Augustus had a design to rebuild Troy, and make it the metropolis of the Roman empire : having closetted several Senators on the project, Horace is supposed to have written the following Ode on this occasion.

THE man resolved, and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries ;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.

Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move,
Nor the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.

Should the whole frame of Nature round him
In ruin and confusion hurl'd, [break,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright Pollux to the bless'd abodes ;
Such did for great Alcides plead,
And gain'd a place among the gods,
Where now Augustus, mix'd with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies ;
His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
And with immortal stains divinely glow.

By arts like these did young Lyæus rise,
His tigers drew him to the skies ;
Wild from the desert, and unbroke,
In vain they foam'd, in vain they stared,
In vain their eyes with fury glared ; [yoke.
He tamed them to the lash, and bent them to the

Such were the paths that Rome's great founder
When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high [trod
He shook off dull mortality,
And lost the monarch in the god.
Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,
And thus the' assembled deities bespoke :

'Troy, (says the goddess) perjured Troy, has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
The towering pile and soft abodes,
Wall'd by the hand of servile gods,
Now spreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground ;
An umpire, partial and unjust,
And a lewd woman's impious lust,
Lay heavy on her head, and sunk her to the dust.

' Since false Laomedon's tyrannic sway,
That durst defraud the' immortals of their pay,
Her guardian gods renounced their patronage,
Nor would the fierce invading foe repel ;
To my resentment, and Minerva's rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.

‘ And now the long-protracted wars are o’er,
The soft adulterer shines no more ;
No more does Hector’s force the Trojans shield,
That drove whole armies back, and singly clear’d
the field.

‘ My vengeance sated, I at length resign
To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line :
Advanced to godhead let him rise,
And take his station in the skies,
There entertain his ravish’d sight
With scenes of glory, fields of light,
Quaff, with the gods, immortal wine,
And see adoring nations crowd his shrine.

‘ The thin remains of Troy’s afflicted host
In distant realms may seats unenvied find,
And flourish on a foreign coast,
But far be Rome from Troy disjoin’d ;
Removed by seas from the disastrous shore,
May endless billows rise between, and storms
unnumber’d roar.

‘ Still let the cursed detested place,
Where Priam lies, and Priam’s faithless race,
Be cover’d o’er with weeds, and hid in grass :
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray,
Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,
Amidst the mighty ruins play,
And frisk upon the tombs of kings.

‘ May tigers there, and all the savage kind,
Sad solitary haunts and silent deserts find ;
In gloomy vaults and nooks of palaces,
May the’ unmolested lioness
Her brinded whelps securely lay,
Or, couch’d, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.

‘ While Troy in heaps of ruin lies,
Rome and the Roman Capitol shall rise ;
The’ illustrious exiles unconfined
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.

‘ In vain the sea’s intruding tide
Europe from Afric shall divide,
And part the sever’d world in two :
Through’ Afric’s sands their triumphs they shall
And the long train of victories pursue [spread,
To Nile’s yet undiscover’d head.

‘ Riches the hardy soldiers shall despise,
And look on gold with undésiring eyes,
Nor the disbowell’d earth explore
In search of the forbidden ore ;
Those glittering ills conceal’d within the mine,
Shall lie untouch’d, and innocently shine.
To the last bounds that Nature sets,
The piercing colds and sultry heats,
The godlike race shall spread their arms :
Now fill the Polar Circle with alarms,
Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine ;
Nor sweat for conquest underneath the Line.

‘ This only law the victor shall restrain,
On these conditions shall he reign ;
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a second Troy,
If none the rash design pursue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.

‘ A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
That shall the new foundations raise ;
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
To storm the rising town with fire,
And at their army’s head myself will show
What Juno, urged to all her rage, can do.

‘ Thrice should Apollo’s self the city raise,
And line it round with walls of brass,
Thrice should my favourite Greeks his works
confound,
And hew the shining fabric to the ground ;
Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return,
And their dead sons and slaughter’d husbands
mourn.’

But hold, my Muse, forbear thy towering flight,
Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light ;
In vain would thy presumptuous verse
The’ immortal rhetoric rehearse ;
The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majesty, and lose their sound.

VIRGIL’S FOURTH GEORGIC,

EXCEPT THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS.

ETHERIAL sweets shall next my Muse engage,
And this, Mæcenas, claims your patronage ;
Of little creatures’ wondrous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,
Their laws, employments, and their wars, relate :
A trifling theme provokes my humble lays,
Trifling the theme, not so the poet’s praise,
If great Apollo and the tuneful Nine
Join in the piece, and make the work divine.

First for your bees a proper station find,
That’s fenced about, and shelter’d from the wind ;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The swarms, when loaden homeward, from their
hive.

Nor sheep, nor goats, must pasture near their stores,
To trample under foot the springing flowers ;
Nor frisking heifers bound about the place,
To spurn the dew-drops off, and bruise the rising
grass ;

Nor must the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor woodpecks, nor the swallow, harbour near ;
They waste the swarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender morsels to their young.

Let purling streams, and fountains edged with
moss,

And shallow rills run trickling through the grass :
Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms shoot up, and shade the streams below,
That when the youth, led by their princes, shun
The crowded hive, and sport it in the sun,
Refreshing springs may tempt them from the heat,
And shady coverts yield a cool retreat.

Whether the neighbouring water stands or runs,
Lay twigs across, and bridge it o'er with stones,
That if rough storms or sudden blasts of wind
Should dip, or scatter those that lag behind,
Here they may settle on the friendly stone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the sun.
Plant all the flowery banks with lavender,
With store of savory scent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'erspread,
And fountains soak the violet's dewy bed.

Though barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive ;
For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
And melted down with heat the waxen buildings
The bees, of both extremes alike afraid, [drop.
Their wax around the whistling crannies spread,

And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flowers
To smear the chinks, and plaster up the pores :
For this they hoard up glew, whose clinging drops
Like pitch or birdlime, hang in stringy ropes.
They oft, 'tis said, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in subterraneous caves their cell ;
At other times the' industrious insects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.

Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves must thinly on your work be strow'd ;
But let no baleful yew-tree flourish near,
Nor rotten marshes send out steams of mire,
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire.
Nor neighbouring caves return the dying sound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.

Things thus prepared—— [night,
When the' under world is seized with cold and
And summer here descends in streams of light,
The bees through woods and forests take their
flight ;

They rifle every flower, and lightly skim
The crystal brook, and sip the running stream ;
And thus they feed their young with strange delight,
And knead the yielding wax, and work the slimy
sweet.

But when on high you see the bees repair,
Borne on the wind through distant tracts of air,
And view the winged cloud all blackening from afar,
While shady coverts and fresh streams they choose,
Milfoil and common honeysuckles bruise,
And sprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice :
On brazen vessels beat a tinkling sound,
And shake the cymbals of the goddess round ;
Then all will hastily retreat, and fill
The warm resounding hollow of their cell.

If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the state,
The people's actions will their thoughts declare ;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war ;
Hoarse broken sounds, like trumpets' harsh alarms,
Run through the hive, and call them to their arms ;
All in a hurry spread their shivering wings,
And fit their claws, and point their angry stings ;
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight !
At last, when all the heavens are warm and fair,
They rush together out, and join ; the air
Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming war
All in a firm round cluster mix, and strow
With heaps of little corps the earth below ;
As thick as hailstones from the floor rebound,
Or shaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No sense of danger can their kings control,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty soul ;
Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
Till shameful flight secures the routed foe :
This hot dispute, and all this mighty fray,
A little dust flung upward will allay.

But when both kings are settled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live
Idle at home in ease and luxury,
The lazy monarch must be doom'd to die ;
So let the royal insect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.

The kings are different ; one of better note,
All speck'd with gold, and many a shining spot,
Looks gay, and glistens in a gilded coat ;
But love of ease and sloth in one prevails,
That scarce his hanging paunch behind him trails.

The people's looks are different as their kings ;
Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings ;
Others look loathsome and diseased with sloth,
Like a faint traveller, whose dusty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and spits a maukish froth.
The first are best——

From their o'erflowing combs you 'll often press
Pure luscious sweets that, mingling in the glass,
Correct the harshness of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuse :
But when they sport abroad and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit the 'unfinish'd
comb,

Their airy ramblings are with ease confined ;
Clip their kings' wings, and if they stay behind
No bold usurper dares invade their right,
Nor sound a march, nor give the sign for flight.
Let flowery banks entice them to their cells,
And gardens all perfumed with native smells,
Where carved Priapus has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the scarecrow god.
Wild thyme and pine-trees from the barren hill
Transplant, and nurse them in the neighbouring soil ;
Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy sloth,
But water them, and urge their shady growth.

And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And striking sail, and making to the shore,
I 'd show what art the gardener's toils require,
Why rosy pæstum blushes twice a year,
What streams the verdant succory supply,
And how the thirsty plant drinks rivers dry ;
What with a cheerful green does parsley grace,
And writhes the belling cucumber along the twist-
ed grass ;

Nor would I pass the soft acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle-trees, that love the shore;
Nor daffodils, that late from earth's slow womb
Unrumple their swoln buds, and show their yellow
For once I saw in the Tarentine vale, [bloom.
Where slow Galesus drench'd the washy soil,
An old Corician yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor pasture graced the field,
Nor would the vine her purple harvest yield,
But savoury herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy-flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping lilies whiten'd all the ground.
Bless'd with these riches, he could empires slight,
And when he rested from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchased dainties would afford,
And his own garden furnish out his board.
The spring did first his opening roses blow,
First ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough:
When piercing colds had burst the brittle stone,
And freezing rivers stiffen'd as they run,
He then would prune the tenderest of his trees,
Chide the late spring and lingering western breeze;
His bees first swarm'd, and made his vessels foam
With the rich squeezing of the juicy comb.
Here lindens and the sappy pine increased;
Here, when gay flowers his smiling orchard dress'd,
As many blossoms as the spring could show,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
And thorns, ennobled now to bear a plum;
And spreading plane-trees, where, supinely laid,
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the
shade:

But these for want of room I must omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.

Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which Jove himself did on the bees confer;
Because, invited by the timbrel's sound,
Lodged in a cave the' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nursed kindly under ground.

Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air
These only make their young the public care;
In well-disposed societies they live,
And laws and statutes regulate their hive,
Nor stray, like others, unconfined abroad,
But know set stations, and a fix'd abode:
Each, provident of cold, in summer flies [plies,
Through fields and woods, to seek for new sup-
And in the common stock unlades his thighs.
Some watch the food, some in the meadows ply,
Taste every bud, and suck each blossom dry;
Whilst others, labouring in their cells at home,
Temper Narcissus' clammy tears with gum,
For the first groundwork of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raise
The yellow fabric on its glewy base.
Some educate the young, or hatch the seed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
Whilst others thicken all the slimy dews,
And into purest honey work the juice,
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and swell
With luscious nectar every flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heavens, and search the clouded skies,
To find out breeding storms, and tell what tempests
rise;

By turns they ease the loaden swarms, or drive
The drone, a lazy insect, from their hive ;
The work is warmly plied through all the cells,
And strong with thyme the new-made honey smells.

So in their caves the brawny Cyclops sweat,
When with huge strokes the stubborn wedge they
beat,

And all the' unshapen thunderbolt complete ;
Alternately their hammers rise and fall,
Whilst griping tongs turn round the glowing ball ;
With puffing bellows some the flames increase,
And some in waters dip the hissing mass ;
Their beaten anvils dreadfully resound,
And Ætna shakes all o'er, and thunders under
ground.

Thus, if great things we may with small compare,
The busy swarms their different labours share :
Desire of profit urges all degrees ;
The aged insects, by experience wise,
Attend the comb, and fashion every part,
And shape the waxen fret-work out with art :
The young at night, returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clogg'd with the meadows'
On lavender and saffron buds they feed, [spoils :
On bending osiers and the balmy reed ;
From purple violets and the teil they bring
Their gather'd sweets, and rifle all the spring.

All work together, all together rest :
The morning still renews their labours past ;
Then all rush out, their different tasks pursue,
Sit on the bloom, and suck the ripening dew.
Again, when evening warns them to their home,
With weary wings and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowsy hum :

Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful station keep,
Wrapp'd up in silence, and dissolved in sleep.
None range abroad when winds and storms are
Nor trust their bodies to a faithless sky, [nigh,
But make small journeys with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighbouring spring ;
And, lest their airy bodies should be cast
In restless whirls, the sport of every blast,
They carry stones to poise them in their flight,
As ballast keeps the' unsteady vessel right.

But of all customs that the bees can boast,
'Tis this may challenge admiration most,
That none will Hymen's softer joys approve,
Nor waste their spirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain :
From herbs and flowers they pick each tender bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny ;
From these they choose out subjects, and create
A little monarch of the rising state,
Then build wax-kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his residence.

But often in their journeys, as they fly,
On flints they tear their silken wings, or lie
Groveling beneath their flowery load, and die.
Thus love of honey can an insect fire,
And in a fly such generous thoughts inspire.
Yet by repeopling their decaying state, [date,
Though seven short springs conclude their vital
Their ancient stocks eternally remain, [reign.
And in an endless race their children's children

No prostrate vassal of the East can more
With slavish fear his mighty prince adore ;

His life unites them all ; but when he dies,
All in loud tumults and distractions rise ;
They waste their honey, and their combs deface,
And wild confusion reigns in every place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And crowd about his courts, and buz about his
throne.

Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
Oft in his cause embattled in the air,
Pursue a glorious death, in wounds and war.

Some from such instances as these have taught
'The bees' extract is heavenly ; for they thought
The universe alive ; and that a soul,
Diffused throughout the matter of the whole,
To all the vast unbounded frame was given,
And ran through earth, and air, and sea, and all
the deep of heaven ;

That this first kindled life in man and beast,
Life, that again flows into this at last ;
That no compounded animal could die,
But when dissolved the spirit mounted high,
Dwelt in a star, and settled in the sky.'

Whene'er their balmy sweets you mean to seize,
And take the liquid labours of the bees,
Spirt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
A loathsome cloud of smoke amidst their hive.

Twice in the year their flowery toils begin,
And twice they fetch their dewy harvest in ;
Once when the lovely Pleiades arise,
And add fresh lustre to the summer skies,
And once when, hastening from the watery sign,
They quit their station, and forbear to shine.

The bees are prone to rage, and often found
To perish for revenge, and die upon the wound :

Their venom'd sting produces aching pains,
And swells the flesh, and shoots among the veins.

When first a cold hard winter's storms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their sinking state and low affairs
Can move your pity and provoke your cares,
Fresh burning thyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and husky wax away ;
For often lizards seize the luscious spoils,
Or drones, that riot on another's toils ;
Oft broods of moths infest the hungry swarms,
And oft the furious wasp their hive alarms
With louder hums, and with unequal arms ;
Or else the spider at the entrance sets
Her snares, and spins her bowels into nets.

When sickness reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all the' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new disease is seen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin ;
Their funeral rites are form'd, and every bee
With grief attends the sad solemnity ;
The few diseased survivors hang before
Their sickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or slowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold ;
In drawling hums the feeble insects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo through the hive,
Like winds that softly murmur through the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring seas.
Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums
Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famish'd swarm to eat,
And gently reconcile them to their meat.

Mix juice of galls and wine, that grow in time
Condensed by fire, and thicken to a slime ;
To these dried roses, thyme, and centery, join,
And raisins ripen'd on the Psythian vine.

Besides, there grows a flower in marshy ground,
Its name Amellus, easy to be found ;
A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shows itself in leaves ;
The flower itself is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue ;
The leaves shoot thick about the flower, and grow
Into a bush, and shade the turf below ;
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altar's posts, and beautifies the shrines ;
Its taste is sharp ; in vales new-shorn it grows,
Where Mella's stream in watery mazes flows ;
Take plenty of its roots, and boil them well
In wine, and heap them up before the cell.

But if the whole stock fail, and none survive,
To raise new people and recruit the hive,
I'll here the great experiment declare
That spread the' Arcadian shepherd's name so far,
How bees from blood of slaughter'd bulls have fled,
And swarms amidst the red corruption bred.

For where the' Egyptians yearly see their bounds
Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,
Where Persia borders, and the rolling Nile
Drives swiftly down the swarthy Indians' soil,
Till into seven it multiplies its stream,
And fattens Egypt with a fruitful slime,
In this last practice all their hope remains,
And long experience justifies their pains.

First, then, a close contracted space of ground,
With straiten'd walls and low-built roof they found ;

A narrow shelving light is next assign'd
To all the quarters, one to every wind ;
Through these the glancing rays obliquely pierce;
Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,
When two-years growth of horn he proudly shows,
And shakes the comely terrors of his brows :
His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death.
With violence to life and stifling pain
He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain ;
Loud heavy blows fall thick on every side,
Till his bruised bowels burst within the hide.
When dead, they leave him rotting on the ground,
With branches, thyme, and cassia, strow'd around.
All this is done, when first the western breeze
Becalms the year, and smooths the troubled seas,
Before the chattering swallow builds her nest,
Or fields in spring's embroidery are dress'd.
Meanwhile the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens as it works : and now are seen
A wondrous swarm, that o'er the carcass crawls
Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals.
No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain ;
Now strikes the air with quivering wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learns to rise ;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the bee at length appears :
From every side the fruitful carcass pours
Its swarming brood as thick as summer showers,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When twanging strings first shoot them on the foes.
Thus have I sung the nature of the bee,
While Cæsar, towering to divinity,

The frightened Indians with his thunder awed,
And claim'd their homage, and commenced a god:
I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,
Retired and shelter'd in inglorious ease :
I who before the songs of shepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
And set my Tityrus beneath his shade.

MILTON'S STYLE IMITATED,

IN A

TRANSLATION OF A STORY OUT OF THE THIRD ÆNEID.

LOST in the gloomy horrors of the night
We struck upon the coast where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vast showers of ashes hovering in the smoke ;
Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame
Incensed, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or slings a broken rock aloft in air :
The bottom works with smother'd fire, involved
In pestilential vapours, stench, and smoke.

'Tis said that thunder-struck Enceladus,
Grovvelling beneath the' incumbent mountain's
weight,

Lies stretch'd supine, eternal prey of flames,
And when he heaves against the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A sudden earthquake shoots through all the isle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolved,
And shades the sun's bright orb, and blots out day.

Here in the shelter of the woods we lodged,
And frighted heard strange sounds and dismal yells,
Nor saw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky storm deep lowering o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Opposed itself to Cynthia's silver ray,
And shaded all beneath. But now the sun
With orient beams had chased the dewy night
From earth and heaven; all Nature stood disclosed;
When looking on the neighbouring woods we saw
The ghastly visage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible dismay
Sat in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, speaking sore distress;
His locks were tangled, and his shaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things else a Greek.
He first advanced in haste; but when he saw
Trojans and Trojan arms, in mid career
Stopp'd short, he back recoil'd as one surprised;
But soon recovering speed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears assail'd: 'By Heaven's eternal fires!
By every god that sits enthroned on high!
By this good light! relieve a wretch forlorn,
And bear me hence to any distant shore,
So I may shun this savage race accursed.
'Tis true I fought among the Greeks that late
With sword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy,
And laid the labour of the gods in dust;
For which, if so the sad offence deserves,
Plunged in the deep, for ever let me lie
Whelm'd under seas; if death must be my doom,
Let man inflict it, and I die well pleased.'

He ended here, and now, profuse of tears,
In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet :
We bade him speak from whence, and what he was,
And how by stress of fortune sunk thus low.
Anchises, too, with friendly aspect mild,
Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity ;
When, thus encouraged, he began his tale.

‘ I’m one, (says he) of poor descent, my name
Is Achæmenides, my country Greece,
Ulysses’ sad compeer, who, whilst he fled
The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
Disconsolate, forlorn ; within the cave
He left me, giant Polypheme’s dark cave ;
A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
On all sides furred with mouldy damps, and hung
With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,
His dire repast : himself of mighty size,
Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,
Intractable, that riots on the flesh
Of mortal men, and swills the vital blood.
Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp
Two sprawling Greeks, in either hand a man ;
I saw him when with huge tempestuous sway
He dash’d and broke them on the grundsil edge ;
The pavement swam in blood, the walls around
Were spatter’d o’er with brains : he lapp’d the blood,
And chew’d the tender flesh still warm with life,
That swell’d and heaved itself amidst his teeth
As sensible of pain. Not less, meanwhile,
Our chief incensed, and studious of revenge,
Plots his destruction, which he thus effects :
The giant, gorged with flesh, and wine, and blood,
Lay stretch’d at length and snoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o’ercharged

With purple wine and crudled gore confused :
We gather'd round, and to his single eye,
The single eye that in his forehead glared
Like a full moon, or a broad burnish'd shield,
A forky staff we dexterously apply'd,
Which in the spacious socket turning round,
Scoop'd out the big round jelly from its orb.
But let me not thus interpose delays ;
Fly, Mortals !, fly this cursed detested race ;
A hundred of the same stupendous size,
A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
Gigantic brotherhood, that stalk along
With horrid strides o'er the high mountains' tops,
Enormous in their gait ; I oft have heard
Their voice and tread, oft seen them as they pass'd,
Sculking and scow'ring down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the moon wash'd all her orb in light,
Thrice travell'd o'er, in her obscure sojourn,
The realms of Night inglorious, since I've lived
Amidst these woods, gleaning from thorns and
shrubs

A wretched sustenance.' As thus he spoke,
We saw descending from a neighbouring hill
Blind Polypheme : by weary steps and slow
The groping giant with a trunk of pine
Explored his way ; around his woolly flocks
Attended grazing ; to the well-known shore
He bent his course, and on the margin stood,
A hideous monster, terrible, deform'd :
Full in the midst of his high front there gaped
The spacious hollow where his eyeball roll'd,
A ghastly orifice ; he rinsed the wound,
And wash'd away the strings and clotted blood
That caked within ; then stalking through the deep

He fords the ocean, while the topmost wave
Scarce reaches up his middle side : we stood
Amazed be sure ; a sudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in every vein,
Till using all the force of winds and oars
We sped away : he heard us in our course,
And with his outstretch'd arms around him groped,
But finding nought within his reach, he raised
Such hideous shouts, that all the ocean shook ;
Even Italy, though many a league remote,
In distant echoes answer'd ; Ætna roar'd,
Through all its inmost winding caverns roar'd.

Roused with the sound, the mighty family
Of one-eyed brothers, hasten to the shore,
And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
A dire assembly ! we with eager haste
Work every one, and from afar behold
A host of giants covering all the shore.

So stands a forest tall of mountain oaks
Advanced to mighty growth : the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidst the boughs, and at the distance sees
The shady tops of trees unnumber'd rise,
A stately prospect, waving in the clouds.

POEMATA.

HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGU

ARMIGERO, SCACCHARII CANCELLARIO, ÆRARI PRÆ-
FECTO, REGI A SECRETIORIBUS CONSILIIS, ETC.

CUM tanta auribus tuis obstrepat vatum nequissimorum turba, nihil est cur queraris aliquid inusitatum tibi contigisse, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conspexeris. Quantum virtute bellicâ præstant Britanni, recens ex rebus gestis testatur gloria; quàm verò in humanioribus Pacis studiis non emineamus, indicio sunt quos nuper in lucem emisimus versiculi. Quòd si Congrevius ille tuus divino, quo solet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornasset, vix tanti esset ipsa Pax, ut illâ lætaremur tot perditissimis Poëtis tam miserè decantatâ. At, dum alios insector, mei ipsius oblitus fuisse videor, qui haud minores forsan ex Latinis tibi molestias allaturus sum, quàm quâs illi ex vernaculis suis carminibus attulerunt; nisi quod inter ipsos cruciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci possem, ut poëma patrio sermone conscriptum oculis tuis subjicerem, qui ab istis conatibus cæteros omnes scribendo non minùs deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

Humanitatis tuæ

Cultor devotissimus,

JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

POEMATA.

PAX GULIELMI

AUSPICIIS EUROPÆ REDDITA, 1697.

POSTQUAM ingens clamorque virum, strepitusque
tubarum,

Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aspice, Cæsar,
Quæ tibi solliciti, turba importuna, poetæ
Munera deducunt; generosæ à pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, simulachraque belli
Tristia diffugiant: O tandem absiste triumphis
Expletus, penitusque animo totum excute Martem.

Non ultrà ante oculos numeroso milite campi
Miscentur, solito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circùm alta quies, curvoque innixus aratro
Desertas fossas, et castra minantia castris
Rusticus invertit, tacita formidine lustrans
Horroremque loci, et funestos stragibus agros.
Jamque super vallum et munimina longa virescit
Expectata seges, jam propugnacula rident
Vere novo; insuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriemque soli, et turgentem à sanguine messem.

Aspicias ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum invisens sedem, et confusa ruinis
Oppida, et eversos flammarum turbine muros!
Ut trepidos rerum annales, tristemque laborum
Inquirat seriem, attonitis ut spectat ocellis
Semirutas turres, et adhuc pollutâ cruore
Flumina, famososque Ormondi volvere campos!

Hic, ubi saxa jacent disperso infecta cerebro.
 Atque interruptis hiscunt divortia muris,
 Vexillum intrepidus ¹ fixit, cui tempora dudum
 Budenses palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
 Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
 Sparsa furit circum, et plumbi densissimus imber,
 Sulphuream noctem, tetrasque bitumine nubes
 Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
 Ut vario anfractu, et disjectis undique saxis
 Mœnia discedunt, scopulisque immane minantur
 Desuper horrificis, et formidabile pendent!

Hic pestem occultam, et fœcundas sulphure moles
 Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
 Prælia fervebant; subito cum claustra fragore
 Horrendum disrupta tonant, semiustaque membra,
 Fumantesque artus, laniataque corpora lethum
 Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.

Sic, postquam enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
 Cœlicolum pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
 Divulsam terræ faciem, ingentesque ruinas
 Mortales stupuere; altum hinc mirantur abesse
 Pelion, invertique imis radicibus ossam;
 Hic fluvium moles inter confusasque saxa
 Reptare, atque aliis discentem currere ripis.
 Stant dubii, et notos montes umbrasque requirunt,
 Errore ambiguo elusi, et novitate lucorum.

Nempe hic Auriaci nuper vexilla secutæ
 Confluxere acies, hic, aspera corda, Britanni,
 Germanusque ferox, et juncto fœdere Belga;
 Quique truci Boreæ, et cœlo damnatus iniquo
 Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore perusto
 Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phœbi:

¹ Honoratissimus D. Dominus Cutts, Baro de Gowran, &c.

Undique conveniunt, totum conscripta per orbem
 Agmina, Nassovique latus socialibus armis
 Circumfusa tegunt, fremitusque et murmura mis-
 cent,

Tam vario disjuncta situ, tot dissona linguis.

Te tamen è mediis, Ductor Fortissime², turmis
 Exere, Tu vitam (si quid mea carmina possunt)
 Accipies, popolique encomia sera futuri,
 Quem varias edoctum artes, studiisque Minervæ
 Omnibus ornatum Marti Rhedycina furenti
 Credidit invita, et tanto se jactat alumno. [æstus
 Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immensos pectoris
 Non jubar Arctoum, aut nostri penuria cœli,
 Sed plaga torridior, quæ sol intentius omnes
 Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo
 India progenuit, tenerisque incoxit ab annis
 Virtutem immodicam, et generosæ incendia mentis.

Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix suspicit Arc-
 ton,

Brumamque æternam frigusque perambulat, ursæ
 Horridus exuviis, Gulielmi ingentia facta
 Describit sociis, pugnataque in ordine bella
 Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.
 En! vastos nivium tractus et pallida regna
 Deserit, imperio extremum qui subjicit orbem³,
 Indigenasque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pererrat
 Luminibus tacitis; subeunt nunc fusa Namurcæ
 Mœnia, nunc tardo quæ sanguine plurima fluxit
 Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiscreta Seneffi.
 Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras

² Insig. Dom. Christoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Satel-
 litii Præfectis.

³ Moscoviæ Imperator.

**Assurgit ! quali firmat vestigia gressu,
Majestate rudi, et torvo spectabilis ore.**

**Sic olim Alcides, immania membra leonis
Instratus spoliis, vasta se mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
Cum peteret, tectisque ingens succederet hospes.**

**Dum pugnās, Gulielme, tuas, camposque cruen-
Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor, [tos
Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus ardor.
Non jam Riphæos hostis populabitur agros
Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas.**

**Quis tamen ille procul fremitus ! quæ murmura
vulgi**

**Nassovium ingeminant ! video cava littora circum
Fervere remigibus, subitisque albescere velis.
Anglia solve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
Nassovi securā tui, desiste tumentes
Prospicere in fluctus animo suspensa, trucesque
Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim :
Optatus tibi Cæsar adest, nec ut ante videbis
Solicitem belli studiis, fatalia Gallo
Consilia et tacitas versantem in pectore pugnās.
Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
Composuit vultum, lætosque afflavit honores.**

**Ut denso circum se plurimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri ! ut patriam veteresque penates
Respicit exultans ! juvat ostentare recentes
Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notasque
Mucronum insignes, afflataque sulphure membra.
Chara stupet conjux, reducisque incerta mariti
Vestigat faciem ; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horrescit nescia vultus.
Ille graves casus, duri et discrimina belli**

Enumerat, tumidisque instaurat prælia verbis.
Sic, postquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Exposuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum,
Navita terrificis infamia littora monstris
Describit, mixto spirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigilesque feras, plaustroque gementes
Insolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.

Te tamen, O quantis Gulielme erepte periclis,
Accipimus reducem : tibi Diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et procures : medias quacunque per
urbes

Ingrederis, crebræ consurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiaque et plausus : mixto ordine vulgus euntem
Circumstat fremitu denso : tibi Jupiter annum
Seriùs invertit, luces mirata serenas
Ridet Hyems, festoque vacat cœlum omne tri-
umpho. [ventæ

Jamque Nepos ⁴ tibi parvus adest, lætoque ju-
Incessu, et blando testatur gaudia risu.
Ut patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus
Cæsareum spirant, majestatemque verendam
Infundunt puero ! ut mater formosa serenat
Augustam frontem, et sublimia temperat ora !
Agnosco faciem ambiguam, mixtosque parentes.
Ille tuas, Gulielme, acies, et tristia bella,
Pugnasque innocuâ dudum sub imagine ludit.
Nunc indignanti similis fugitiva pusillæ
Terga premit turmæ, et falsis terroribus implet,
Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
Nunc simulat turres, et propugnacula parva
Nominibus signat variis ; subitoque tumultu
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam

⁴ Celsissimus Princeps Dux Glocestrensis.

Diruit : interea generosæ in pectore flammæ
Assurgunt sensim juveni, notat ignis honestas
Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.

Quis tamen Augustæ immensas in carmine pom-
Instruet, in luteos ubi vulgò effusa canales [pas
Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura sordes ?
Quis lapsus referet stellarum, et fictile cælum,
Qua laceram ostendunt redolentia compita char-
tam,

Sulphuris exuvias, tubulosque bitumine cassos ?

En procul attonitam video clarescere noctem
Fulgore insolito ! ruit undique lucidus imber,
Flagrantesque hyemes ; crepitantia sidera passim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cælo.

Nec minus in terris vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivamosque feras, et fulgida monstra,
Terribiles visu formas ! hic membra leonis
Hispidam mentitur, tortisque comantia flammis
Colla quatit, rutilasque jubas ; hic lubricus anguem
Ludit, subsiliens, et multo sibilat igne.

Lætitiâ ingentem atque effusa hæc gaudia civis
Jam tandem securus agit, positoque timore
Exercet ventos, classemque per ultima mundi
Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat :
Seu constricta gelu, mediisque horrentia Cancri
Mensibus arva videt ; seu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, quâ thurea flamina miscet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.

Vos animæ illustres heroum, umbræque recentes,
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc stillantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum Nassovo abducite vestro
Fida satellitia, at solitis stipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas.

Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
 O Diva! O patiens magnum expectare maritum!
 Ne terris Dominum invid eas, quanquam amplius
 illum
 Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem.

BAROMETRI DESCRIPTIO.

QUA penetrat fossor terræ cæca antra, metallo
 Fœcunda informi, rudibusque nitentia venis;
 Dum stupet occultas gazas, nummosque futuros,
 Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
 Qui nullo effusus prodit vestigia tractu,
 Nec terram signo revolubilis imprimit udo,
 Sed fractus sparsim in globulos formam usque
 rotundam

Servat, et in teretes lapsans se colligit orbes.

Incertum quâ sit naturâ, an negligat ultra
 Perficiet, jubar et maturus inutile temnat:
 An potius solis vis imperfecta relinquat
 Argentem malè coctum, divitiasque fluentes:
 Quicquid erit, magno se jactat nobilis usu;
 Nec Deus effulsit magis aspectabilis olim,
 Cum Danaen flavo circum pretiosus amictu
 Ambiit, et, gratam suadente libidine formam,
 Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.

Quin age, sume tubum fragilem, cui densior aër
 Exclusus; fundo vitri subsidat in imo
 Argenti stagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum
 Mobile descendat, vel contra, ubi postulat æstus,
 Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rursus inane
 Occupet ascensu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.

Jam cœli faciem, tempestatesque futuras,
Conscia lymphæ monet, brumamque et frigora
narrat.

Nam quoties liquor insurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos seperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æstatem, et largè diffuso lumine rident.
Sin sese immodicum attollens argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppressus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam sitiunt herbæ, jam succos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent consumto prata virore.

Cum verò tenues nebulas spiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant super æquora fumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviz; tum fusile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, crassâ fruitur sublimius aurâ,
Discutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant
Particulas, rarusque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, segetem fœcundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta ministrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo descendens uda metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviz, mutuensque pro-
cellam,

Agricolæ caveant; non hoc impunè colonus
Aspicit; ostendet mox fœta vaporibus aura
Collectas hyemes, tempestatemque sonoram.
At licet argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subsidat, penitusque imo se condât in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument; eversis flumina ripis
Expatiatâ ruunt, spumantibus æstuat undis
Diluvium, rapidique effusa licentia ponti.

Nulla tacet secretra poli mirabile vitrum,

Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit.
 Antè refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
 Incedes, quando sperabis frigidus ignem.

Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
 Dirumpunt obscura diem, pluviasque minantur;
 Machina si neget, et sudum promittat apertum,
 Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
 Nec metuens imbrem, poscentes messor aristas
 Prosternat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
 Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque pa-
 ratos.

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΠΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ :

SIVE, PRÆLIUM INTER PYGMÆOS ET GRUES COM-
 MISSUM.

PENNATAS acies, et lamentabile bellum
 Pygmeadum refero: parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
 Instrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
 Offensosque Grues, indignantesque pusillam
 Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tu-
 multus.

Heroïum ingentes animos et tristia bella
 Pieridum labor exhaustit, versuque sonoro
 Jussit, et æternâ numerorum assurgere pompâ:
 Quis lectos Graiûm juvenes, et torva tuentem
 Thesea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
 Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem Gulielmi
 Gesta latent? fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
 Pompeii quem non delassavere legentem?
 Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum
 Carmine depingam sonitum, nova castra secutus;
 Exiguosque canam pugiles, Gruibusque malignos
 Heroas, nigrisque ruentem è nubibus hostem.

Qua solis tepet ortu, primitiisque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhospita saxa
(Per placidam vallem, et paucis accessa vireta)
Pygmæum quondam steterat, dum fata sinebant,
Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excoluere per artes
Seduli, et assiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc si quis dura evadat per saxa viator,
Desertosque lares, et valles ossibus albas
Exiguus videt, et vestigia parva stupescit.
Desolata tenet victrix impunè volucris
Regna, et securo crepitat Grus improba nido.
Non sic, dum multos stetit insuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies ; tum, si quis cominus ales
Congredi, et immixtæ auderet se credere pugnae,
Miles atrox aderat, sumptisque feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humerisque
reportat

Ingentem prædam ; cæsoque epulatur in hoste.
Sæpè improvisas mactabat, sæpè juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulcisci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multa construxerat arte,
Aut uteri posuisset onus, volucremque futuram ;
Continuo vultu spirans immane minaci
Omnia vastaret miles, foetusque necaret
Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hostis in ovo.

Hinc causæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucremque virumque
Commissæ strages, confusaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam sublimi carmine vates
Lusit ; ubi totam strepituque armisque paludem
Miscuit : hic (visu miserabile !) corpora murum
Sparsa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco

Rana dolet, pedibusque abscisso poplite ternis
Reptat humi, solitis nec sese saltibus effert.

Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæsi
Pœnituit fœtus, intactaque maluit ova.

Nam super his accensa graves exarsit in iras
Grus stomachans; omnesque simul, quas Stry-
monis unda,

Aut stagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Caystri
Prata tenent, adsunt; Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris descendit ab Istro.

Stragesque immensas et vulnera cogitat absens,
Exacuitque unguis ictum meditata futurum,
Et rostrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.

Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.

Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, suspensus in alto
Aëre concussis exercitus obstrepit alis,

Terræque immensos tractus, semotaque longè
Æquora despiciunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant
Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et assiduus miscet cœlum omne tumultus.

Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella facessit,
Impiger, instituitque agmen, firmatque phalangas,
Et furit arreptis animosus homuncio telis:

Donec turma duas composta excurrat in alas,
Ordinibusque frequens, et marte instructa perito.

Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
Pygmeadum ductor, qui majestate verendus,
Incessuque gravis, reliquos supereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque assurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aspectu (hostilis nam insculpserat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque ostendat honesta
Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore morsus.
Immortali odio, æternisque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris

Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confisus aduncis.
 Fatalem quoties Gruibus distinxerat ensem,
 Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abstulit hosti:
 Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funera pullis
 Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!

Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volan-
 tum [tem.

Prospectant nubem, bellumque hostesque feren-
 Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
 Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens

Alituum, motisque eventilat aëra pennis.

Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obumbrat
 Agmina Pygmæorum, et densa in nubibus hæret:
 Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.

Belli ardent studio Pygmæi, et lumine sævo
 Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
 Turba Gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsu
 Præcipitat gravis, et bellum sperantibus infert;
 Fit fragor; avulsæ volitant circum aëra plumæ.

Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis,
 Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.

Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris
 Cuspide, sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu [tem
 Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hos-
 Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.

Pygmæi hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis,
 Singultusque ciet crebros, pedibusque pusillis
 Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur
 acutum

Æstuat omne solum strepitu, tepidoque rubescit
 Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alæ,
 Unguesque et digiti, commistaque rostra lacertis.

Pygmeadum sævit, mediisque in millibus ardet
 Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt

Corpora fusa Gruum ; mediâque in morte vagatur,
Nec plausu alarum, nec rostri concidit ictu.

Ille Gruum terror, illum densissima circum
Miscetur pugna, et bellum omne laborat in uno :
Cum, subito appulsus (sic Dî voluere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis ales
Comprendit pedibus pignantem ; et (triste relatu)
Sustulit in cælum ; bellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus, agglomerat strepitu globus undique
Alituum ; frustra Pygmæi lumine mæsto [densus
Regem inter nubes lugent, solitoque minorem
Heroem aspiciunt Gruibus plaudentibus êscam.

Jamque recrudescit bellum, Grus desuper urget
Pygmæum rostro, atque hostem petit ardua morsu ;
Tum fugit alta volans ; is sursum brachia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes sævit in auras.

Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in cælum Briareus, solioque Tonantem
Præcipitem excuteret ; sparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminaque scopulique : flagrantia tela deorsum
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vasta gigantum
Corpora fusa jacent, semiustaque sulphure fumant,

Viribus absumptis penitùs Pygmëia tandem
Agmina languescunt ; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculsa metu, pars tollere vocem
Exiguam ; latè populus Cubitalis oberrat.
Instant à tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.

Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
Tot bellis defuncta, Gruum tot læta triumphis,
Funditus interiit : nempe exitus omnia tandem
Certus regna manet, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra transire nefas : sic corrui olim
Assyriæ Imperium, sic magnæ Persidis imis

Sedibus eversum est, et majus utroque Latinum.
Elysii valles nunc agmine lustrat inani,
Et veterum Heroum miscetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva: aut, si quid fidei mereatur anilis
Fabula, Pastores per noctis opaca pusillas
Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore cassos.
Dum secura Gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitùs vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Angustosque terit calles, viridesque per orbes
Turba levis salit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet.

RESURRECTIO DELINEATA

AD ALTARE COLL. MAGD. OXON.

EGREGIOS fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
Judicis, et simulachra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem visu pompam, tu carmine Musa
Pande novo, vatique sacros accende furores.

Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
Insignit pictura) inhonesto et simplice cultu
Vestiit albedo, sed nè rima ulla priorem
Agnoscat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Substravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque sequacem
Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia crasso
Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.

Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)
Ne spatio moles immensa dehiscat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, et convexa patentia latè
Hinc atque hinc interfusus fluitaverat æther;
Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan, et pallens alienos mitiùs ignes

Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc consitus astris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Lacteus omne
Diffluere in cœlum, longoque albescere tractu.

Sic, operis postquam lusit primordia pictor,
Dum sordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.

Aligeris muri vacat ora suprema ministris,
Sparsaque per totam cœlestis turba tabellam
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis sonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima surgit imago.

Sic, dum fœcundis Cadmus dat semina sulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calescit
Omne solum, crescitque virorum prodiga messis.

Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim dirigit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coëuntia membra.
Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deest infirmi de corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine totâ
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.

Detrahe quin oculos spectator, et, ora nitentem

Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspice murum,
 Quâ sedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipse, sereno
 Lumine perfusus, radiisque inspersus acutis.
 Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
 Regius ore vigor spirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
 Plurimaque effulget majestas numine toto.
 Quantum dissimilis, quantum, o ! mutatus ab illo,
 Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam
 Quando luctantem cunctatâ morte trahebat !
 Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
 Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
 Nativum petiit cœlum, et super æthera vectus
 Despexit lunam exiguam, solemque minorem.

Jam latus effossum, et palmas ostendit utrasque,
 Vulnusque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
 Signa, et transacti quondam vestigia ferri.
 Umbrae huc felices tendunt, numerosaque cœlos
 Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capessunt.
 Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
 Infantûm, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ
 Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
 Affigunt oculos in Numine; laudibus æther
 Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
 His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
 Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.
 Non æquè exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
 Hospite cum tumet incluso, et præcordia sentit
 Mota Dei stimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.

Quis tamen ille novus perstringit lumina fulgor ?
 Quam mitra effigiem distinxit pictor, honesto
 Surgentem è tumulo, alatoque satellite fultam ?
 Agnosco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
 Wainfletus¹, sic ille oculos, sic ora ferebat :

¹ Coll. Magd. fundator.

Eheu quando animi par invenietur imago!
Quando alium similem virtus habitura!——
Irati innocuas securus numinis iras
Aspicit, impavidosque in iudice figit ocellos.

Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
Jam videas scenam; multo hic stagnantia fuco
Mœnia, flagrantem liquefacto sulphure rivum
Fingunt, et falsus tantâ arte accenditur ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
Livida serpat opus, tenuesque absumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpisque videri
Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
Vindex à tergo implacabile sævit, et ensem
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante scelestos
Jam Paradiseis iterum depellit ob oris.
Heu! quid agat tristis? quo se cœlestibus iris
Subtrahat? o! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem suspiria ducit
Nequicquam, et sero in lachrymas effunditur;
obstant

Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorabile numen.

Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti
Quot calami legimus vestigia! quanta colorum
Gratia se profert! tales non discolor Iris
Ostendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, et gutta scintillat in omni.

O fuci nitor, ô pulchri durate colores!
Nec, pictura, tuæ languescat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipsa, supre-
mam.

SPHÆRISTERIUM.

HIC ubi graminea in latum sese explicat æquor
 Plamities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
 Cum solem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
 Exortum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
 Improbæ falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
 Desecat, exiguam radens à cespite messem :
 Tum motu assiduo saxum versatile terram
 Deprimit extantem, et surgentes atterit herbas.
 Lignea percurrunt vernantem turba palæstram
 Unctæ, nitens oleo, formæ quibus esse rotundæ
 Artificis ferrum dederat, facilisque moveri.
 Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
 Quæque suis incisa notis stat sphæra ; sed unus
 Hanc vult, quæ infuso multùm inclinata metallo
 Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit ;
 Quin alii diversa placet, quam parciùs urget
 Plumbea vis, motuque finit procedere resto.
 Postquam idèò in partes turbam distinxerat
 æquas

Consilium, aut sors ; quisque suis accingitur armis.
 Evolat orbiculus, qua cursum meta futurum
 Designat ; jactique legens vestigia, primam,
 Qui certamen init, sphæram demittit, at illa
 Leniter effusa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
 Radit iter, donec sensim primo impete fesso
 Subsistat : subitò globus emicat alter et alter.

Mox ubi funduntur latè agmina crebra minorem
 Sparsa per orbiculum, stipantque frequentia metam,
 Atque negant faciles aditus ; jam cautius exit,
 Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.

At si fortè globum, qui misit, spectat inertem
Serpere, et impressum subitò languescere motum,
Pone urget sphæræ vestigia, et anxius instat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut segnis honos dextræ servetur iniquam
Incusat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum.

Nec risus tacuere, globus cùm volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum
Allicit, et sphæram à recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,
Et, variam in speciem distorto corpore, falsos
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.
Sphæra sed, irarum temnens ludibria, cœptum
Pergit iter, nullisque movetur surda querelis.

Illam tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,
Quæ non dirumpit cursum, absistitque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapsa supremum
Perfecit stadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hostis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere sphæram
Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et missile fortiter urget:
Evolat adducto non segnis sphæra lacerto.

Haud ita prosiliens Eléo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cùm raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt, et fugientia tecta.

Si tamen in duros, obstructa satellite multo,
Impingat socios, confundatque orbibus orbes;
Tum fervet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque Deos atque astra vocat crudelia.—

Si verò incursus faciles, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, partoque hostis spoliatur honore:
Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, euge,
Exclamant socii; plausu strepit omni viretum.

Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro
Corripit, et salsas exudant corpora guttas ;
Lenia jam Zephyri spirantes frigora, et umbræ
Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor.

AD D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM MEDICUM ET POETAM.

O QUI canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
 Felicior luctuosis
 Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,
Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
 Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
 Luminibus penetras acutis ;
Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
Frontemque curis sollicitam explica,
 Scyphumque jucundus require
 Purpureo gravidum Lyæo
Nunc plena magni pocula postules
Memor Wilhelmi, nunc moveat sitim
 Minister ingens, imperique
 Præsidium haud leve, Montacutus,
Omitte tandem triste negotium
Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius !
 Nec cæteros cautus mederi
Ipse tuam minuas salutem.

Frustra cruorem pulsibus incitis
 Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
 Attentus explorare venam
 Quæ febris exagitet tumentem :
 Frustra liquores quot Chymica expedit
 Fornax, et error sanguinis, et vigor
 Innatus herbis te fatigant :
 Seriùs aut citiùs sepulchro
 Debemur omnes, vitæque deseret
 Expulsa morbis corpus inhospitum,
 Lentumque deflebunt nepotes
 (Reliquias animæ) cadaver.
 Manes videbis tu quoque fabulas,
 Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua ;
 Suumque victorem vicissim
 Subjiciet Libitina victrix.
 Decurrit illi vita beatior
 Quicumque lucem non nimis anxius
 Reddit molestam, urgetque curas
 Sponte sua satis ingruentes ;
 Et quem dierum lene fluentium
 Delectat ordo, vitæque mutuis
 Felix amicis, gaudiisque
 Innocuis benè temperata.



MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES.

ANGLICE

& Puppetshow.

ADMIRANDA cano levium spectacula rerum,
 Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum ;
 Quem, non surreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
 Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.

Compita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
Histrio, delectatque inhiantem scommate turbam;
Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congressi permissa sedilia complent,
Nec confusus honos; nummo subsellia cedunt
Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia scamni.
Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
Fila secant, ne, cùm vacuo datur ore fenestra,
Pervia fraus pateat: mox stridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia squallida fuco.
Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, triumphum
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parvo theatro. [phos,

Sed præter reliquos incedit Homuncio raucâ
Voce strepens; major subnectit fibula vestem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminent ingens
A tergo gibbus; Pygmæum territat agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba Gigantem.
Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
Confisus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
Et crebo solvit, lepidum caput, ora cæchinno.
Quamquam res agitur solenni seriâ pompa.
Spernit sollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et risu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat.
Nec rarè invadit molles, pictamque protervo
Ore petit nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno,
Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario lascivit mobile saltu.

Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et spectabilis auro,
Lignea gens prodit, nitidisque superbit in ostris.
Nam, quoties festam celebrat sub imagine lucem,
Ordine composito nympharum incedit honestum
Agmen, et exigui procures, parvique Quirites.

Pygmæos credas positis mitescere bellis,
Jamque, infensa Gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
Indulgere jocis, tenerisque vacare choreis.

Tales, cum medio labuntur sidera cœlo,
Parvi subsiliunt Lemures, populusque pusillus
Festivos, rediens sua per vestigia, gyros
Ducit, et angustum crebo pede pulsitat orbem.
Mane patent gressus; hic succos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
Luxuriam, tenerisque virescit circulus herbis.

At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces,
Sæpe gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella, tumultu.
Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnæ; usque adeo insincera voluptas
Omnibus, et mistæ castigant gaudia curæ.
Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure foeti,
Protensæque hastæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes subeunt; dant claustra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ stridente bitumine chartæ
Confusos reddunt crepitus, et sibila miscent.
Sternitur omne solum pereuntibus; undique cæsæ
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.

Sed postquam insanus pugnæ deferbuit æstus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,
Diversas repetunt artes, curasque priores.
Nec raro prisci heroes, quos pagina sacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hic parva redeunt specie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, patres.
Rugis sulcantur vultus, prolixaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet: sic tarda senectus
Tithonum minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem sensim collecta figuram. [tes

Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra laten-

Suppeditet vires, quem poscat turba moventem,
 Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
 Cogit in humanas species, et robore natam
 Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci [armos,
 Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accommodat
 Et membris membra aptat, et artubus insuit artus.
 Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte pusillum
 Versat onus, molique manu famulatus inert
 Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat.
 His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
 Ostendit sulcos, duri et vestigia ferri:
 Hinc salit, atque agili se sublevat incita motu,
 Vocesque emittit tenues, et non sua verba.



AD INSIGNISSIMUM VIRUM

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

SACRÆ THEORIÆ TELLURIS AUTOREM.

NON usitatum carminis alitem,
 Burnette poscis, non humiles modos:

Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
 Respuis officium camœnæ.

Tu mixta rerum semina conscius,
 Molémque cernis dissociabilem,
 Terramque concretam, et latentem
 Oceanum gremio capaci:

Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
 Ignota pandis, sollicitus parùm
 Ut eunque stet commune vulgi
 Arbitrium et popularis error.

Auditur ingens continuò fragor,
Illapsa tellus lubrica deserit
Fundamina, et compage fracta
Suppositas gravis urget undas.
Impulsus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effusa licentia
Claudit vicissim; has inter orbis
Reliquiæ fluitant prioris.
Nunc et recluso carcere lucidam
Balæna spectat solis imaginem,
Stellasque miratur nutantes,
Et tremulæ simulachra lunæ.
Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis!
Qualis calescit spiritus ingeni!
Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
Diluvii réprimis tumultum!
Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiscens et timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum dolosi
Detegis instabiles ruinas?
Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum sumere simplicem
Coget refingens, in priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.
Nimbus rubentem sulphureis Jovem
Cernas; ut udis sævit atrox hyems
Incendiis, commune mundo
Et populis meditata bustum!
Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liquescens ipse adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt resoluta valles.

Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt,
Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas!)

Burnette, vestra augebit ignes,
Heu socio peritura mundo.

Mox æqua tellus, mox subitus viror
Ubique rident: en teretem globum!

En læta vernantes Favoni
Flamina, perpetuosque flores!

O pectus ingens! O animum gravem
Mundi capacem! si bonus auguror,

Te, nostra quo tellus superbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

THE
POEMS
OF
John Phillips.



THE
LIFE OF JOHN PHILIPS.

BY
DR. JOHNSON.

JOHNS PHILIPS was born on the 30th of December, 1676, at Bampton, in Oxfordshire; of which place his father Dr. Stephen Philips, archdeacon of Salop, was minister. The first part of his education was domestic; after which he was sent to Winchester, where, as we are told by Dr. Sewel, his biographer, he was soon distinguished by the superiority of his exercises; and, what is less easily to be credited, so much endeared himself to his schoolfellows by his civility and good-nature, that they, without murmur or ill-will, saw him indulged by the master with particular immunities. It is related, that, when he was at school, he seldom mingled in play with the other boys, but retired to his chamber; where his sovereign pleasure was to sit, hour after hour, while his hair was combed by somebody, whose service he found means to procure¹.

At school he became acquainted with the poets, ancient and modern, and fixed his attention particularly on Milton.

¹ Isaac Vossius relates, that he also delighted in having his hair combed when he could have it done by barbers or other persons *skilled in the rules of prosody*.

In 1694 he entered himself at Christ-Church, a college at that time in the highest reputation, by the transmission of Busby's scholars to the care first of Fell, and afterwards of Aldrich. Here he was distinguished as a genius eminent among the eminent, and for friendship particularly intimate with Mr. Smith, the author of 'Phædra and Hippolytus.' The profession which he intended to follow was that of Physic; and he took much delight in Natural History, of which Botany was his favourite part.

His reputation was confined to his friends and to the university; till, about 1703, he extended it to a wider circle by the 'Splendid Shilling,' which struck the public attention with a mode of writing new and unexpected.

This performance raised him so high, that, when Europe resounded with the victory of Blenheim, he was, probably with an occult opposition to Addison, employed to deliver the acclamation of the Tories. It is said that he would willingly have declined the task, but that his friends urged it upon him. It appears that he wrote this poem at the house of Mr. St. John.

'Blenheim' was published in 1705. The next year produced his great work, the poem upon 'Cider,' in two books: which was received with loud praises, and continued long to be read, as an imitation of Virgil's Georgic, which needed not shun the presence of the original.

He then grew probably more confident of his own abilities, and began to meditate a poem on the 'Last Day;' a subject on which no mind can hope to equal expectation.

This work he did not live to finish; his diseases, a slow consumption and an asthma, put a stop to his studies, and on Feb. 15, 1708, at the beginning of his thirty-third year, put an end to his life.

He was buried in the cathedral of Hereford; and

Sir Simon Harcourt, afterwards Lord Chancellor, gave him a monument in Westminster Abbey. The inscription at Westminster was written, as I have heard, by Dr. Atterbury, though commonly given to Dr. Friend.

HIS EPITAPH AT HEREFORD :

JOHANNES PHILIPS

Obiit 15 die Feb. Anno { Dom. 1708.
Ætat. suæ 32.

Cujus

Ossa si requiras, hanc Urnam inspice :
Si ingenium nescias, ipsius Opera consule ;

Si Tumulum desideras,
Templum adi Westmonasteriense ;

Qualis quantusque Vir fuerit,
Dicat elegans illa et præclara,
Quæ cenotaphium ibi decorat,

Inscriptio.

Quam interim erga Cognatos pius et officiosus,
Testetur hoc saxum

A Maria Philips Matre ipsius pientissima,
Dilecti Filii Memoræ non sine Lacrymis dicatum.

HIS EPITAPH AT WESTMINSTER :

Herefordiæ conduntur Ossa,
Hoc in Delubro statuitur Imago,
Britanniam omnem pervagatur Fama,

JOHANNIS PHILIPS :

Qui Viris bonis doctisque juxta charus,

Immortale suum Ingenium,
Eruditione multiplici exultum,

Miro animi candore,
Eximia morum simplicitate,

Honestavit.

Litterarum Amœniorum sitim,

Quam Wintoniæ Puer sentire cœperat,
Inter Ædis Christi Alumnos jugiter explevit,

In illo Musarum Domicilio

Præclaris Æmulatorum studiis excitatus,
Optimis scribendi Magistris semper intentus,
Carmina sermone Patrio composuit

A Græcis Latinisque fontibus feliciter deducta,
 Atticis Romanisque auribus omnino digna,
 Versuum quippe Harmoniam
 Rythmo didicerat.

Antiquo illo, libero, multiformi
 Ad res ipsas apto prorsus, et attemperato.
 Non numeris in eundem fere orbem redeuntibus,
 Non Clausularum similiter cadentium sono

Metiri :

Uni in hoc laudis genere Miltono secundus,
 Primoque pæne par.
 Res seu Tennes, seu Grandes, seu Mediocres
 Ornandas sumpserat,

Nusquam, non quod decuit,
 Et videt, et assecutus est,
 Egregius, quocunque Stylum verteret,
 Fandi author, et Modorum artifex.

Fas sit Huic,

Anso licet a tua Metrorum Lege discedere,
 O Poesis Anglicanæ Pater, atque Conditor, Chaucere,
 Alterum tibi latus claudere,

Vatum certe Cineres, tuos undique stipantium
 Non dedecebit Chorum.

Simon Harcourt, Miles,
 Viri bene de se, de Litteris meriti
 Quoad viveret Fautor,
 Post Obitum pie memor,
 Hoc illi Saxum poni voluit.

J. Philips, Stephani, S. T. P. Archidiaconi
 Salop. Filius, natus est Bamptoniæ
 In agro Oxon. Dec. 30, 1676.
 Obiit Herefordiæ, Feb. 15, 1708.

Philips has been always praised, without contradiction, as a man modest, blameless, and pious; who bore narrowness of fortune without discontent, and tedious and painful maladies without impatience; beloved by those that knew him, but not ambitious to be known. He was probably not formed for a wide circle. His conversation is commended for its innocent gaiety, which seems to have flowed only among his intimates; for I have been told, that he was in company silent and barren, and employed

only upon the pleasure of his pipe. His addiction to tobacco is mentioned by one of his biographers, who remarks that in all his writings, except 'Blenheim,' he has found an opportunity of celebrating the fragrant fume. In common life he was probably one of those who please by not offending, and whose person was loved because his writings were admired. He died honoured and lamented, before any part of his reputation had withered, and before his patron St. John had disgraced him.

His works are few. 'The Splendid Shilling' has the uncommon merit of an original design, unless it may be thought precluded by the ancient 'Centos.' To degrade the sounding words and stately construction of Milton, by an application to the lowest and most trivial things, gratifies the mind with a momentary triumph over that grandeur which hitherto held its captives in admiration; the words and things are presented with a new appearance, and novelty is always grateful where it gives no pain.

But the merit of such performances begins and ends with the first author. He that should again adapt Milton's phrase to the gross incidents of common life, and even adapt it with more art, which would not be difficult, must yet expect but a small part of the praise which Philips has obtained; he can only hope to be considered as the repeater of a jest.

'The parody on Milton,' says Gildon, 'is the only tolerable production of its author.' This is a censure too dogmatical and violent. The poem of 'Blenheim' was never denied to be tolerable, even by those who do not allow it supreme excellence. It is indeed the poem of a scholar, all inexpert of war; of a man who writes books from books, and studies the world in a college. He seems to have formed his ideas of the field of Blenheim from the battles of the heroic ages, or the tales of chivalry, with very

little comprehension of the qualities necessary to the composition of a modern hero, which Addison has displayed with so much propriety. He makes Marlborough behold at a distance the slaughter made by Tallard, then haste to encounter and restrain him, and mow his way through ranks made headless by his sword.

He imitates Milton's numbers indeed, but imitates them very injudiciously. Deformity is easily copied; and whatever there is in Milton which the reader wishes away, all that is obsolete, peculiar, or licentious, is accumulated with great care by Philips. Milton's verse was harmonious, in proportion to the general state of our metre in Milton's age; and, if he had written after the improvements made by Dryden, it is reasonable to believe that he would have admitted a more pleasing modulation of numbers into his work; but Philips sits down with a resolution to make no more music than he found; to want all that his master wanted, though he is very far from having what his master had. Those asperities, therefore, that are venerable in the 'Paradise Lost,' are contemptible in the 'Blenheim.'

There is a Latin ode written to his patron St. John, in return for a present of wine and tobacco, which cannot be passed without notice. It is gay and elegant, and exhibits several artful accommodations of classic expressions to new purposes. It seems better turned than the ode of 'Hannes'.¹

¹ This ode I am willing to mention, because there seems to be an error in all the printed copies, which is, I find, retained in the last. They all read;

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
O! O! labellis cui Venus insidet.

The author probably wrote,

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
Ornat; labellis cui Venus insidet, Dr. J.

To the poem on 'Cider,' written in imitation of the Georgics, may be given this peculiar praise, that it is grounded in truth; that the precepts which it contains are exact and just; and that it is therefore, at once, a book of entertainment and of science. This I was told by Miller, the great gardener and botanist, whose expression was, that 'there were many books written on the same subject in prose, which do not contain so much truth as that poem.'

In the disposition of his matter, so as to intersperse precepts relating to the culture of trees with sentiments more generally alluring, and in easy and graceful transitions from one subject to another, he has very diligently imitated his master; but he unhappily pleased himself with blank verse, and supposed that the numbers of Milton, which impress the mind with veneration, combined as they are with subjects of inconceivable grandeur, could be sustained by images which at most can rise only to elegance. Contending angels may shake the regions of Heaven in blank verse; but the flow of equal measures, and the embellishment of rhyme, must recommend to our attention the art of engrafting, and decide the merit of the redstreak and pearmain.

What study could confer, Philips had obtained; but natural deficiency cannot be supplied. He seems not born to greatness and elevation. He is never lofty, nor does he often surprise with unexpected excellence; but perhaps to his last poem may be applied what Tully said of the work of Lucretius, that 'it is written with much art, though with few blazes of genius.'

The following fragment, written by Edmund Smith, upon the works of Philips, has been transcribed from the Bodleian manuscripts.

A PREPARATORY DISCOURSE

TO THE

POEM ON MR. PHILIPS,

WITH A CHARACTER OF HIS WRITINGS.

‘ It is altogether as equitable some account should be given of those who have distinguished themselves by their writings, as of those who are renowned for great actions. It is but reasonable they, who contribute so much to the immortality of others, should have some share in it themselves ; and since their genius only is discovered by their works, it is just that their virtues should be recorded by their friends, For no modest men (as the person I write of was in perfection) will write their own panegyrics ; and it is very hard that they should go without reputation, only because they the more deserve it. The end of writing Lives is for the imitation of the readers. It will be in the power of very few to imitate the Duke of Marlborough ; we must be content with admiring his great qualities and actions, without hopes of following them. The private and social virtues are more easily transcribed. The life of Cowley is more instructive, as well as more fine, than any we have in our language. And it is to be wished, since Mr. Philips had so many of the good qualities of that poet, that I had some of the abilities of his historian.

‘ The Grecian philosophers have had their Lives written, their morals commended, and their sayings recorded. Mr. Philips had all the virtues to which most of them only pretended, and all their integrity without any of their affectation.

‘ The French are very just to eminent men in this point ; not a learned man nor a poet can die, but all Europe must be acquainted with his accomplishments. They give praise, and expect it in their turns : they commend their Patru’s and Moliere’s as

well as their Conde's and Turenne's ; their Pellison's and Racine's have their eulogies, as well as the prince whom they celebrate ; and their poems, their mercuries, and orations, nay their very gazettes, are filled with the praises of the learned.

' I am satisfied, had they a Philips among them, and known how to value him ; had they one of his learning, his temper, but above all of that particular turn of humour, that altogether new genius, he had been an example to their poets, and a subject of their panegyrics, and perhaps set in competition with the ancients, to whom only he ought to submit.

' I shall therefore endeavour to do justice to his memory, since nobody else undertakes it. And indeed I can assign no cause why so many of his acquaintance (that are as willing and more able than myself to give an account of him) should forbear to celebrate the memory of one so dear to them, but only that they look upon it as a work entirely belonging to me.

' I shall content myself with giving only a character of the person and his writings, without meddling with the transactions of his life, which was altogether private: I shall only make this known observation of his family, that there was scarcely so many extraordinary men in any one. I have been acquainted with five of his brothers (of which three are still living), all men of fine parts, yet all of a very unlike temper and genius. So that their fruitful mother, like the mother of the gods, seems to have produced a numerous offspring, all of different though uncommon faculties. Of the living, neither their modesty, nor the humour of the present age, permits me to speak: of the dead, I may say something.

' One of them had made the greatest progress in the study of the law of nature and nations of any one I know. He had perfectly mastered, and even improved, the notions of Grotius, and the more re-

finer ones of Puffendorff. He could refute Hobbes with as much solidity as some of greater name, and expose him with as much wit as Echard. That noble study, which requires the greatest reach of reason and nicety of distinction, was not at all difficult to him. 'Twas a national loss to be deprived of one who understood a science so necessary, and yet so unknown in England. I shall add only, he had the same honesty and sincerity as the person I write of, but more heat: the former was more inclined to argue, the latter to divert: one employed his reason more; the other his imagination: the former had been well qualified for those posts, which the modesty of the latter made him refuse. His other dead brother would have been an ornament to the college of which he was a member. He had a genius either for poetry or oratory; and, though very young, composed several very agreeable pieces. In all probability he would have written as finely as his brother did nobly. He might have been the Waller, as the other was the Milton, of his time. The one might celebrate Marlborough, the other his beautiful offspring. This had not been so fit to describe the actions of heroes as the virtues of private men. In a word, he had been fitter for my place; and, while his brother was writing upon the greatest men that any age ever produced, in a style equal to them, he might have served as a panegyrist on him.

‘This is all I think necessary to say of his family. I shall proceed to himself and his writings; which I shall first treat of, because I know they are censured by some out of envy, and more out of ignorance.

‘The “Splendid Shilling,” which is far the least considerable, has the more general reputation, and perhaps hinders the character of the rest. The style agreed so well with the burlesque, that the ignorant thought it could become nothing else. Every body is pleased with that work. But to judge rightly of

the other requires a perfect mastery of poetry and criticism, a just contempt of the little turns and witticisms now in vogue, and, above all, a perfect understanding of poetical diction and description.

‘ All that have any taste of poetry will agree, that the great burlesque is much to be preferred to the low. It is much easier to make a great thing appear little, than a little one great : Cotton and others of a very low genius have done the former ; but Philips, Garth, and Boileau, only the latter.

‘ A picture in miniature is every painter’s talent ; but a piece for a cupola, where all the figures are enlarged, yet proportioned to the eye, requires a master’s hand.

‘ It must still be more acceptable than the low burlesque, because the images of the latter are mean and filthy, and the language itself entirely unknown to all men of good breeding. The style of Billingsgate would not make a very agreeable figure at St. James’s. A gentleman would take but little pleasure in language, which he would think it hard to be accosted in, or in reading words which he could not pronounce without blushing. The lofty burlesque is the more to be admired, because, to write it, the author must be master of two of the most different talents in nature. A talent to find out and expose what is ridiculous, is very different from that which is to raise and elevate. We must read Virgil and Milton for the one, and Horace and Hudibras for the other. We know that the authors of excellent comedies have often failed in the grave style, and the tragedian as often in comedy. Admiration and laughter are of such opposite natures, that they are seldom created by the same person. The man of mirth is always observing the follies and weaknesses, the serious writer the virtues or crimes, of mankind ; one is pleased with contemplating a beau, the other a hero even from the same object they would draw

different ideas : Achilles would appear in very different lights to Thersites and Alexander; the one would admire the courage and greatness of his soul : the other would ridicule the vanity and rashness of his temper. As the satyrist says to Hannibal :

——— I, curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas, et declamatio fias.

‘The contrariety of style to the subject pleases the more strongly, because it is more surprising; the expectation of the reader is pleasantly deceived, who expects an humble style from the subject, or a great subject from the style. It pleases the more universally, because it is agreeable to the taste both of the grave and the merry; but more particularly so to those who have a relish of the best writers, and the noblest sort of poetry. I shall produce only one passage out of this poet, which is the misfortune of his Galligaskins :

My Galligaskins, which have long withstood
The winter’s fury and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue !)

‘This is admirably pathetic, and shows very well the vicissitudes of sublunary things. The rest goes on to a prodigious height; and a man in Greenland could hardly have made a more pathetic and terrible complaint. Is it not surprising that the subject should be so mean, and the verse so pompous, that the least things in his poetry, as in a microscope, should grow great and formidable to the eye; especially considering that, not understanding French, he had no model for his style? that he should have no writer to imitate, and himself be inimitable? that he should do all this before he was twenty? at an age which is usually pleased with a glare of false thoughts, little turns, and unnatural fustian? at an age, at which Cowley, Dryden, and I had almost said Virgil,

were inconsiderable? So soon was his imagination at its full strength, his judgment ripe, and his humour complete.

‘This poem was written for his own diversion, without any design of publication. It was communicated but to me; but soon spread, and fell into the hands of pirates. It was put out, vilely mangled, by Ben Bragge; and impudently said to be corrected by the author. This grievance is now grown more epidemical; and no man now has a right to his own thoughts, or a title to his own writings. Xenophon answered the Persian, who demanded his arms, “We have nothing now left but our arms and our valour: if we surrender the one, how shall we make use of the other?” Poets have nothing but their wits and their writings; and if they are plundered of the latter, I don’t see what good the former can do them. To pirate, and publicly own it, to prefix their names to the works they steal, to own and avow the theft, I believe, was never yet heard of but in England. It will sound oddly to posterity, that, in a polite nation, in an enlightened age, under the direction of the most wise, most learned, and most generous encouragers of knowledge in the world, the property of a mechanic should be better secured than that of a scholar! that the poorest manual operations should be more valued than the noblest products of the brain! that it should be felony to rob a cobbler of a pair of shoes, and no crime to deprive the best author of his whole subsistence! that nothing should make a man a sure title to his own writings but the stupidity of them! that the works of Dryden should meet with less encouragement than those of his own Flecknoe, or Blackmore! that Tillotson and St. George, Tom Thumb and Temple, should be set on an equal foot! This is the reason why this very Paper has been so long delayed; and, while the most impudent and scan-

dalous libels are publicly vended by the pirates, this innocent work is forced to steal abroad as if it were a libel.

‘ Our present writers are by these wretches reduced to the same condition Virgil was, when the centurion seized on his estate. But I don’t doubt but I can fix upon the Mæcenas of the present age, that will retrieve them from it. But, whatever effect this piracy may have upon us, it contributed very much to the advantage of Mr. Philips: it helped him to a reputation which he neither desired nor expected, and to the honour of being put upon a work of which he did not think himself capable; but the event showed his modesty. And it was reasonable to hope, that he, who could raise mean subjects so high, should still be more elevated on greater themes; that he, that could draw such noble ideas from a Shilling, could not fail upon such a subject as the Duke of Marlborough, which is capable of heightening even the most low and trifling genius. And, indeed, most of the great works which have been produced in the world have been owing less to the poet than the patron. Men of the wisest genius are sometimes lazy, and want a spur; often modest, and dare not venture in public; they certainly know their faults in the worst things; and even their best things they are not fond of, because the idea of what they ought to be is far above what they are. This induced me to believe that Virgil desired his works might be burned, had not the same Augustus, that desired him to write them, preserved them from destruction. A scribbling beau may imagine a poet may be induced to write, by the very pleasure he finds in writing; but that is seldom when people are necessitated to it. I have known men row, and use very hard labour, for diversion, which, if they had been tied to, they would have thought themselves very unhappy.

‘ But to return to “Blenheim,” that work so much admired by some, and censured by others. I have often wished he had wrote in Latin, that he might be out of the reach of the empty critic, who could have as little understood his meaning in that language as they do his beauties in his own.

‘ False critics have been the plague of all ages; Milton himself, in a very polite court, has been compared to the rumbling of a wheelbarrow: he had been on the wrong side, and therefore could not be a good poet. And this, perhaps, may be Mr. Philips’s case.

‘ But I take generally the ignorance of his readers to be the occasion of their dislike. People that have formed their taste upon the French writers can have no relish for Philips: they admire points and turns, and consequently have no judgment of what is great and majestic: he must look little in their eyes, when he soars so high as to be almost out of their view. I cannot therefore allow any admirer of the French to be a judge of “Blenheim,” nor any who takes Bouhours for a complete critic. He generally judges of the ancients by the moderns, and not the moderns by the ancients; he takes those passages of their own authors to be really sublime which come the nearest to it; he often calls that a noble and a great thought which is only a pretty and a fine one: and has more instances of the sublime out of Ovid de Tristibus, than he has out of all Virgil.

‘ I shall allow, therefore, only those to be judges of Philips, who make the ancients, and particularly Virgil, their standard.

‘ But, before I enter on this subject, I shall consider what is particular in the style of Philips, and examine what ought to be the style of heroic poetry; and next inquire how far he is come up to that style.

‘ His style is particular, because he lays aside rhyme, and writes in blank verse, and uses old words, and frequently postpones the adjective to the substantive, and the substantive to the verb ; and leaves out little particles, *a*, and *the* ; *her*, and *his* ; and uses frequent appositions. Now let us examine, whether these alterations of style be conformable to the true sublime.’

* * * * *

THE
SPLENDID SHILLING.

————— Sing, heavenly Muse !
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

DESIGNED DEDICATION.

TO

WILLIAM BROME, Esq.

OF EWITHINGTON, IN THE COUNTY OF HEREFORD.

SIR,

It would be too tedious an undertaking at this time to examine the rise and progress of Dedications. The use of them is certainly ancient, as appears both from Greek and Latin authors ; and we have reason to believe that it was continued, without any interruption, till the beginning of this century, at which time mottos, anagrams, and frontispieces being introduced, Dedications were mightily discouraged, and at last abdicated. But to discover precisely when they were restored, and by whom they were ushered in, is a work that far transcends my knowledge ; a work that

can justly be expected from no other pen but that of your operose Doctor Bentley.

Let us, therefore, at present acquiesce in the dubiousness of their antiquity, and think the authority of the past and present times a sufficient plea for your patronizing, and my dedicating this poem: especially since in this age Dedications are not only fashionable, but almost necessary; and indeed they are now so much in vogue, that a book without one is as seldom seen as a bawdy-house without a Practice of Piety, or a poet with money. Upon this account, Sir, those who have no friends, dedicate to all good Christians; some to their booksellers; some, for want of a sublunary patron, to the manes of a departed one. There are, that have dedicated to their whores: God help those hen-pecked writers that have been forced to dedicate to their own wives! But while I talk so much of other men's patrons I have forgot my own; and seem rather to make an essay on Dedications, than to write one. However, Sir, I presume you will pardon me for that fault; and perhaps, like me, the better for saying nothing to the purpose.

You, Sir, are a person more tender of other men's reputation than your own, and would hear every body commended but yourself. Should I but mention your skill in turning, and the compassion you showed to my fingers' ends when you gave me a tobacco-stopper, you would blush; and be confounded with your just praises. How much more would you, should I tell you what a progress you have made in that abstruse and useful language the Saxon? Since, therefore, the

recital of your excellences would prove so troublesome, I shall offend your modesty no longer. Give me leave to speak a word or two concerning the poem, and I have done. This poem, Sir, if we consider the moral; the newness of the subject, the variety of images, and the exactness of the similitudes that compose it, must be allowed a piece that was never equalled by the moderns or ancients. The subject of the poem is myself, a subject never yet handed by any poet. How fit to be handled by all, we may learn by those few divine commendatory verses written by the admirable Monsieur le Bog.

Yet since I am the subject and the poet too, I shall say no more of it, lest I should seem vain-glorious. As for the moral I have taken particular care that it should lie incognito, not like the ancients, who let you know at first sight they design something by their verses. But here you may look a good while, and, perhaps, after all, find that the poet has no aim or design, which must needs be a diverting surprise to the reader. What shall I say of the similies, which are so full of geography that you must get a Welshman to understand them? that so raise our ideas of the things they are applied to? that are so extraordinarily quaint and well chosen, that there is nothing like them? So that I think that I may, without vanity, say, *Avia Pieridum peragro loca*, &c. Yet, however excellent this poem is, in the reading of it you will find a vast difference between some parts and others; which proceeds not from your humble servant's negligence, but

diet. This poem was begun when he had little victuals, and no money; and was finished when he had the misfortune, at a virtuous lady's house, to meet with both. But I hope, in time, Sir, when hunger and poverty shall once more be my companions, to make amends for the defaults of this poem, by an Essay on Minced Pies, which shall be devoted to you with all submission, by,

SIR,

Your most obliged

and humble servant,

J. PHILIPS.

THE

SPLENDID SHILLING.

HAPPY the man who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling! he nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-Hall' repairs;
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or Phillis; he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint;
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals and small acid tiff
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain,
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers, or from tube as black
As winter-chimney or well-polish'd jet
Exhale mundungus, ill perfuming scent!
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (versed in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,

¹ Two noted alehouses at Oxford in 1700.

Upon a cargo of famed Cestrian cheese,
High overshadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at the' Arvonian mart
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Ycleped Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel ascends.
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls. I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do, or whither turn? Amazed,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole. Straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear, a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderfull to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow,
Intrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admired by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forbode. In his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscribed,
Grievous to mortal eyes: (ye Gods! avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him
Another monster not unlike himself, [stalks
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible and magic charms
Erst have endued: if he his ample palm

Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable and coercive chains
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of Money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors ! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect ; oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So, poets sing,
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin ; so her disembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies ; she secret stands
Within her woven cell ; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts or arms, or shapes of lovely hue :
The wasp insidious and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make : with eager strides
She towering flies to her expected spoils ;
Then, with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days ; but when nocturnal shades
This world envelope, and the' inclement air

Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.

Meanwhile, I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose;
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream
Tipples imaginary pots of ale
In vain: awake, I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarred,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, John-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay;
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain.
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)
An horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter, with dire chilling blasts

Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship
 Long sail'd secure, or through the' Ægean deep
 Or the Ionian, till cruising near
 The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
 On Scylla or Charybdis, (dangerous rocks !)
 She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd oak
 So fierce a shock unable to withstand
 Admits the sea ; in at the gaping side
 The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage
 Resistless, overwhelming : horrors seize
 The mariners ; death in their eyes appears ;
 They stare, they rave, they pump, they swear, they
 pray :
 (Vain efforts !) still the battering waves rush in
 Implacable, till, deluged by the foam,
 The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

BLenheim.

FROM low and abject themes the grovelling Muse
 Now mounts ærial, to sing of arms
 Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
 Of Britain's hero : may the verse not sink
 Beneath his merits, but detain a while
 Thy ear, O Harley' ! (though thy country's weal
 Depends on thee, though mighty Anne requires
 Thy hourly counsels) since with every art
 Thyself adorn'd, the mean essays of youth
 Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
 The willing genius to the Muses' seat,
 Therefore thee first and last the Muse shall sing.

¹ This poem was inscribed to the Right Hon. Robert Harley, 1705, then Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons and Secretary of State.

Long had the Gallic monarch uncontroll'd
Enlarged his borders, and of human force
Opponent slightly thought, in heart elate,
As erst Sesostri (proud Egyptian king,
That monarchs harness'd to his chariot yoked,
(Base servitude !) and his dethroned compeers
Lash'd furious, they in sullen majesty
Drew the uneasy load) nor less he aim'd
At universal sway ; for William's arm
Could nought avail, however famed in war,
Nor armies leagued, that diversly assay'd
To curb his power enormous ; like an oak
That stands secure, though all the winds employ
Their ceaseless roar, and only sheds its leaves,
Or mast, which the revolving spring restores ;
So stood he, and alone ; alone defied
The European thrones combined, and still
Had set at nought their machinations vain,
But that great Anne, weighing the' events of war
Momentous, in her prudent heart thee chose,
Thee, Churchill ! to direct in nice extremes
Her banner'd legions. Now their pristine worth
The Britons recollect, and gladly change
Sweet native home for unaccustom'd air
And other climes, where different food and soil
Portend distempers : over dank and dry
They journey toilsome, unfatigued with length
Of march, unstruck with horror at the sight
Of Alpine ridges bleak, high-stretching hills,
All white with summer snows. They go beyond
The trace of English steps, where, scarce the sound
Of Henry's arms arrived ; such strength of heart
Thy conduct and example gives : nor small
Encouragement. Godolphin, wise and just,

Equal in merit, honour, and success,
 To Burleigh, (fortunate alike to serve
 The best of queens) he, of the royal store
 Splendidly frugal, sits whole nights devoid
 Of sweet repose, industrious to procure
 The soldier's ease ; to regions far remote
 His care extends, and to the British host
 Makes ravaged countries plenteous as their own.
 And now, O Churchill ! at thy wish'd approach
 The Germans, hopeless of success, forlorn,
 With many an inroad gored, their drooping cheer
 New animated rouse. Not more rejoice
 The miserable race of men, that live
 Benighted half the year, benumbed with frosts
 Perpetual, and rough Boreas' keenest breath,
 Under the polar Bear, inclement sky !
 When first the sun with new-born light removes
 The long-incumbent gloom : gladly to thee
 Heroic laurell'd Eugene yields the prime,
 Nor thinks it diminution to be rank'd
 In military honour next, although
 His deadly hand shook the Turchestan throne
 Accursed, and proved in far-divided lands
 Victorious. On thy powerful sword alone
 Germania and the Belgic coast relies, [Anne
 Won from the' eneroaching sea : that sword great
 Fix'd not in vain on thy puissant side
 When theeshe' enroll'd her garter'd knights among,
 Illustrating the noble list : her hand
 Assures good omens, and Saint George's worth
 Enkindles like desire of high exploits.
 Immediate sieges, and the tire of war,
 Roll in thy eager mind : thy plummy crest

Nods horrible ; with more terrific port
Thou walk'st, and seem'st already in the fight.

What spoils, what conquests then did Albion hope
From thy achievements ! yet thou hast surpass'd
Her boldest vows, exceeded what thy foes
Could fear or fancy. They, in multitude
Superior, fed their thoughts with prospect vain
Of victory and rapine, reckoning what
From ransom'd captives would accrue. Thus one
Jovial his mate bespoke : ' O Friend ! observe
How gay with all the' accoutrements of war
The Britons come ; with gold well-fraught they
Thus far, our prey, and tempt us to subdue [come
Their recreant force ; how will their bodies stripped
Enrich the victors, while the vultures sate
Their maws with full repast !'—Another, warm'd
With high ambition, and conceit of prowess
Inherent, arrogantly thus presumed :
' What if this sword, full often drench'd in blood
Of base antagonists, with grinding edge
Should now cleave sheer the execrable head
Of Churchill met in arms ! or if this hand,
Soon as his army disarray'd 'gins swerve,
Should stay him flying, with retentive gripe
Confounded and appall'd ! No trivial price
Should set him free, nor small should be my praise
To lead him shackled, and exposed to scorn
Of gathering crowds, the Britons' boasted chief.'

Thus they in sportive mood their empty taunts
And menaces express'd ; nor could their prince
In arms, vain Tallard, from opprobrious speech
Refrain. ' Why halt ye thus, ye Britons ! why
Decline the war ? shall a morass forbid

You easy march? Advance; we'll bridge a way
Safe of access.' Imprudent thus to' invite
A furious lion to his folds! That boast
He ill abides; captived, in other plight
He soon revisits Britany, that once
Resplendent came, with stretch'd retinue girt
And pompous pageantry. O hapless fate,
If any arm but Churchill's had prevail'd!

No need such boasts, or exprobrations false
Of cowardice. The military mound
The British files transcend, in evil hour
For their proud foes, that fondly braved their fate.
And now on either side the trumpets blew,
Signal of onset, resolution firm
Inspiring, and pernicious love of war.
The adverse fronts in rueful conflict meet,
Collecting all their might, for on the' event
Decisive of this bloody day depends
The fate of kingdoms. With less vehemence
The great competitors for Rome engaged,
Cæsar and Pompey, on Pharsalian plains,
Where stern Bellona, with one final stroke,
Adjudged the empire of this globe to one.
Here the Bavarian duke his brigades leads,
Gallant in arms, and gaudy to behold,
Bold Champion! brandishing his Noric blade,
Best-temper'd steel, successless proved in field.
Next Tallard, with his Celtic infantry
Presumptuous comes. Here Churchill, not so
To vaunt as fight, his hardy cohorts joins [prompt
With Eugene's German force. Now from each van
The brazen instruments of death discharge
Horrible flames, and turbid streaming clouds
Of smoke sulphureous; intermix'd with these

Large globous irons fly, of dreadful hiss,
Singing the air, and from long distance bring
Surprising slaughter; on each side they fly
By chains connex'd, and with destructive sweep
Behead whole troops at once; the hairy scalps
Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous trunks bestrew
The' ensanguined field. With latent mischief stored,
Showers of granadoes rain, by sudden burst
Disploding murderous bowels, fragments of steel,
And stones, and glass, and nitrous grain adust:
A thousand ways at once the shiver'd orbs
Fly diverse, working torment and foul rout,
With deadly bruise and gashes furrow'd deep.
Of pain impatient, the high-prancing steeds
Disdain the curb, and flinging to and fro
Spurn their dismounted riders; they expire
Indignant, by unhostile wounds destroyed.

Thus through each army, death in various shapes
Prevail'd: here mangled limbs, here brains and
gore,

Lie clotted; lifeless some: with anguish these
Gnashing, and loud laments invoking aid
Unpitied and unheard; the louder din
Of guns and trumpets' clang, and solemn sound
Of drums, o'ercame their groans. In equal scale
Long hung the fight; few marks of fear were seen,
None of retreat. As when two adverse winds,
Sublimed from dewy vapours, in mid-sky
Engage with horrid shock, the ruffled brine
Roars stormy, they together dash the clouds,
Levying their equal force with utmost rage;
Long undecided lasts the airy strife,
So they, incensed, till Churchill, viewing where
The violence of Tallard most prevail'd,

Came to oppose his slaughtering arm : with speed
 Precipitant he rode, urging his way
 O'er hills of gasping heroes, and fallen steeds
 Rolling in death : Destruction, grim with blood,
 Attends his furious course. Him, thus enraged,
 Descrying from afar some engineer,
 Dextrous to guide the' unerring charge, design'd
 By one nice shot to terminate the war :
 With aim direct the levell'd bullet flew,
 But miss'd her scope, (for Destiny withstood
 The' approaching wound) and guiltless plough'd her
 Beneath his courser : round his sacred head [way
 The glowing balls play innocent, while he
 With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows
 Amongst the scatter'd Gauls. But O, beware,
 Great Warrior ! nor too prodigal of life
 Expose the British safety : hath not Jove
 Already warn'd thee to withdraw ? Reserve
 Thyself for other palms. Even now thy aid
 Eugene, with regiments unequal press'd,
 Awaits : this day of all his honours gain'd
 Despoils him, if thy succour opportune
 Defends not the sad hour : permit not thou
 So brave a leader with the vulgar herd
 To bite the ground unnoted.—Swift and fierce
 As wintry storm, he flies to reinforce
 The yielding wing ; in Gallic blood again
 He dews his reeking sword, and strews the ground
 With headless ranks ; (so Ajax interposed
 His sevenfold shield and screen'd Laertes' son,
 For valour much and warlike wiles renown'd,
 When the insulting Trojans urged him sore
 With tilted spears) unmanly dread invades
 The French astonied ; straight their useless arms

They quit, and in ignoble flight confide,
Unseemly yelling; distant hills return
The hideous noise. What can they do, or how
Withstand his wide destroying sword, or where
Find shelter, thus repulsed? Behind, with wrath
Resistless, the' eager English champions press,
Chastising tardy flight; before them rolls
His current swift the Danube, vast and deep,
Supreme of rivers! to the frightful brink,
Urged by compulsive arms, soon as they reach'd
New horror chill'd their veins: devote they saw
Themselves to wretched doom; with efforts vain,
Encouraged by despair, or obstinate
To fall like men in arms, some dare renew
Feeble engagement, meeting glorious fate
On the firm land; the rest discomfited,
And push'd by Marlborough's avengeful hand,
Leap plunging in the wide extended flood;
Bands numerous as the Memphian soldiery
That swell'd the Erythræan wave, when wall'd
The unfroze waters marvellously stood,
Observant of the great command. Upborne
By frothy billows thousands float the stream
In cumbrous mail, with love of farther shore
Confiding in their hands, that sedulous strive
To cut the' outrageous fluent. In this distress,
Even in the sight of death, some tokens show
Of fearless friendship, and their sinking mates
Sustain; vain love, though laudable! absorb'd
By a fierce eddy they together sound
The vast profundity: their horses paw
The swelling surge with fruitless toil: surcharged
And in his course obstructed by large spoil,
The river flows redundant, and attacks

The lingering remnant with unusual tide ;
 Then rolling back, in his capacious lap
 Ingulfs their whole militia, quick immersed.
 So when some sweltering travellers retire
 To leafy shades, near the cool sunless verge
 Of Paraba, Brazilian stream, her tail
 Of vast extension, from her watry den
 A grisly Hydra suddenly shoots forth
 Insidious, and with curl'd envenom'd train
 Embracing horridly, at once the crew
 Into the river whirls ; the' unweeing prey
 Entwisted roars, the' affrighted flood rebounds.

Nor did the British squadrons now surcease
 To gall their foes, o'erwhelm'd : full many felt
 In the moist element a scorching death,
 Pierced sinking : shrouded in a dusky cloud
 The current flows, with livid missive flames
 Boiling, as once Pergamean Xanthus boil'd,
 Inflamed by Vulcan, when the' swift-footed son
 Of Peleus to his baleful banks pursued
 The straggling Trojans : nor less eager drove
 Victorious Churchill his desponding foes
 Into the deep immense, that many a league
 Impurpled ran, with gushing gore distain'd.

Thus the experienced valour of one man,
 Mighty in conflict, rescued harass'd powers
 From ruin impendent, and the' afflicted throne
 Imperial, that once lorded o'er the world,
 Sustain'd. With prudent stay he long deferred
 The rough contention, nor would deign to rout
 An host disparted ; when, in union firm
 Embodied, they advanced, collecting all
 Their strength, and worthy seem'd to be subdued,
 He, the proud boasters sent, with stern assault,

Down to the realms of Night. The British souls
 (A lamentable race!) that ceased to breathe,
 On Landen-plains, this heavenly gladsome air,
 Exult to see the crowding ghosts descend
 Unnumber'd; well avenged, they quit the cares
 Of mortal life, and drink the' oblivious lake.
 Not so the new inhabitants; they roam
 Erroneous and disconsolate, themselves
 Accusing and their chiefs, improvident
 Of military chance; when lo! they see
 Through the dun mist, in blooming beauty fresh,
 Two lovely youths that amicably walk'd
 O'er verdant meads, and pleased, perhaps, revolved
 Anna's late conquests; one to empire born,
 Egregious Prince², whose manly childhood show'd
 His mingled parents, and portended joy
 Unspeakable; thou, his associate dear³
 Once in this world, nor now by Fate disjoin'd,
 Had thy presiding star propitious shone,
 Shouldst Churchill be! but Heaven severe, cut short
 Their springing years, nor would this isle should
 boast

Gifts so important! Them the Gallic shades
 Surveying, read in either radiant look
 Marks of excessive dignity and grace,
 Delighted; till, in one, their curious eye
 Discerns their great subduer's awful mien
 And corresponding features fair; to them
 Confusion: straight the airy phantoms fleet
 With headlong haste, and dread a new pursuit:
 The image pleased with joy paternal smiles.

Enough, O Muse! the sadly-pleasing theme
 Leave, with these dark abodes; and reascend

² Duke of Gloucester. .

³ Marquis of Blandford.

To breathe the upper air, where triumphs wait
 The conqueror, and saved nations' joint acclaim.
 Hark, how the cannon, inoffensive now,
 Gives signs of gratulation! struggling crowds
 From every city flow; with ardent gaze
 Fix'd, they behold the British Guide, of sight
 Insatiate; whilst his great redeeming hand
 Each prince affects to touch respectful. See
 How Prussia's king transported entertains
 His mighty guest! to him the royal pledge,
 Hope of his realm, commits, (with better fate
 Than to the Trojan chief Evander gave
 Unhappy Pallas) and entreats to show
 The skill and rudiments austere of war.
 See, with what joy him Leopold declares
 His great deliverer; and courts to' accept
 Of titles, with superior modesty
 Better refused. Meanwhile, the haughty king
 Far humbler thoughts now learns: despair and fear
 Now first he feels: his laurels all at once
 Torn from his aged head in life's extreme,
 Distract his soul; nor can great Boileau's harp
 Of various-sounding wire, best taught to calm
 Whatever passion, and exalt the soul
 With highest strains, his languid spirits cheer:
 Rage, shame, and grief, alternate in his breast.

But who can tell what pangs, what sharp remorse,
 Torment the Boian prince? From native soil
 Exiled by fate, torn from the dear embrace
 Of weeping consort, and deprived the sight
 Of his young guiltless progeny, he seeks
 Inglorious shelter in an alien land:
 Deplorable! but that his mind averse
 To right, and insincere, would violate

His plighted faith. Why did he not accept
Friendly composure offer'd? or well weigh
With whom he must contend? encountering fierce
The Solymeian Sultan, he o'erthrew
His moony troops, returning bravely smear'd
With Paynim blood diffused: nor did the Gaul
Not find him once a baleful foe: but when
Of counsel rash new measures he pursues,
Unhappy Prince! (no more a prince) he sees
Too late his error, forced to' implore relief
Of him he once defied. O destitute
Of hope, unpitied; thou shouldst first have thought
Of persevering stedfast; now upbraid
Thy own inconstant ill-aspiring heart.
Lo, how the Noric plains through thy default
Rise hilly, with large piles of slaughter'd knights.
Best men! that warred still firmly for their prince,
Though faithless; and unshaken duty show'd,
Worthy of better end. Where cities stood,
Well-fenced and numerous, desolation reigns
And emptiness: dismay'd, unfed, unhoused,
The widow and the orphan stroll around
The desert wide; with oft-retorted eye
They view the gaping walls and poor remains
Of mansions once their own, (now loathsome haunts
Of birds obscene) bewailing loud the loss
Of spouse, or sire, or son, ere manly prime,
Slain in sad conflict, and complain of Fate
As partial and too rigorous, nor find
Where to retire themselves, or where appease
The' afflictive keen desire of food, exposed
To winds, and storms, and jaws of savage beasts.
Thrice happy Albion! from the world disjoin'd
By Heaven propitious, blissful seat of peace!

Learn from thy neighbours' miseries to prize
 Thy welfare. Crown'd with Nature's choicest gifts,
 Remote thou hear'st the dire effect of war,
 Depopulation, void alone of fear
 And peril, whilst the dismal symphony
 Of drums and clarions other realms annoys.
 The' Iberian sceptre undecided, here
 Engages mighty hosts in wasteful strife :
 From different climes the flower of youth descends
 Down to the Lusitanian vales, resolved
 With utmost hazard to enthrone their prince,
 Gallic or Austrian : havoc dire ensues
 And wild uproar : the natives, dubious whom
 They must obey, in consternation wait,
 Till rigid Conquest will pronounce their liege.
 Nor is the brazen voice of War unheard
 On the mild Latian shore. What sighs and tears
 Hath Eugene caused ! how many widows curse
 His cleaving falchion ! fertile soil in vain,
 What do thy pastures or thy vines avail,
 Best boon of Heaven ! or huge Taburnus, cloth'd
 With olives, when the cruel battle mows
 The planters with their harvest immature ?
 See with what outrage from the frosty North
 The early-valiant Swede draws forth his wings
 In battailous array, while Volga's stream
 Sends opposite, in shaggy armour clad,
 Her borderers ! on mutual slaughter bent
 They rend their countries. How is Poland vex'd
 With civil broils, while two elected kings
 Contend for sway ? Unhappy nation ! left
 Thus free of choice. The English undisturb'd
 With such sad privilege, submit obey [due,
 Whom Heaven ordains supreme ; with reverence

Not thralldom, in fit liberty secure.
From sceptred kings in long descent derived,
Thou, Anna, rulest ! prudent to promote
Thy people's ease at home, nor studious less
Of Europe's good. To thee, of kingly rights
Sole arbitress, declining thrones and powers
Sue for relief. Thou bidst thy Churchill go,
Succour the injured realms, defeat the hopes
Of haughty Louis, unconfined : he goes
Obsequious, and the dread command fulfils
In one great day. Again, thou givest in charge
To Rooke, that he should let that monarch know
The empire of the ocean wide diffused
Is thine ; behold ! with winged speed he rides
Undaunted o'er the labouring main to' assert
Thy liquid kingdoms ; at his near approach
The Gallic navies, impotent to bear
His vollied thunder, torn, dissever'd, scud ;
And bless the friendly interposing night.

Hail, mighty Queen ! reserved by fate to grace
The new-born age. What hopes may we conceive
Of future years, when to thy early reign
Neptune submits his trident ; and thy arms
Already have prevail'd to the' utmost bound
Hesperian, Calpe, by Alcides fix'd,
Mountain sublime ! that casts a shade of length
Immeasurable, and rules the inland waves !
Let others, with insatiate thirst of rule,
Invade their neighbours' lands ; neglect the ties
Of leagues and oaths ; this thy peculiar praise
Be still, to study right and quell the force
Of kings perfidious : let them learn from thee
That neither strength, nor policy refined,
Shall with success be crown'd where justice fails.

Thou, with thy own content, not for thyself
 Subduest regions ; generous to raise
 The suppliant knee, and curb the rebel neck.
 The German boasts thy conquests, and enjoys
 The great advantage ; nought to thee redounds
 But satisfaction from thy conscious mind.

Auspicious Queen ! since in thy realms secure
 Of peace thou reign'st, and victory attends
 Thy distant ensigns, with compassion view
 Europe embroil'd : still thou (for thou alone
 Sufficient art) the jarring kingdoms' ire,
 Reciprocally ruinous : say who
 Shall wield the' Hesperian, who the Polish sword,
 By thy decree ? The trembling lands shall hear
 Thy voice obedient, lest thy scourge should bruise
 Their stubborn necks, and Churchill in his wrath
 Make them remember Blenheim with regret.

Thus shall the nations awed to peace extol
 Thy power and justice : jealousies and fears,
 And hate infernal, banish'd, shall retire
 To Mauritania, or the Bactrian coasts,
 Or Tartary, engendering discords fell
 Amongst the enemies of truth, while arts
 Pacific and inviolable love
 Flourish in Europe. Hail, Saturnian days
 Returning ! in perpetual tenor run
 Delectable, and shed your influence sweet
 On virtuous Anna's head : ye happy days
 By her restored, her just designs complete,
 And, mildly on her shining, bless the world !

Thus from the noisy crowd exempt, with ease
 And plenty bless'd, amid the mazy groves,
 (Sweet solitude !) where warbling birds provoke
 The silent Muse, delicious rural seat

Of Saint John ⁴, English Memmius, I presumed
To sing Britannic trophies, inexpert
Of war, with mean attempt; while he intent
(So Anna's will ordains) to expedite
His military charge, no leisure finds
To string his charming shell; but when, return'd,
Consummate Peace shall rear her cheerful head,
Then shall his Churchill in sublimer verse
For ever triumph; latest times shall learn
From such a chief to fight, and bard to sing.

⁴ Viscount Bolingbroke; then Secretary of War.



CIDER.

IN TWO BOOKS.

——— *Honos erit huic quoque Pomo?* VIRG.

BOOK I.

Argument.

Subject proposed.—Address to the natives of Herefordshire.
—Dedication to Mr. Mostyn.—Situation for an orchard.—
Soil.—Places famous for their Cider.—King Ethelbert murdered by Offa, at Sutton Walls.—Account of Marcleys-Hill being moved.—A soil not rich enough for apples will suit pears.—Very poor land will serve to support sheep and geese.—Goats browse on the steepest mountains of Wales.—Dangerous practice of gathering samphire from rocks that hang over the sea.—The most barren land may be improved, so as to be made capable of some produce.—In very hot summers, trenches should be dug round apple-trees, and filled with water; a long continuance of hot weather being unfavourable to the fruit.—The unhealthiness of hot seasons.—Extreme heat of the summer in the year 1705.—Death of Miss Winchcomb.—Heat, a cause of earthquakes.—Destruction of Ariconium.—Some different sorts of trees and plants will flourish well, when planted near together; but others will not.—What sorts of trees may be planted near the apple-tree, without injuring it: and what are noxious to it.—Grafting.—Different stocks proper for different sorts of fruit.—In the plantation of orchards, ornament as well as profit may be

attended to ; and the different kinds of apple-trees may be intermixed with taste, so as to produce a pleasing effect.—Virgil has finely diversified his *Georgics* by introducing several beautiful digressions and descriptions.—Grafting, budding, pruning, to be learned by experience.—Many discoveries, the result of experience.—The barometer.—Tobacco first discovered.—Beneficial effects and pleasure of smoking tobacco.—The microscope.—Kernels of apples dissected and viewed in the microscope.—Industry recommended.—Pruning of apple-trees.—Trees, when too much loaded with fruit, should have their crops thinned.—Birds should be frightened from fruit-trees, pigs kept out of orchards, and wasps and snails destroyed.—No care is sufficient to secure fruit from grubs.—Ludicrous description of a person tasting a fair-looking, grub-eaten apple.—The garden of Alcinous.—Different sorts of apples.—Pears.—The musk apple.—The red-streak apple, cultivated and improved by the first Lord Scudamore.—Compliment to his great-grandson.—Excellence of red-streak Cider.—The Poet, inspired by it, sings its praises, and those of its native country.—General fertility of Herefordshire.—Its hops, prospects, iron, saffron, wool.—Its natives famous for valour; distinguished at the battles of Cressy and Agincourt;—particularly the ancestor of the noble family of Chandos.—Compliment to Lord Chandos, and his son: to Lord Salisbury: and to Aldrich, Dean of Christchurch.—University of Oxford.—Sir Thomas Hanmer.—Mr. Bromley.—Mew, Bishop of Winchester.—Duke of Beaufort.—Lord Weymouth.—Harley, Secretary of State.—Beauty of Herefordshire females.—Love.—Friendship.—Trevor, Chief Justice.—Panegyric on sincerity;—on virtue in general.—Amiability of Virgil's character.—Homer, Spenser, Milton;—censured for his politics, but extolled for his poetry, of which the Author professes himself an humble imitator.

WHAT soil the apple loves, what care is due,
 To Orchards, timeliest when to press the fruits,
 Thy gift, Pomona ! in Miltonian verse
 Adventurous I presume to sing, of verse
 Nor skill'd nor studious ; but my native soil
 Invites me, and the theme, as yet unsung.

Ye Ariconian Knights and fairest Dames,
To whom propitious Heaven these blessings grants,
Attend my lays ! nor hence disdain to learn
How Nature's gifts may be improved by art.

And thou, O Mostyn ! whose benevolence
And candour, oft experienced, me vouchsafed
To knit in friendship growing still with years,
Accept this pledge of gratitude and love :
May it a lasting monument remain
Of dear respect, that when this body frail
Is moulder'd into dust, and I become
As I had never been, late times may know—
I once was bless'd in such a matchless friend.

Whoe'er expects his labouring trees should bend
With fruitage, and a kindly harvest yield,
Be this his first concern, to find a track
Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills
That intercept the Hyperborean blasts
Tempestuous, and cold Eurus' nipping force,
Noxious to feeble buds ; but to the west
Let him free entrance grant ; let Zephyrs bland
Administer their tepid genial airs :
Nought fear he from the west, whose gentle warmth
Discloses well the earth's all-teeming womb,
Invigorating tender seeds, whose breath
Nurtures the orange and the citron groves,
Hesperian fruits, and wafts their odours sweet
Wide through the air, and distant shores perfumes.
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds,
But when the blackening clouds in sprinkling
showers

Distil from the high summits down the rain
Runs trickling ; with the fertile moisture cheer'd

The Orchards smile ; joyous the farmers see
Their thriving plants, and bless the heavenly dew,

Next, let the planter with discretion meet
The force and genius of each soil explore,
To what adapted, what it shuns averse :
Without this necessary care in vain
He hopes an Apple vintage, and invokes
Pomona's aid in vain. The miry fields,
Rejoicing in rich mould, most ample fruit
Of beauteous form produce, pleasing to sight,
But to the tongue inelegant and flat.
So Nature has decreed ; so oft we see
Men passing fair, in outward lineaments
Elaborate, less inwardly exact.
Nor from the sable ground expect success,
Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune ;
The Must, of pallid hue, declares the soil
Devoid of spirit : wretched he that quaffs
Such wheyish liquors ! oft with colic pangs,
With pungent colic pangs, distress'd he'll roar,
And toss, and turn, and curse the' unwholesome
draught.

But, farmer, look where full-ear'd sheaves of rye
Grow wavy on the tilth ; that soil select
For Apples ; thence, thy industry shall gain
Tenfold reward ; thy garner thence with store
Surcharged shall burst ; thy press with purest juice
Shall flow, which in revolving years may try
Thy feeble feet and bind thy faltering tongue.
Such is the Kentchurch, such Dantzeyan ground,
Such thine, O learned Brome ! and Capel such,
Willisian Burlton, much-loved Geers his Marsh,
And Sutton acres, drench'd with regal blood
Of Ethelbert, when to the' unhallow'd feast

Of Mercian Offa he invited came
To treat of spousals : long connubial joys
He promised to himself, allured by fair
Elfrida's beauty, but, deluded, died
In height of hopes.—Oh hardest fate, to fall
By show of friendship and pretended love !

I nor advise nor reprehend the choice
Of Marcley-hill ; the Apple no where finds
A kinder mould : yet 'tis unsafe to trust
Deceitful ground : who knows but that once more
This mount may journey, and his present site
Forsaking, to thy neighbour's bounds transfer
The goodly plants, affording matter strange
For law debates ¹ ? if therefore thou incline
To deck this rise with fruits of various tastes,
Fail not by frequent vows to' implore success ;
Thus piteous Heaven may fix the wandering glebe.

But if (for Nature doth not share alike
Her gifts) an happy soil should be withheld,
If a penurious clay should be thy lot,
Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough
Nor to the cattle kind ; with sandy stones
And gravel o'erabounding, think it not
Beneath thy toil ; the sturdy pear-tree here

¹ February the 7th, 1571, at six o'clock in the evening, this hill roused itself with a roaring noise, and by seven the next morning had moved forty paces ; it kept moving for three days together, carrying with it sheep in their cots, hedgerows and trees, and in its passage overthrew Kinnaston chapel, and turned two highways near an hundred yards from their former position. The ground thus moved was about twenty-six acres, which opened itself and carried the earth before it for four hundred yards space, leaving that which was pasture in the place of the tillage, and the tillage overspread with pasture. See *Speed's Account of Herefordshire, and Camden's Britannia.*

Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest root
Pierce the obstructing grit and restive marl.

Thus nought is useless made ; nor is there land
But what, or of itself, or else compell'd,
Affords advantage. On the barren heath
The shepherd tends his flock, that daily crop
Their verdant dinner from the mossy turf
Sufficient ; after them the cackling goose,
Close grazer, finds wherewith to ease her want.
What should I more ? Even on the clifty height
Of Penmanmaur, and that cloud-piercing hill
Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
Astonish'd, how the goats their shrubby browse
Gnaw pendent ; nor untrembling canst thou see
How from a craggy rock, whose prominence
Half overshades the ocean, hardy men,
Fearless of rending winds and dashing waves,
Cut samphire, to excite the squeamish guest
Of pamper'd luxury. Then let thy ground
Not lie unlabour'd ; if the richest stem
Refuse to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant
Somewhat that may to human use redound,
And penury, the worst of ills, remove ?

There are who fondly studious of increase
Rich foreign mould on their ill-natured land
Induce laborious, and with fattening muck
Besmear the roots in vain. The nursling grove
Seems fair a-while, cherish'd with foster earth,
But when the alien compost is exhaust,
Its native poverty again prevails.

Though this art fail despond not ; little pains
In a due hour employ'd great profit yield.
The' industrious, when the sun in Leo rides
And darts his sultriest beams portending drought,

Forget not at the foot of every plant
To sink a circling trench, and daily pour
A just supply of alimantal streams,
Exhausted sap recruiting ; else false hopes
He cherishes, nor will his fruit expect
The' autumnal season, but in summer's pride,
When other Orchats smile, abortive fail.

Thus the great light of Heaven, that in his course
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted fields, and often men
Perceive his influence dire ; sweltering they run
To grots and caves, and the cool umbrage seek
Of woven arborets, and oft the rills
Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay
Thirst inextinguishable : but if the spring
Preceding should be destitute of rain,
Or blast septentrional with brushing wings
Sweep up the smoky mists and vapours damp,
Then woe to mortals ! Titan then exerts
His heat intense, and on our vitals preys ;
Then maladies of various kinds and names
Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe
To blooming beauty, which imprints the face
Of fairest nymph, and checks our growing love,
Reign far and near ; grim Death in different shapes
Depopulates the nations ; thousands fall
His victims ; youths and virgins in their flower
Reluctant die, and sighing leave their loves
Unfinish'd, by infectious Heaven destroy'd.

Such heats prevail'd when fair Eliza, last
Of Winchcomb's name, (next thee in blood and
worth,
O fairest St. John !) left this toilsome world
In beauty's prime, and sadden'd all the year :

Nor could her virtues nor repeated vows
Of thousand lovers the relentless hand
Of Death arrest; she with the vulgar fell,
Only distinguish'd by this humble verse.

But if it please the sun's intemperate force
To know, attend; whilst I of ancient fame
The annals trace, and image to thy mind
How our forefathers, (luckless men!) ingulft
By the wide-yawning earth, to Stygian shades
Went quick, in one sad sepulchre enclosed.

In elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious this our other world subdued,
A spacious city stood, with firmest walls
Suremounded, and with numerous turrets crown'd,
Aërial spires and citadels, the seat
Of kings and heroes resolute in war,
Famed Ariconium! uncontroll'd and free
Till all-subduing Latian arms prevail'd.
Then also, though to foreign yoke submiss,
She undemolish'd stood, and even till now
Perhaps had stood, of ancient British art
A pleasing monument, not less admired
Than what from Attic or Etruscan hands
Arose, had not the heavenly powers averse
Decreed her final doom; for now the fields
Labour'd with thirst, Aquarius had not shed
His wonted showers, and Sirius parch'd with heat
Solstitial the green herb; hence 'gan relax
The ground's contexture; hence Tartarian dregs,
Sulphur and nitrous spume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darksome caves, by far
More dismal than the loud disploded roar
Of brazen enginery, that ceaseless storm
The bastion of a well-built city, deem'd

Impregnable : the' infernal winds till now
Closely imprison'd, by Titanian warmth
Dilating, and with unctuous vapours fed
Disdain'd their narrow cells, and their full strength
Collecting, from beneath the solid mass
Upheaved, and all her castles rooted deep
Shook from their lowest seat : old Vaga's stream,
Forced by the sudden shock her wonted track
Forsook, and drew her humid train aslope,
Crankling her banks : and now the lowering sky
And baleful lightning, and the thunder, voice
Of angry gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd
The sinking hearts of men. Where should they turn
Distress'd ? whence seek for aid, when from below
Hell threatens, and even Fate supreme gives signs
Of wrath and desolation ? Vain were vows,
And plaints, and suppliant hands, to Heaven erect :
Yet some to fanes repair'd, and humble rites
Perform'd to Thor and Woden, fabled gods,
Who with their votaries in one ruin shared,
Crush'd and o'erwhelm'd. Others in frantic mood
Run howling through the streets ; their hideous yells
Rend the dark welkin ; Horror stalks around,
Wild-staring, and his sad concomitant,
Despair, of abject look : at every gate
The thronging populace with hasty strides
Press furious, and too eager of escape
Obstruct the easy way ; the rocking town
Supplants their footsteps ; to and fro they reel
Astonish'd, as o'ercharged with wine ; when lo !
The ground adust her riven mouth disparts,
Horrible chasm, profound ! with swift descent
Old Ariconium sinks and all her tribes,
Heroes and senators, down to the realms

Of endless night. Meanwhile the loosen'd winds
Infuriate, molten rocks and flaming globes
Hurl'd high above the clouds, till all their force
Consumed, her ravenous jaws the' earth satiate
closed.

Thus this fair city fell, of which the name
Survives alone ; nor is there found a mark
Whereby the curious passenger may learn
Her ample site save coins and mouldering urns,
And huge unwieldly bones, lasting remains
Of that gigantic race, which as he breaks
The clotted glebe the ploughman haply finds
Appalled. Upon that treacherous track of land
She whilom stood ; now Ceres in her prime
Smiles fertilè, and with ruddiest freight bedeck'd
The Apple-tree by our forefathers' blood
Improved, that now recalls the devious Muse,
Urging her destined labours to pursue.

The prudent will observe what passions reign
In various plants (for not to man alone,
But all the wide creation, Nature gave
Love and aversion.) Everlasting hate
The vine to ivy bears, nor less abhors
The colewort's rankness, but with amorous twine
Clasps the tall elm. The Pæstan rose unfolds
Her bud more lovely near the fetid leek,
(Crest of stout Britons) and enhances thence
The price of her celestial scent. The gourd
And thirsty cucumber when they perceive
The' approaching olive, with resentment fly
Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep
Diverse, detesting contact, whilst the fig
Contemns not rue nor sage's humble leaf
Close neighbouring. The' Herefordian plant

Caresses freely the contiguous peach,
 Hazel and weight-resisting palm, and likes
 To' approach the quince, and the' elder's pithy stem ;
 Uneasy seated by funereal yew,
 Or walnut, (whose malignant touch impairs
 All generous fruits) or near the bitter dew
 Of cherries : therefore weigh the habits well
 Of plants, how they associate best, nor let
 Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful graffs.

Wouldst thou thy vats with generous juice should
 froth ?

Respect thy Orchats : think not that the trees
 Spontaneous will produce an wholesome draught.
 Let art correct thy breed : from parent bough
 A scion meetly sever ; after, force
 A way into the crabstock's close-wrought grain
 By wedges, and within the living wound
 Enclose the foster twig : nor overnice
 Refuse with thy own hands around to spread
 The binding clay : erelong their differing veins
 Unite, and kindly nourishment convey
 To the new pupil : now he shoots his arms
 With quickest growth ; now shake the teeming
 trunk,

Down rain the' impurpled balls, ambrosial fruit !
 Whether the wilding's fibres are contrived
 To draw the' earth's purest spirit, and resist
 Its feculence, which in more porous stocks
 Of Cider-plants finds passage free, or else
 The native verjuice of the crab, derived
 Through the' infix'd graff, a grateful mixture forms
 Of tart and sweet ; whatever be the cause,
 This doubtful progeny, by nicest tastes

Expected, best acceptance finds, and pays
Largest revenues to the Orchat lord.

Some think the quince and apple would combine
In happy union : others fitter deem
The sloe-stem, bearing silvan plums austere.
Who knows but both may thrive ? howe'er, what loss
To try the powers of both, and search how far
Two different natures may concur to mix
In close embraces, and strange offspring bear ?
Thou 'lt find that plants will frequent changes try
Undamaged, and their marriageable arms
Conjoin with others. So Silurian plants
Admit the peach's odoriferous globe,
And pears of sundry forms : at different times
Adopted plums with alien branches grace,
And men have gather'd from the hawthorn's branch
Large medlars, imitating regal crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautify each month
With files of party-colour'd fruits, that please
The tongue and view at once. So Maro's Muse,
Thrice sacred Muse ! commodious precepts gives
Instructive to the swains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful. Sometimes she diverts
From solid counsels, shows the force of love
In savage beasts, how virgin face divine
Attracts the hapless youth through storms and
waves,

Alone in deep of night ; then she describes
The Scythian winter, nor disdains to sing
How under ground the rude Riphæan race
Mimic brisk Cider with the brake's product wild,
Sloes pounded, hips, and servis' harshest juice.

Let sage Experience teach thee all the arts

Of grafting and ineyeing, when to lop
The flowing branches, what trees answer best
From root or kernel : she will best the hours
Of harvest and seed-time declare : by her
The different qualities of things were found
And secret motions, how with heavy bulk
Volatile Hermes, fluid and unmoist,
Mounts on the wings of air. To her we owe
The Indian weed², unknown to ancient times,
Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume
Extracts superfluous juices, and refines
The blood distemper'd from its noxious salts ;
Friend to the spirits, which with vapours bland
It gently mitigates ; companion fit
Of pleasantry and wine ; nor to the bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal shell
Warble melodious their well-labour'd songs.
She found the polish'd glass, whose small convex
Enlarges to ten millions of degrees
The mite, invisible else ; of Nature's hand
Least animal, and shows what laws of life
The cheese-inhabitants observe, and how
Fabric their mansions in the harden'd milk,
Wonderful artists ! But the hidden ways
Of Nature wouldst thou know, how first she frames
All things in miniature ? thy specular orb
Apply to well-dissected kernels : lo !
Strange forms arise, in each a little plant
Unfolds its boughs : observe the slender threads
Of first-beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,
In narrow seeds described, thou'lt wondering say
An inmate Orchat every apple boasts.
Thus all things by experience are display'd,

² Tobacco.

And most improved. Then sedulously think
To meliorate thy stock ; no way nor rule
Be unassay'd ; prevent the morning-star
Assiduous, nor with the western sun
Surcease to work. Lo ! thoughtful of thy gain,
Not of my own, I all the livelong day
Consume in meditation deep, recluse
From human converse, nor at shut of eve
Enjoy repose, but oft at midnight lamp
Ply my brain-racking studies, if by chance
Thee I may counsel right, and oft this care
Disturbs me slumbering. Wilt thou then repine
To labour for thyself, and rather choose
To lie supinely, hoping Heaven will bless
Thy slighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd ?

'Twill profit when the stork, sworn foe of snakes,
Returns, to show compassion to thy plants
Fatigued with breeding. Let the arched knife
Well-sharpen'd now assail the spreading shades
Of vegetables, and their thirsty limbs
Dissever ; for the genial moisture due
To Apples, otherwise mispends itself
In barren twigs, and for the' expected crop
Nought but vain shoots and empty leaves abound.

When swelling buds their odorous foliage shed,
And gently harden into fruit, the wise
Spare not the little offsprings if they grow
Redundant, but the thronging clusters thin
By kind avulsion, else the starveling brood,
Void of sufficient sustenance, will yield
A slender autumn, which the niggard soul
Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty hand,
That would not timely ease the ponderous boughs.

It much conduces, all the cares to know

Of gardening, how to scare nocturnal thieves,
And how the little race of birds, that hop
From spray to spray, scooping the costliest fruit
Insatiate, undisturb'd. Priapus' form
Avails but little; rather guard each row
With the false terrors of a breathless kite.
This done the timorous flock with swiftest wing
Scud through the air; their fancy represents
His mortal talons and his ravenous beak
Destructive; glad to shun his hostile gripe
They quit their thefts, and unfrequent the fields.

Besides, the filthy swine will oft invade
Thy firm enclosure, and with delving snout
The rooted forest undermine: forthwith
Halloo thy furious mastiff: bid him vex
The noxious herd, and print upon their ears
A sad memorial of their past offence.

The flagrant Procyon will not fail to bring
Largeshoals of slow house-bearingsnails, that creep
O'er the ripe fruitage, paring slimy tracks
In the sleek rinds, and unpress'd Cider drink.
No art averts this pest; on thee it lies
With morning and with evening hand to rid
The preying reptiles; nor, if wise, wilt thou
Decline this labour, which itself rewards
With pleasing gain, whilst the warm limbic draws
Salubrious waters from the nocent brood.

Myriads of wasps now also clustering hang
And drain a spurious honey from thy groves,
Their winter food; though oft repulsed again
They rally undismay'd: but fraud, with ease
Ensnares the noisome swarms: let every bough
Bear frequent vials, pregnant with the dregs
Of moyle or mum, or treacle's viscous juice;

They by the' alluring odour drawn, in haste
Fly to the dulcet cates, and crowding sip
Their palatable bane. Joyful thou'lt see
The clammy surface all o'erstrown with tribes
Of greedy insects, that with fruitless toil
Flap filmy pennons oft to extricate
Their feet, in liquid shackles bound; till death
Bereave them of their worthless souls. Such doom
Waits luxury, and lawless love of gain!

Howe'er thou may'st forbid external force,
Intestine evils will prevail. Damp airs
And rainy winters to the centre pierce
Of firmest fruits, and by unseen decay
The proper relish vitiate: then the grub,
Oft unobserved, invades the vital core;
Pernicious tenant! and her secret cave
Enlarges hourly, preying on the pulp
Ceaseless; meanwhile the apple's outward form
Delectable the witless swain beguiles,
Till with a writhen mouth and spattering noise
He tastes the bitter morsel, and rejects
Disrelish'd; not with less surprise than when
Embattled troops with flowing banners pass
Through flow'ry meads delighted, nor distrust
The smiling surface, whilst the cavern'd ground,
With grain incentive stored, by sudden blaze
Bursts fatal, and involves the hopes of war
In fiery whirls; full of victorious thoughts,
Torn and dismember'd, they aloft expire.

Now turn thine eye to view Alcinous' groves,
The pride of the Phæacian isle, from whence,
Sailing the spaces of the boundless deep,
To Ariconium precious fruits arrived:
The pippin, burnish'd o'er with gold; the moyle,

Of sweetest honey'd taste; the fair pearmain,
Temper'd like comeliest nymph with red and white.
Salopian acres flourish with a growth
Peculiar, styled the Ottley: Be thou first
This apple to transplant: if to the name
Its merit answers, no where shalt thou find
A wine more prized or laudable of taste.
Nor does the eliot least deserve thy care,
Nor John-apple, whose wither'd rind entrench'd
With many a furrow, aptly represents
Decrepit age, nor that from Harvey named,
Quick-relishing. Why should we sing the thrift,
Codling, or pomeroy, or of pimpled coat
The russet, or the cat's-head's weighty orb,
Enormous in its growth, for various use
Though these are meet, though after full repast
Are oft required, and crown the rich dessert?

What though the pear-tree rival not the worth
Of Ariconian products; yet her freight
Is not contemn'd, yet her wide branching arms
Best screen thy mansion from the fervent Dog,
Adverse to life. The wintry hurricanes
In vain employ their roar, her trunk unmoved
Breaks the strong onset, and controls their rage;
Chiefly the Bosbury, whose large increase
Annual in sumptuous hanquets claims applause;
Thrice acceptable beverage! could but art
Subdue the floating lee, Pomona's self
Would dread thy praise, and shun the dubious strife.
Be it thy choice when summer heats annoy
To sit beneath her leafy canopy,
Quaffing rich liquids; oh how sweet to' enjoy
At once her fruits and hospitable shade!

But how with equal numbers shall we match

The musk's surpassing worth, that earliest gives
Sure hopes of racy wine ; and in its youth,
Its tender nonage, loads the spreading boughs
With large and juicy offspring, that defies
The vernal nippings and cold syderal blasts !
Yet let her to the redstreak yield, that once
Was of the silvan kind, uncivilized,
Of no regard, till Scudamore's skilful hand
Improved her, and by courtly discipline
Taught her the savage nature to forget,
Hence styled The Scudamorian-Plant ; whose wine
Whoever tastes let him with grateful heart
Respect that ancient loyal house, and wish
The noble peer, that now transcends our hopes
In early worth, his country's justest pride,
Uninterrupted joy and health entire.

Let every tree in every garden own
The redstreak as supreme, whose pulpous fruit,
With gold irradiate and vermilion, shines
Tempting, not fatal ; as the birth of that
Primeval interdicted plant, that won
Fond Eve, in hapless hour, to taste and die.
This, of more bounteous influence, inspires
Poetic raptures, and the lowly Muse
Kindles to loftier strains ; even I perceive
Her sacred virtue. See ! the numbers flow
Easy, whilst cheer'd with her nectareous juice
Her's and my country's praises I exalt.
Hail Herefordian Plant ! that dost disdain
All other fields : Heaven's sweetest blessing, hail !
Be thou the copious matter of my song,
And thy choice nectar, on which always waits
Laughter and sport, and care-beguiling wit,
And friendship, chief delight of human life.

What should we wish for more? or why in quest
Of foreign vintage, insincere and mix'd,
Traverse the' extremest world? why tempt the rage
Of the rough ocean, when our native glebe
Imparts, from bounteous womb, annual recruits
Of wine delectable, that far surmounts
Gallic or Latin grapes, or those that see
The setting sun near Calpe's towering height?
Nor let the Rhodian nor the Lesbian vines
Vaunt their rich must, nor let tokay contend
For sovereignty: Phanæus' self must bow
To the' Ariconian vales. And shall we doubt
To' improve our vegetable wealth, or let
The soil lie idle, which with fit manure
Will largest usury repay, alone
Empower'd to supply what Nature asks
Frugal, or what nice appetite requires?
The meadows here, with battenning ooze enrich'd,
Give spirit to the grass; three cubits high
The jointed herbage shoots; the' unfallow'd glebe
Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with store
Of golden wheat, the strength of human life;
Lo! on auxiliary poles the hops
Ascending spiral, ranged in meet array:
Lo! how the arable with barley-grain
Stands thick, o'ershadow'd, to the thirsty hind
Transporting prospect. These, as modern use
Ordains, infused, an auburn drink compose
Wholesome, of deathless fame. Here to the sight,
Apples of price, and plenteous sheaves of corn,
Oft interlaced occur, and both imbibe
Fitting congenial juice; so rich the soil,
So much does fructuous moisture o'er-abound!
Nor are the hills unamiable, whose tops

To Heaven aspire, affording prospect sweet
To human ken ; nor at their feet the vales
Descending gently, where the lowing herd
Chew verdurous pasture ; nor the yellow fields
Gaily interchanged, with rich variety
Pleasing ; as when an emerald green, enchased
In flamy gold, from the bright mass-acquires
A nobler hue, more delicate to sight.
Next, add the silvan shades and silent groves,
(Haunt of the Druids) whence the earth is fed
With copious fuel, whence the sturdy oak,
A prince's refuge once, the' eternal guard
Of England's throne, by sweating peasants fell'd,
Stems the vast main, and bears tremendous war
To distant nations, or with sovereign sway
Awe the divided world to peace and love.
Why should the Calybes or Bilboa boast
Their harden'd iron, when our mines produce
As perfect martial ore ? Can Tmolus' head
Vie with our saffron odours ? or the fleece
Bætic or finest Tarentine compare
With Lemster's silken wool ? Where shall we find
Men more undaunted, for their country's weal
More prodigal of life ? In ancient days
The Roman legions and great Cæsar found
Our fathers no mean foes, and Cressy plains
And Agincourt, deep tinged with blood, confess
What the Silures' vigour unwithstood
Could do in rigid fight ; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide-wasting hand, first garter'd knight,
Puissant author of great Chandos' stem,
High Chandos ! that transmits paternal worth,
Prudence, and ancient prowess, and renown,
To' his noble offspring. O thrice happy peer !

That bless'd with hoary vigour view'st thyself
Fresh blooming in thy generous son, whose lips
Flowing with nervous eloquence exact,
Charm the wise senate, and attention win
In deepest councils. Ariconium pleased,
Him as her chosen worthy first salutes ;
Him on the' Iberian, on the Gallic shore,
Him hardy Britons bless'd ; his faithful hand
Conveys new courage from afar, nor more
The general's conduct than his care avails.

Thee also, glorious branch of Cecil's line
This country claims ; with pride and joy to thee.
Thy Alterennis calls ; yet she endures
Patient thy absence, since thy prudent choice
Has fix'd thee in the Muses' fairest seat³
Where Aldrich⁴ reigns, and from his endless store
Of universal knowledge, still supplies
His noble care : he, generous thoughts instils
Of true nobility, their country's love,
(Chief end of life) and forms their ductile minds
To human virtues : by his genius led
Thou soon in every art pre-eminent
Shalt grace this isle, and rise to Burleigh's fame.

Hail highborn peer ! and thou great nurse of arts
And men from whence conspicuous patriots spring,
Hanmer and Bromley ! thou to whom with due
Respect Wintonia bows, and joyful owns
Thy mitred offspring ; be for ever bless'd
With like examples, and to future times
Proficuous, such a race of men produce
As in the cause of virtue firm may fix
Her throne inviolate. Hear, ye gods ! this vow
From one, the meanest in her numerous train ;
Though meanest, not least studious of her praise.

³ Oxford.⁴ Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church.

Muse! raisethy voice to Beaufort's spotless fame,
To Beaufort! in a long descent derived
From royal ancestry, of kingly rights
Faithful asserters: in him centering meet
Their glorious virtues, high desert from pride
Disjoin'd, unshaken honour, and contempt
Of strong allurements. O illustrious prince!
O thou of ancient faith! exulting, thee
In her fair list this happy land enrolls.

Who can refuse a tributary verse
To Weymouth, firmest friend of slighted worth
In evil days? whose hospitable gate,
Unbarred to all, invites a numerous train
Of daily guests, whose board with plenty crown'd
Revives the feast-rites old; meanwhile his care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In acts of secret goodness, shuns the praise
That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous lord!
To blazon what though hid will beauteous shine,
And with thy name to dignify my song.

But who is he that on the winding stream
Of Vaga first drew vital breath, and now
Approved in Anna's secret councils sits,
Weighing the sum of things, with wise forecast
Solicitous of public good? How large
His mind, that comprehends whate'er was known
To old or present time! yet not elate,
Not conscious of its skill. What praise deserves
His liberal hand that gathers but to give,
Preventing suit? O, not unthankful Muse,
Him lowly reverence that first deign'd to hear
Thy pipe, and screen'd thee from opprobrious
tongue;
Acknowledge thy own Harley, and his name

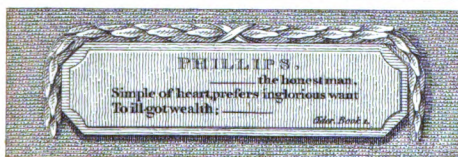
Inscribe on every bark ; the wounded plants
Will fast increase, faster thy just respect.

Such are our heroes, by their virtues known,
Or skill in peace and war. Of softer mould
The female sex with sweet attractive airs
Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft,
That view their matchless forms with transient
glance,

Catch sudden love, and sigh for nymphs unknown,
Smit with the magic of their eyes. Nor hath
The dædal hand of Nature only pour'd
Her gifts of outward grace ; their innocence
Unfeign'd, and virtue most engaging, free
From pride or artifice, long joys afford
To the' honest nuptial bed, and in the wane
Of life rebate the miseries of age.

And is there found a wretch so base of mind,
That woman's powerful beauty dares condemn,
Exactest work of Heaven ? he ill deserves
Or love or pity ; friendless let him see
Uneasy, tedious days, despised, forlorn,
As stain of human race ; but may the man,
That cheerfully recounts the female's praise,
Find equal love, and love's untainted sweets
Enjoy with honour ! O ye gods ! might I
Elect my fate, my happiest choice should be
A fair and modest virgin, that invites
With aspect chaste, forbidding loose desire,
Tenderly smiling, in whose heavenly eye
Sits purest Love enthroned ; but if the stars,
Malignant, these my better hopes oppose,
May I, at least, the sacred pleasures know
Of strictest amity, nor ever want
A friend, with whom I mutually may share

Gladness and anguish, by kind intercourse
Of speech and offices; may in my mind
Indelible, a grateful sense remain
Of favours undeserved!—O thou! from whom
Gladly both rich and low seek aid, most wise
Interpreter of right, whose gracious voice
Breathes equity, and curbs too rigid law
With mild impartial reason, what returns
Of thanks are due to thy beneficence,
Freely vouchsafed when to the gates of Death
I tended prone? If thy indulgent care
Had not prevened, among unbodied shades
I now had wander'd, and these empty thoughts
Of apples perish'd; but upraised by thee
I tune my pipe afresh, each night and day
Thy unexampled goodness to extol
Desirous: but nor night nor day suffice
For that great task; the highly-honour'd name
Of Trevor must employ my willing thoughts
Incessant, dwell for ever on my tongue.
Let me be grateful; but let far from me
Be fawning cringe, and false-dissembling look,
And servile flattery, that harbours oft
In courts and gilded roofs. Some loose the bands
Of ancient friendship, cancel Nature's laws,
For pageantry and tawdry gewgaws: some
Renounce their sires, oppose paternal right
For rule and power, and others' realms invade
With specious shows of love: this traitorous wretch
Betrays his sovereign. Others destitute
Of real zeal, to every altar bend,
By lucre sway'd, and act the basest things
To be styled Honourable. The honest man,
Simple of heart, prefers inglorious want



Drawn by Rich^d Worsall R.A.

Engraved by Anst. Gordon.

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To ill-got wealth: rather from door to door
A jocund pilgrim, though distress'd, he'll rove,
Than break his plighted faith: nor fear nor hope
Will shock his stedfast soul: rather debarred
Each common privilege, cut off from hopes
Of meanest gain, of present goods despoil'd,
He'll bear the marks of infamy contemn'd,
Unpitied; yet his mind, of evil pure,
Supports him, and intention free from fraud.
If no retinue with observant eyes
Attend him, if he can't with purple stain
Of cumbrous vestments labour'd o'er with gold,
Dazzle the crowd and set them all agape,
Yet, clad in homely weeds, from Envy's darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly pangs
Of conscience, nor of spectres' grisly forms,
Demons, and injured souls, at close of day
Annoy'd, sad interrupted slumbers finds;
But (as a child whose inexperienced age
Nor evil purpose fears nor knows) enjoys
Night's sweet refreshment, humid sleep sincere.
When chanticleer with clarion shrill recalls
The tardy day he to his labours hies
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy mortals, and with curious search
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Fossils, and minerals, that the' embowell'd earth
Displays, if by his industry he can
Benefit human race; or else his thoughts
Are exercised with speculations deep, [rules
Of good, and just, and meet, and the' wholesome
Of temperance, and aught that may improve
The moral life; not sedulous to rail,
Nor with envenom'd tongue to blast the fame

Of harmless men, or secret whispers spread
'Mong faithful friends, to breed distrust and hate :
Studious of virtue, he no life observes
Except his own ; his own employs his cares,
Large subject ; that he labours to refine
Daily, nor of his little stock denies
Fit alms to lazars, merciful and meek.

Thus sacred Virgil lived, from courtly vice
And baits of pompous Rome secure, at court
Still thoughtful of the rural honest life,
And how to improve his grounds, and how himself :
Best poet ! fit exemplar for the tribe
Of Phœbus, nor less fit Mæonides,
Poor eyeless pilgrim ! and if after these,
If after these another I may name,
Thus tender Spenser lived, with mean repast
Content, depress'd by penury, and pined
In foreign realm, yet not debased his verse
By Fortune's frowns. And had that other bard ^s,
Oh ! had but he, that first ennobled song
With holy rapture, like his Abdiel been,
'Mong many faithless, strictly faithful found,
Unpitied he should not have wail'd his orbs,
That roll'd in vain, to find the piercing ray,
And found no dawn, by dim suffusion veil'd :
But he—However, let the Muse abstain,
Nor blast his fame from whom she learnt to sing
In much inferior strains, grovelling beneath
The' Olympian hill, on plains and vales intent,
Mean follower ! There let her rest a while,
Pleased with the fragrant walks and cool retreat.

^s Milton.

BOOK II.

Argument.

Dedication to Mr. Harcourt.—Subject resumed.—Bad effects of blights, when the fruit is forming.—Autumn, the season of gathering apples.—Cider-mill, and press, described.—Cider-washings.—Possibility of preserving and ripening wind-fall apples.—Caution against endeavouring to improve Cider, by mixing any thing with the pure juice of the apple; and against boiling it.—Tithe of apples to be paid.—Signs of fair weather, and of fertile seasons.—Each season produces its appropriate fruits.—Wine, made of different sorts of fruits.—Mead.—Birch and cowslip wines.—Usquebaugh drank in Ireland; Mum and Geneva in Holland.—A drink made of Juniper berries, drank by the Northern Nations.—Persons in hot countries obliged to drink frequently.—Cider should be kept two years in cask before it is bottled; may be made of various sorts of apples, ground and pressed together; often resembles different kinds of wine so exactly, as to be mistaken by foreigners for the genuine wine, that is the particular growth of their own country; should not be racked until it is quite fine; should be bottled in the Spring.—Glass; how made, and bottles blown.—Different sorts of Cider require to be kept a different length of time in bottle, before they are fit for drinking.—Potency of Stire-Cider.—The Farmer's-feast.—Praise of Bacchus, Christmas gambols, and the rustic-ball.—Temperance recommended.—Fatal consequences of intemperance.—Battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ.—Civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament.—Panegyric on King Charles and on Queen Anne.—England happy in a monarchic Government.—The contentions of the Heptarchy, and wars under our first kings, contrasted with the peaceable and happy reign of Edgar.—The achievements of Richard Cœur de Leon in the Crusades.—Victories of Edward III. in France.—Miseries of the civil war between the houses of York and Lancaster.—These houses united

in the person of Henry VII.—The crowns of England and Scotland united in James I.—Act of Union between the two kingdoms.—The power and importance it gives to Britain.

O HARCOURT! whom the' ingenuous love of arts
Has carried from thy native soil beyond
The' eternal alpine snows, and now detains
In Italy's waste realms, how long must we
Lament thy absence? whilst in sweet sojourn
Thou view'st the relics of old Rome, or what
Unrivall'd authors by their presence made
For ever venerable, rural seats,
Tibur and Tusculum, or Virgil's urn,
Green with immortal bays, which haply thou,
Respecting his great name, dost now approach
With bended knee, and strow with purple flowers,
Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook
This long delay. At length, dear youth! return,
Of wit and judgment ripe in blooming years,
And Britain's isle with Latin knowledge grace;
Return, and let thy father's worth excite
Thirst of pre-eminence. See how the cause
Of widows and of orphans he asserts
With winning rhetoric and well-argued law!
Mark well his footsteps, and like him deserve
Thy prince's favour, and thy country's love.

Meanwhile, although the Massic grape delights,
Pregnant of racy juice, and Formian hills
Temper thy cups, yet wilt not thou reject
Thy native liquors: lo! for thee my mill
Now grinds choice apples, and the British vats
O'erflow with generous Cider. Far remote

Accept this labour, nor despise the Muse
That, passing lands and seas, on thee attends.

Thus far of Trees ; the pleasing task remains
To sing of Wines and autumn's bless'd increase.
The' effects of art are shown, yet what avails
'Gainst Heaven ? oft, notwithstanding all thy care
To help thy plants, when the small fruitery seems
Exempt from ills, an oriental blast
Disastrous flies, soon as the hind fatigued
Unyokes his team ; the tender freight, unskill'd
To bear the hot disease, distemper'd pines
In the year's prime ! the deadly plague annoys
The wide enclosure : think not vainly now
To treat thy neighbours with mellifluous cups,
Thus disappointed : if thy former years
Exhibit no supplies, alas ! thou must
With tasteless water wash thy drougthy throat.

A thousand accidents the farmer's hopes
Subvert or check : uncertain all his toil,
Till lusty Autumn's lukewarm days, allay'd
With gentle colds, insensibly confirm
His ripening labours. Autumn to the fruits
Earth's various lap produces, vigour gives
Equal, intenerating milky grain,
Berries, and sky-dyed plums, and what in coat
Rough, or soft rind, or bearded husk or shell,
Fat olives, and pistachio's fragrant nut,
And the pine's tasteful apple : autumn paints
Ausonian hills with grapes, whilst English plains
Blush with pomaceous harvests, breathing sweets.
O let me now, when the kind early dew
Unlocks the' embosom'd odours, walk among
The well-ranged files of trees, whose full-aged stores
Diffuse ambrosial steams, than myrrh or nard

More grateful, or perfuming flowery bean !
Soft whispering airs and the lark's matin song
Then woo to musing, and becalm the mind,
Perplex'd with irksome thoughts. Thrice happy
Best portion of the various year, in which [time,
Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works
Lovely, to full perfection wrought ! But ah !
Short are our joys, and neighbouring griefs disturb
Our pleasant hours ! inclement Winter dwells
Contiguous ; forthwith frosty blasts deface
The blithsome year : trees of their shrivell'd fruits
Are widow'd, dreary storms o'er all prevail !
Now, now the time, ere hasty suns forbid
To work, disburden thou thy sapless wood
Of its rich progeny : the turgid fruit
Abounds with mellow liquor ; now exhort
Thy hinds to exercise the pointed steel
On the hard rock, and give a wheely form
To the expected grinder ; now prepare
Materials for thy mill, a sturdy post
Cylindric, to support the grinder's weight
Excessive, and a flexile fallow entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy hoard.
Nor must thou not be mindful of thy press,
Long ere the vintage, but with timely care
Shave the goat's shaggy beard, lest thou too late
In vain shouldst seek a strainer, to dispart
The husky terrene dregs from purer must.
Be cautious next a proper steed to find
Whose prime is pass'd ; the vigorous horse disdains
Such servile labours ; or, if forced, forgets
His past achievements and victorious palms :
Blind Bayard rather, worn with work and years,
Shall roll the' unwieldy stone ; with sober pace

He'll tread the circling path, till dewy eve
From early dayspring, pleased to find his age,
Declining, not unuseful to his lord.

Some, when the press by utmost vigour screw'd
Has drain'd the pulpos mass, regale their swine
With the dry refuse; thou, more wise, shalt steep
Thy husks in water, and again employ
The ponderous engine: Water will imbibe
The small remains of spirit, and acquire
A vinous flavour; this the peasants blithe
Will quaff, and whistle as thy tinkling team
They drive, and sing of Fusca's radiant eyes,
Pleased with the medley draught. Nor shalt thou
now

Reject the apple-cheese, though quite exhaust;
Even now 'twill cherish and improve the roots
Of sickly plants; new vigour hence convey'd,
Will yield an harvest of unusual growth:
Such profit springs from husks discreetly used!

The tender apples from their parents rent
By stormy shocks, must not neglected lie
The prey of worms, A frugal man I knew,
Rich in one barren acre, which subdued
By endless culture, with sufficient must
His casks replenish'd yearly: he no more
Desired nor wanted, diligent to learn
The various seasons, and by skill repel
Invading pests; successful in his cares,
Till the damp Libyan wind, with tempests arm'd
Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst
His Cider grove: o'erturn'd by furious blasts,
The sightly ranks fall prostrate, and around
Their fruitage scatter'd, from the genial boughs
Stripp'd immature: yet did he not repine,

Nor curse his stars ! but prudent, his fallen heaps
Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid wreaths
Of tedded grass and the sun's mellowing beams,
Rivall'd with artful heats, and thence procured
A costly liquor, by improving time
Equall'd with what the happiest vintage bears.

But this I warn thee, and shall always warn,
No heterogeneous mixtures use, as some
With watery turnips have debased their wines,
Too frugal ; nor let the crude humours dance
In heated brass, steaming with fire intense,
Although Devonian much commends the use
Of strengthening Vulcan : with their native strength
Thy wines sufficient other aid refuse,
And when the' allotted orb of time's complete,
Are more commended than the labour'd drinks.

Nor let thy avarice tempt thee to withdraw
The priest's appointed share ; with cheerful heart
The tenth of thy increase bestow, and own
Heaven's bounteous goodness ; that will sure repay
Thy grateful duty. This neglected, fear
A signal vengeance ; such as overtook
A miser, that unjustly once withheld
The clergy's due : relying on himself,
His fields he tended with successful care
Early and late, when or unwish'd-for rain
Descended, or unseasonable frosts
Curb'd his increasing hopes, or when around
The clouds dropp'd fatness, in the middle sky
The dew suspended staid, and left unmoist
His execrable glebe. Recording this,
Be just and wise ; and tremble to transgress.

Learn now the promise of the coming year
To know, that by no flattering signs abused

Thou wisely may'st provide. The various moon
Prophetic, and attendant stars, explain
Each rising dawn; ere icy crusts surmount
The current stream, the heavenly orbs serene
Twinkle with trembling rays, and Cynthia glows
With light unsullied: now, the Fowler, warn'd
By these good omens, with swift early steps
Treads the crimp earth, ranging through fields and
glades

Offensive to the birds: sulphureous death
Checks their mid flight, and heedless while they
strain

Their tuneful throats, the towering heavy lead
O'ertakes their speed: they leave their little lives
Above the clouds, precipitant to earth.

The woodcock's early visit and abode
Of long continuance in our temperate clime,
Foretell a liberal harvest. He, of times
Intelligent, the harsh Hyperborean ice
Shuns for our equal winters: when our suns
Cleave the chill'd soil, he backward wings his way
To Scandinavian frozen summers, meet
For his numb'd blood. But nothing profits more
Than frequent snows: O may'st thou often see
Thy furrows whiten'd by the woolly rain
Nutricious! secret niture lurks within
The porous wet, quickening the languid glebe.

Sometimes thou shalt with fervent vows implore
A moderate wind: the Orchat loves to wave
With winter wind, before the gems exert
Their feeble heads: the loosen'd roots then drink
Large increment, earnest of happy years.

Nor will it nothing profit to observe
The monthly stars, their powerful influence

O'er planted fields, what vegetables reign
Under each sign. On our account has Jove
Indulgent, to all moons some succulent plant
Allotted, that poor helpless man might slake
His present thirst, and matter find for toil.
Now will the corinths, now the rasps, supply
Delicious draughts ; the quinces now, or plums
Or cherries, or the fair Thisbeian fruit,
Are press'd to wines : the Britons squeeze the works
Of sedulous bees ; and, mixing odorous herbs,
Prepare balsamic cups, to weezing lungs
Medicinal, and short-breath'd ancient sires.

But if thou'rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omnifarious drinks wouldst brew,
Besides the Orchat every hedge and bush
Affords assistance ; even afflictive birch,
Cursed by unletter'd idle youth, distils
A limpid current from her wounded bark,
Profuse of nursing sap. When solar beams
Parch thirsty human veins, the damask'd meads,
Unforced, display ten thousand painted flowers
Useful in potables. Thy little sons
Permit to range the pastures ; gladly they
Will mow the cowslip posies faintly sweet,
From whence thou artificial wines shalt drain
Of icy taste ; that, in mid fervours, best
Slake craving thirst, and mitigate the day.

Happy Ierne' ! whose most wholesome air
Poisons envenom'd spiders, and forbids
The baleful toad and viper from her shore :
More happy in her balmy draughts, enrich'd
With miscellaneous spices, and the root
(For thirst-abating sweetness praised) which wide

¹ Ireland.

Extend her fame, and to each drooping heart
Present redress, and lively health convey.

See how the Belgæ, sedulous and stout,
With bowls of fattening mum, or blissful cups
Of kernel-relish'd fluids, the fair star
Of early Phosphorus salute, at noon
Jocund with frequent rising fumes ! by use
Instructed thus to quell their native phlegm
Prevailing, and engender wayward mirth.

What need to treat of distant climes, removed
Far from the sloping journey of the year,
Beyond Petsora and Islandic coasts,
Where ever-during snows, perpetual shades
Of darkness, would congeal their livid blood,
Did not the Arctic track spontaneous yield
A cheering purple berry, big with wine
Intensely fervent, which each hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming pile of pines ? and oft
They interlard their native drinks with choice
Of strongest brandy, yet scarce, with these aids,
Enabled to prevent the sudden rot
Of freezing nose, and quick-decaying feet.

Nor less the sable borderers of Nile,
Nor who Taprobane manure, nor they
Whom sunny Borneo bears, are stored with streams
Egregious, rum and rice's spirit extract :
For here exposed to perpendicular rays,
In vain they covet shades and Thrascia's gales,
Pining with equinoctial heat, unless
The cordial glass perpetual motion keep,
Quick circuiting : nor dare they close their eyes,
Void of a bulky charger near their lips,
With which, in often-interrupted sleep,
Their frying blood compels to irrigate

Their dry-furr'd tongues, else minutely to death
Obnoxious, dismal death ! the' effect of drought.

More happy they born in Columbus' world,
Carybbes, and they whom the cotton plant
With downy-sprouting vests arrays : their woods
Bow with prodigious nuts, that give at once
Celestial food and nectar ; then at hand
The lemon, uncorrupt with voyage long,
To vinous spirits added, (heavenly drink !)
They with pneumatic engine ceaseless draw,
Intent on laughter : a continual tide
Flows from the' exhilarating fount. As when
Against a secret cliff with sudden shock
A ship is dash'd, and, leaking, drinks the sea ;
The' astonish'd mariners aye ply the pump,
Nor stay nor rest till the wide breach is closed ;
So they (but cheerful) unfatigued still move
The draining sucker, then alone concern'd
When the dry bowl forbids their pleasing work.

But if to hoarding thou art bent, thy hopes
Are frustrate, shouldst thou think thy pipes will flow
With early limpid wine. The hoarded store,
And the harsh draught, must twice endure the sun's
Kind strengthening heat, twice winter's purging
cold.

There are, that a compounded fluid drain
From different mixtures, woodcock, pippin, moyle,
Rough eliot, sweet pearmain : the blended streams
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleasurable medley, of what taste
Hardly distinguish'd ; as the showery arch
With listed colours gay, or, azure, gules,
Delights and puzzles the beholder's eye,
That views the watery braid with thousand shows

Of painture varied, yet is unskill'd to tell
Or where one colour rises or one faints.

Some Ciders have by art or age unlearn'd
Their genuine relish, and of sundry wines
Assumed the flavour : one sort counterfeits
The Spanish product ; this, to Gauls, has seem'd
The sparkling nectar of Champaign ; with that
A German oft has swill'd his throat, and sworn,
Deluded, that imperial Rhine bestow'd
The generous rummer, whilst the owner, pleased,
Laughs inly at his guests, thus entertain'd
With foreign vintage from his Cider cask.

Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells
Of close-press'd husks is freed, thou most refrain
Thy thirsty soul ; let none persuade to broach
Thy thick unwholesome undigested cates ;
The hoary frosts and northern blasts take care
Thy muddy beverage to serene, and drive,
Precipitant, the baser ropy lees.

And now thy wine's transpicuous, purged from all
Its earthly gross ; yet, let it feed a while
On the fat refuse, lest, too soon disjoin'd,
From sprightly it to sharp or vapid change.
When to convenient vigour it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen tube
Inflex'd ; self-taught and voluntary flies
The defecated liquor, through the vent
Ascending, then by downward track convey'd
Spouts into subject vessels lovely clear :
As when a noontide sun with summer beams
Darts through a cloud, her watery skirts are edged
With lucid amber or undrossy gold ;
So, and so richly, the purged liquid shines.

Now also when the colds abate, nor yet

Full summer shines, a dubious season, close
In glass thy purer streams, and let them gain,
From due confinement, spirit and flavour new.

For this intent the subtle chemist feeds
Perpetual flames, whose unresisted force
O'er sand and ashes and the stubborn flint
Prevailing, turns into a fusil sea,
That in his furnace bubbles sunny-red ;
From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd steel
He takes, and by one efficacious breath
Dilates to a surprising cube, or sphere,
Or oval, and fit receptacles forms
For every liquid, with his plastic lungs,
To human life subservient : by his means
Ciders in metal frail improve ; the moyle
And tasteful pippin in a moon's short year
Acquire complete perfection : now they smoke
Transparent, sparkling in each drop, delight
Of curious palate, by fair virgins craved.
But harsher fluids different lengths of time
Expect : thy flask will slowly mitigate
The eliot roughness : stirom, firmest fruit,
Embottled long as Priameian Troy
Withstood the Greeks, endures, ere justly mild :
Soften'd by age it youthful vigour gains,
Fallacious drink ! Ye honest men ! beware,
Nor trust its smoothness ; the third circling glass
Suffices virtue : but may hypocrites,
(That sliely speak one thing, another think,
Hateful as hell) pleased with the relish weak,
Drink on unwarn'd, till, by enchanting cups
Infatuate, they their wily thoughts disclose,
And through intemperance grow a while sincere !
The farmer's toil is done ; his cades mature

Now call for vent; his lands exhaust permit
To' indulge awhile. Now solemn rites he pays
To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth.
His honest friends at thirsty hour of dusk
Come uninvited; he, with bounteous hand
Imparts his smoking vintage, sweet reward
Of his own industry; the well-fraught bowl
Circles incessant, whilst the humble cell
With quavering laugh and rural jest resounds.
Ease and content, and undissembled love,
Shine in each face; the thoughts of labour pass'd
Increase their joy: as from retentive cage
When sullen Philomel escapes, her notes
She varies, and of pass'd imprisonment
Sweetly complains; her liberty retrieved
Cheers her sad soul, improves her pleasing song.
Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds
Of healthy temperance, nor encroach on night,
Season of rest; but well-bedew'd repair
Each to his home with unsupplanted feet:
Ere heaven's emblazon'd by the rosy dawn,
Domestic cares awake them; brisk they rise,
Refresh'd, and lively with the joys that flow
From amicable talk and moderate cups
Sweetly interchanged. The pining lover finds
Present redress, and long oblivion drinks
Of coy Lucinda. Give the debtor wine;
His joys are short and few; yet when he drinks
His dread retires; the flowing glasses add
Courage and mirth; magnificent in thought,
Imaginary riches he enjoys,
And in the gaol expatiates unconfined.
Nor can the poet Bacchus' praise indite,
Debarr'd his grape. The Muses still require

Humid regalement, nor will aught avail
Imploring Phœbus with unmoisten'd lips.
Thus to the generous bottle all incline,
By parching thirst allured. With vehement suns
When dusty summer bakes the crumbling clods,
How pleasant is 't beneath the twisted arch
Of a retreating bower in mid-day's reign,
To ply the sweet carouse, remote from noise,
Secured of feverish heats ! When the' aged year
Inclines and Boreas' spirit blusters frore,
Beware the' inclement heavens ; now let thy hearth
Crackle with juiceless boughs ; thy lingering blood
Now instigate with the' Apple's powerful streams.
Perpetual showers and stormy guests confine
The willing ploughman, and December warns
To annual jollities ; now sportive youth
Carol incondite rhythms with suiting notes,
And quaver unharmonious ; sturdy swains
In clean array for rustic dance prepare,
Mix'd with the buxom damsels ; hand in hand
They frisk and bound, and various mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mien
Transported, and sometimes an oblique leer
Dart on their loves, sometimes an hasty kiss
Steal from unwary lasses ; they with scorn
And neck reclined, resent the ravish'd bliss :
Meanwhile blind British bards with volant touch
Traverse loquacious strings, whose solemn notes
Provoke to harmless revels ; these among
A subtle artist stands ; in wondrous bag
That bears imprison'd winds (of gentler sort
Than those which erst Laertes' son enclosed)
Peaceful they sleep ; but let the tuneful squeeze
Of labouring elbow rouse them, out they fly

Melodious, and with sprightly accents charm.
Midst these disports forget they not to drench
Themselves with bellying goblets; nor when spring
Returns, can they refuse to usher in
The fresh-born year with loud acclaim, and store
Of jovial draughts; now, when the sappy boughs
Attire themselves with blooms, sweet rudiments
Of future harvest. When the Gnosian Crown
Leads on expected autumn, and the trees
Discharge their mellow burdens, let them thank
Boon Nature, that thus annually supplies
Their vaults, and with her former liquid gifts
Exhilarates their languid minds, within
The golden mean confined; beyond there's nought
Of health or pleasure: therefore, when thy heart
Dilates with fervent joys, and eager soul
Prompts to pursue the sparkling glass, be sure
'Tis time to shun it: if thou wilt prolong
Dire computation, forthwith reason quits
Her empire to confusion, and misrule,
And vain debates; then twenty tongues at once
Conspire in senseless jargon; nought is heard
But din, and various clamour, and mad rant:
Distrust and jealousy to these succeed,
And anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane
Of well-knit fellowship. Now horrid frays
Commence; the brimming glasses now are hurl'd
With dire intent; bottles with bottles clash
In rude encounter; round their temples fly
The sharp-edged fragments, down their batter'd
cheeks
Mix'd gore and Cider flow. What shall we say
Of rash Elpenor, who in evil hour
Dried an immeasurable bowl, and thought

To' exhale his surfeit by irriguous sleep,
Imprudent? him death's iron sleep oppress'd,
Descending careless from his couch; the fall
Luxt his neck-joint, and spinal marrow bruised.
Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend
The turbulent mirth of wine, nor all the kinds
Of maladies that lead to Death's grim cave,
Wrought by intemperance, joint-racking gout,
Intestine stone, and pining atrophy,
Chill, even when the sun with July-heats
Fries the scorch'd soil, and dropsy, all afloat,
Yet craving liquids; nor the Centaurs' tale
Be here repeated, how with lust and wine
Inflamed they fought, and spill'd their drunken souls
At feasting hour. Ye heavenly Powers that guard
The British Isles! such dire events remove
Far from fair Albion, nor let civil broils
Ferment from social cups. May we, remote
From the hoarse brazen sound of war, enjoy
Our humid products, and with seemly draughts
Enkindle mirth and hospitable love!
Too oft, alas! has mutual hatred drench'd
Our swords in native blood; too oft has pride,
And hellish discord, and insatiate thirst
Of others' rights, our quiet discomposed.
Have we forgot how fell destruction raged
Wide-spreading, when by Eris' torch incensed
Our fathers warred? what heroes, signalized
For loyalty and prowess, met their fate
Untimely, undeserved! how Bertie fell,
Compton, and Granville, dauntless sons of Mars,
Fit themes of endless grief, but that we view
Their virtues yet surviving in their race!
Can we forget how the mad headstrong rout

Defied their prince to arms, nor made account
Of faith or duty, or allegiance sworn?
Apostate, atheist rebels! bent to ill,
With seeming sanctity and cover'd fraud,
Instill'd by him who first presumed to' oppose
Omnipotence: alike their crime; the' event
Was not alike: these triumph'd; and in height
Of barbarous malice and insulting pride
Abstain'd not from imperial blood. O fact
Unparalleld! O Charles! O best of kings!
What stars their black disastrous influence shed
On thy nativity, that thou shouldst fall
Thus by inglorious hands, in this thy realm,
Supreme and innocent; adjudged to death
By those thy mercy only would have saved!
Yet was the Cider land unstain'd with guilt
The Cider land, obsequious still to thrones,
Abhor'd such base disloyal deeds, and all
Her pruning-hooks extended into swords,
Undaunted to assert the trampled rights
Of Monarchy; but ah! successless she,
However faithful: then was no regard
Of right or wrong; and this once happy land,
By home-bred fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyrannic sway, till fair revolving years
Our exiled Kings and Liberty restored,
Now we exult, by mighty Anna's care
Secure at home, while she to foreign realms
Sends forth her dreadful legions, and restrains
The rage of kings. Here nobly she supports
Justice oppress'd; here, her victorious arms
Quell the ambitious: from her hand alone
All Europe fears revenge or hopes redress,
Rejoice, O Albion! sever'd from the world

By Nature's wise indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without, in one supreme
Entirely bless'd, and from beginning time
Design'd thus happy : but the fond desire
Of rule and grandeur multiplied a race
Of kings, and numerous sceptres introduced,
Destructive of the public weal : for now
Each potentate, as wary fear, or strength,
Or emulation urged, his neighbour's bounds
Invades, and ampler territory seeks
With ruinous assault : on every plain
Host coped with host ; dire was the din of war
And ceaseless, or short truce haply procured
By havoc and dismay, till jealousy
Raised new combustion. Thus was peace in vain
Sought for by martial deeds and conflict stern,
Till Edgar grateful (as to those who pine
A dismal half-year-night the orient beam
Of Phœbus' lamp) arose, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending powers ;
Pacific monarch ! then her lovely head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffused
The spirit of love. At ease the bards new strung
Their silent harps, and taught the woods and vales
In uncouth rhythms to echo Edgar's name.
Then gladness smiled in every eye, the years
Ran smoothly on, productive of a line
Of wise heroic kings, that by just laws
Establish'd happiness at home, or crush'd
Insulting enemies in farthest climes.

See lion-hearted Richard, with his force
Drawn from the north to Jewry's hallow'd plains
Piously valiant (like a torrent, swell'd
With wintry tempests, that disdains all mounds,

Breaking a way impetuous, and involves
Within its sweep, trees, houses, men) he press'd
Amidst the thickest battle, and o'erthrew
Whate'er withstood his zealous rage: no pause,
No stay of slaughter found his vigorous arm,
But the' unbelieving squadrons turn'd to flight,
Smote in the rear, and with dishonest wounds
Mangled behind. The Soldan as he fled
Oft call'd on Alla, gnashing with despite
And shame, and murmur'd many an empty curse.

Behold Third Edward's streamers blazing high
On Gallia's hostile ground! his right withheld
Awakens vengeance. O imprudent Gauls,
Relying on false hopes, thus to incense
The warlike English! One important day
Shall teach you meaner thoughts. Eager of fight
Fierce Brutus' offspring to the adverse front
Advance resistless, and their deep array
With furious inroad pierce: the mighty force
Of Edward twice o'erturn'd their desperate king;
Twice he arose and join'd the horrid shock:
The third time with his wide-extended wings
He fugitive declined superior strength,
Discomfited: pursued in the sad chase,
Ten thousands ignominious fall; with blood
The valleys float. Great Edward, thus avenged,
With golden Iris his broad shield emboss'd.

Thrice glorious Prince! whom Fame with all her
tongues

For ever shall resound. Yet from his loins
New authors of dissension spring: from him
Two branches that in hosting long contend
For sovereign sway: (and can such anger dwell
In noblest minds?) But little now avail'd
The ties of friendship: every man, as led

By inclination or vain hope, repair'd
To either camp, and breathed immortal hate
And dire revenge. Now horrid slaughter reigns;
Sons against fathers tilt the fatal lance,
Careless of duty; and their native grounds
Distain with kindred blood: the twanging bows
Send showers of shafts, that on their barbed points
Alternate ruin bear. Here might you see
Barons and peasants on the' embattled field
Slain or half-dead, in one huge ghastly heap
Promiscuously amass'd. With dismal groans
And ejulation, in the pangs of death
Some call for aid neglected; some o'erturn'd
In the fierce shock lie gasping and expire,
Trampled by fiery coursers. Horror thus,
And wild uproar, and desolation reign'd,
Unrespected. Ah! who at length will end
This long pernicious fray? what man has Fate
Reserved for this great work?—Hail, happy Prince
Of Tudor's race, whom in the womb of Time
Cadwallador foresaw! thou, thou art he,
Great Richmond Henry! that by nuptial rites
Must close the gates of Janus, and remove
Destructive discord. Now no more the drum
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangor shrill
Affrights the wives or chills the virgin's blood;
But joy and pleasure open to the view
Uninterrupted! With presaging skill
Thou to thy own unitest Fergus' line
By wise alliance. From thee James descends,
Heaven's chosen favourite, first Britannic king:
To him alone hereditary right
Gave powersupreme: yet still some seeds remain'd
Of discontent; two nations under one,
In laws and interest diverse, still pursued

Peculiar ends, on each side resolute
To fly conjunction : neither fear, nor hope,
Nor the sweet prospect of a mutual gain,
Could aught avail, till prudent Anna said—
' Let there be Union ;' straight with reverence due
To her command they willingly unite,
One in affection, laws, and government,
Indissolubly firm ; from Dubris south
To northern Orcades her long domain.

And now, thus leagued by an eternal bond,
What shall retard the Britons' bold designs,
Or who sustain their force, in union knit,
Sufficient to withstand the powers combined
Of all this globe ? At this important act
The Mauritanian and Cathaian kings
Already tremble, and the' unbaptized Turk
Dreads war from utmost Thule. Uncontroll'd
The British navy through the ocean vast
Shall wave her double Cross, to' extremest climes
Terrific, and return with odorous spoils
Of Araby well-fraught, or Indus' wealth,
Pearl and barbaric gold : meanwhile the swains
Shall unmolested reap what Plenty strows
From well-stored horn, rich grain, and timely fruits.
The elder year Pomona, pleased, shall deck
With ruby-tinctured births, whose liquid store
Abundant flowing in well-blended streams
The natives shall applaud ; while glad they talk
Of baleful ills, caused by Bellona's wrath
In other realms. Where'er the British spread
Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd
Diffusive, to the utmost bounds of this
Wide universe, Silurian Cider borne
Shall please all tastes, and triumph o'er the vine.

ODE

AD HENRICUM ST. JOHN, ARMIG. 1706.

O QUI recisæ finibus Indicis
Benignus herbæ, das mihi divitem
Haurire succum, et sauveolentes
Sæpe tubis iterare fumos ;

Qui solus acri respicis asperum
Siti palatam, proluis et mero,
Dulcem elaborant cui saporem
Hesperii pretiumque, soles :

Ecquid reponam muneris omnium
Exors bonorum ? prome reconditum,
Pimplæa, carmen, desidésque
Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

Ferri secundo mens avet impetu,
Quà cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
Te, diva, vim præbente, vates
Explicuit venusinus alas :

Solers modorum, seu puerum trucem,
Cum matre flavâ, seu caneret rosas
Et vina, Cyrrhæis Hetruscum
Rite beans equitem sub antris.

At non Lyæi vis generosior
Affluxit illi; sæpe licet cadum
Jactet Falernum, sæpe Chiæ
Munera, lætitiâque testæ.

Patronus illi non fuit artium
Celebriorum; sed nec amantior
Nec charus æquè. O! quæ medullas
Flamma subit, tacitosque sensus!

Pertentat, ut téque et tua munera
Gratus recordor, mercurialium
Princeps virorum! et ipse Musæ
Cultor, et usque colende Musis!

Sed me minantem grandia deficit
Receptus ægré spiritus, ilia
Dum pulsat ima, ac inquietum
Tussis agens sine more pectus.

Altè petito quassat anhelitu;
Funesta planè, ni mihi balsamum
Distillet in venas, tuæque
Lenis opem ferat haustus uvæ.

Hanc sumo, parcis et tibi poculis
Libo salutem; quin precor, optima
Ut usque conjux sospitetur,
Perpetuo recreans amore.

Te consulentem militiæ super
Rebus togatum. Macte! tori decus,
Formosa cui Francisca cessit,
Crine placens, niveoque collo!

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
O! O! labellis cui Venus insidet!¹
Tu sorte felix: me Maria
Macerat (ah miserum!) videndo:

Maria, quæ me sidereo tuens
Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
Trajecit, atque excussit omnes
Protinus ex animo puellas.

Hanc, ulla mentis spe mihi mutæ
Utcunque desit, nocte, die vigil
Suspiro; nec jam vina somnos
Nec revocant, tua dona, fumi.

¹ There seems to be an error in all the printed copies.
The author probably wrote

Quam Gratiarum cura decentum
Ornat; labellis cui Venus insidet!

ODE

TO HENRY ST. JOHN, ESQ. 1706¹.

O THOU, from India's fruitful soil,
 That dost that sovereign herb² prepare,
 In whose rich fumes I lose the toil
 Of life and every anxious care,
 While from the fragrant lighted bowl
 I suck new life into my soul.

Thou, only thou! art kind to view
 The parching flames that I sustain,
 Which with cool draughts thy casks subdue,
 And wash away the thirsty pain
 With wines, whose strength and taste we prize,
 From Latian suns and nearer skies.

O! say, to bless thy pious love
 What vows, what offerings shall I bring?
 Since I can spare, and thou approve,
 No other gift, O hear me sing!
 In numbers Phœbus does inspire,
 Who strings for thee the charming lyre.

Aloft, above the liquid sky
 I stretch my wing, and fain would go
 Where Rome's sweet swan did whilom fly,
 And soaring left the clouds below;
 The Muse invoking to endue
 With strength his pinions as he flew.

¹ This piece was translated by the Rev. Thomas Newcomb,
 M. A. of Corpus Christi College, Oxon.

² Tobacco.

Whether he sings great Beauty's praise,
Love's gentle pain, or tender woes,
Or choose the subject of his lays,
The blushing grape, or blooming rose ;
Or near cool Cyrrha's rocky springs
Mæcenas listens while he sings :

Yet he, no nobler draught could boast
His Muse, or music to inspire,
Though all Falernum's purple coast
Flow'd in each glass, to lend him fire ;
And on his tables used to smile
The vintage of rich Chio's isle.

Mæcena's deign'd to hear his songs,
His Muse extoll'd, his voice approved ;
To thee a fairer fame belongs,
At once more pleasing, more beloved :
Oh ! teach my heart to bound its flame
As I record thy love and fame.

Teach me the passion to restrain,
As I my grateful homage bring ;
And, last in Phœbus' humble train,
The first and brightest genius sing ;
The Muses' favourite pleased to live,
Paying them back the fame they give.

But oh ! as greatly I aspire
To tell my love, to speak thy praise ;
Boasting no more its sprightly fire,
My bosom heaves, my voice decays ;
With pain I touch the mournful string,
And pant and languish as I sing.

Faint nature now demands that breath,
That feebly strives thy worth to sing;
And would be hush'd and lost in death,
Did not thy care kind succours bring.
Thy pitying casks my soul sustain,
And call new life in every vein.

The sober glass I now behold,
Thy health with fair Francisca's join,
Wishing her cheeks may long unfold
Such beauties, and be ever thine;
No chance the tender joy remove,
While she can please, and thou canst love.

Thus while by you the British arms
Triumphs and distant fame pursue,
The yielding fair resigns her charms,
And gives you leave to conquer too:
Her snowy neck, her breast, her eyes,
And all the nymph, becomes your prize.

What comely grace, what beauty smiles,
Upon her lips what sweetness dwells!
Not Love himself so oft beguiles,
Nor Venus' self so much excels;
What different fates our passions share,
While you enjoy and I despair!

Maria's³ form as I survey,
Her smiles a thousand wounds impart;
Each feature steals my soul away,
Each glance deprives me of my heart;
And, chasing thence each other fair,
Leaves her own image only there.

³ Miss Meers, daughter of the Principal of Brazen-Nose College, Oxon.

Although my anxious breast despair,
 And, sighing, hopes no kind return ;
 Yet for the loved relentless fair
 By night I wake, by day I burn ;
 Nor can thy gifts, soft sleep, supply,
 Or sooth my pains or close my eye.

CEREAIA¹.

AN IMITATION OF MILTON, 1706.

*Per ambages, Deorumque ministeria
 Præcipitandus est liber spiritus.*—PETRONIUS.

OF English tippie, and the potent grain,
 Which in the conclave of celestial powers
 Bred fell debate, sing, Nymph of heavenly stem !
 Who on the hoary top of Penmanmaur
 Merlin the seer didst visit, while he sate
 With astrolabe prophetic, to foresee
 Young actions issuing from the Fates' divan.
 Full of thy power, infused by nappy Ale,
 Darkling he watch'd the planetary orbs
 In their obscure sojourn o'er heaven's high cope,
 Nor ceased till the grey dawn with orient dew
 Impearl'd his large mustaches, deep ensconced
 Beneath his overshadowing orb of hat,

¹ This poem was taken from a folio copy printed in 1706, and communicated from the Lambeth Library by Dr. Ducarel, in which the name of Philips was inserted in the hand-writing of Archbishop Tennison. It was published by T. Bennet, the bookseller for whom Blenheim was printed ; a strong presumptive proof of this being by the same author.

And ample fence of elephantine nose ;
Scornful of keenest polar winds, or sleet,
Or hail, sent rattling down from wintry Jove,
(Vain efforts on his sevenfold mantle made
Of Caledonian rug, immortal woof!)
Such energy of soul to raise the song,
Deign, Goddess ! now to me ; nor then withdraw
Thy sure presiding power, but guide my wing,
Which nobly meditates no vulgar flight.

Now from the' ensanguin'd Ister's reeking flood,
Tardy with many a corse of Boian knight
And Gallic deep ingulf'd, with barbed steeds
Promiscuous, Fame to high Olympus flew,
Shearing the' expanse of heaven with active plume ;
Nor swifter from Plinlimmon's steepy top
The staunch gerfalcon through the buxom air
Stoops on the steerage of his wings, to truss
The quarry, hern, or mallard, newly sprung
From creek, whence bright Sabrina bubbling forth,
Runs fast a Naïs through the flowery meads,
To spread round Uriconium's towers her streams.
Her golden trump the goddess sounded thrice,
Whose shrilling clang reach'd heaven's extremest
sphere.

Roused at the blast, the gods with winged speed
To learn the tidings came : on radiant thrones
With fair memorials and impresses quaint
Emblazon'd o'er they sat, devised of old
By Muleiber, nor small his skill I ween.
There she relates what Churchill's arm had wrought
On Blenheim's bloody plain. Up Bacchus rose,
By his plump cheek and barrel-belly known :
The pliant tendrils of a juicy vine
Around his rosy brow in ringlets curl'd ;

And in his hand a bunch of grapes he held,
The ensigns of the god. With ardent tone [flow,
He moved, that straight the nectar'd bowl should
Devote to Churchill's health, and o'er all heaven
Uncommon orgies should be kept till eve,
Till all were sated with immortal must,
Delicious tipples ! that in heavenly veins
Assimilated, vigorous ichor bred ;
Superior to Frontinias, or Bourdeaux,
Or old Falern, Campania's best increase ;
Or the more dulcet juice the happy isles
From Palma or Forteventura send.

Joy flush'd on every face, and pleasing glee
Inward assent discover'd, till uprose
Ceres, not blithe ; for marks of latent woe
Dim on her visage lower'd : such her deport
When Arethusa from her reedy bed
Told her how Dis young Proserpine had raped,
To sway his iron sceptre, and command
In gloom tartareous half his wide domain :
Then, sighing, thus she said—' Have I so long
Employ'd my various art to' enrich the lap
Of Earth, all-bearing mother, and my lore
Communicated to the' unweeeting hind,
And shall not this preeminence obtain ?
Then from beneath her Tyrian vest she took
The bearded ears of grain she most admired,
Which gods call Cithre, in terrestrial speech
Ycleped Barley. ' 'Tis to this, (she cried)
The British cohorts owe their martial fame
And far-redoubted prowess, matchless youth !
This, when returning from the foughten field,
Or Noric, or Iberian, seam'd with scars,
(Sad signatures of many a dreadful gash !)

The veteran, carousing, soon restores
Puissance to his arm, and strings his nerves.
And as a snake, when first the rosy hours
Shed vernal sweets o'er every vale and mead,
Rolls tardy from his cell obscure and dank;
But when by genial rays of summer sun
Purged of his slough, he nimbler thrids the brake,
Whetting his sting, his crested head he rears
Terrific, from each eye retort he shoots
Ensanguined rays, the distant swains admire
His various neck and spires bedropp'd with gold;
So at each glass the harass'd warrior feels
Vigour renate; his horrent arms he takes
And rusting falchion, on whose ample hilt
Long Victory sat dormant: soon she shakes
Her drowsy wings, and follows to the war,
With speed succinct; where soon his martial port
She recognises, whilst he haughty stands
On the rough edge of battle, and bestows
Wide torment on the serried files, so used
Frequent in bold emprise, to work sad rout
And havoc dire; these the bold Briton mows,
Dauntless as deities exempt from fate,
Ardent to deck his brow with mural gold,
Or civic wreath of oak, the victor's meed.
Such is the power of Ale, with vines embower'd,
While dangling bunches court his thirsting lip;
Sullen he sits, and sighing oft extols
The beverage they quaff, whose happy soil
Prolific Dovus laves, or Trenta's urn
Adorns with waving crithe (joyous scenes
Of vegetable gold!) Secure they dwell,
Nor feel the' eternal snows that clothe their cliffs;
Nor curse the' inclement air, whose horrid face

Scowls like that Arctic heaven, that drizzling sheds
Perpetual winter on the frozen skirts
Of Scandinavia and the Baltic main,
Where the young tempests first are taught to roar.
Snug in their straw-built huts or darkling earth'd
In cavern'd rock they live (small need of art
To form spruce architrave or cornice quaint
On Parian marble, with Corinthian grace
Prepared)—There on well-fuel'd hearth they chat,
Whilst black pots walk the round with laughing Ale
Surcharged, or brew'd in planetary hour,
When March weigh'd night and day in equal scale;
Or in October tunned, and mellow grown
With seven revolving suns, the racy juice,
Strong with delicious flavour, strikes the sense;
Nor wants on vast circumference of board,
Of Arthur's imitative, large sirloin
Of ox, or virgin-heifer, wont to browse
The meads of Longovicum (fattening soil
Replete with clover grass and foodful shrub :)
Planted with sprigs of rosemary it stands,
Meet paragon (as far as great with small
May correspond) from some Panchæan hill,
Imbrown'd with sultry skies, thin set with palm
And olive rarely interspersed, whose shade
Screens hospitably from the Tropic Crab
The quiver'd Arab's vagrant clan that waits
Insidious some rich caravan, which fares
To Mecca, with Barbaric gold full fraught.

‘ Thus Britain's hardy sons, of rustic mould,
Patient of arms, still quash the' aspiring Gaul,
Bless'd by my boon; which when they slightly
prize,
Should they, with high defence of triple brass

Wide-circling, live immured, (as erst was tried
By Bacon's charms, on which the sickening moon
Look'd wan, and cheerless mew'd her crescent
horns,

Whilst Demogorgon heard his stern behest)
Thrice the prevailing power of Gallia's arms
Should there resistless ravage, as of old
Great Pharamond, the founder of her fame,
Was wont when first his marshall'd peerage pass'd
The subject Rhine. What though Britannia boasts
Herself a world, with ocean circumfused?
'Tis Ale that warms her sons to' assert her claim,
And with full volley makes her naval tubes
Thunder disastrous doom to' opponent powers.

' Nor potent only to enkindle Mars,
And fire with knightly prowess recreant souls;
It science can encourage, and excite
The mind to ditties blithe and charming song.
Thou Pallas! to my speech just witness bear;
How oft hast thou thy votaries beheld
At Crambo merry met, and hymning shrill
With voice harmonic each, whilst others frisk
In mazy dance, or Cestrian gambols show,
Elate with mighty joy, when to the brim
Chritheian nectar crown'd the lordly bowl,
(Equal to Nestor's ponderous cup, which ask'd
A hero's arm to mount it on the board,
Ere he the' embattled Pylians led, to quell
The pride of Dardan youth in hosting dire.)
Or if, with front unblest'd, came towering in
Proctor armipotent, in stern deport
Resembling turban'd Turk, when high he wields
His scimitar with huge two-handed sway,
Alarm'd with threatening accent, harsher far

Than that ill-omen'd sound, the bird of night,
With beak uncomely bent, from dodder'd oak
Screams out, the sick man's trump of doleful doom ;
Thy jocund sons confront the horrid van
That crowds his gonfalon of seven-foot size,
And with their rubied faces stand the foe ;
Whilst they of sober guise contrive retreat,
And run with ears erect ; as the tall stag
Unharbour'd by the woodman quits his lair,
And flies the yearning pack which close pursue ;
So they, not bowsy, dread the' approaching foe ;
They run, they fly, till flying on obscure,
Night-founder'd in town-ditches, stagnant gurge,
Soph rowls on soph promiscuous—Caps aloof
Quadrated and circular confusedly fly,
The sport of fierce Norwegian tempests, toss'd
By Thracia's coadjutant, and the roar
Of loud Euroclydon's tumultuous gusts.'

She said:—the sire of gods and men supreme,
With aspect bland, attentive audience gave,
Then nodded awful ; from his shaken locks
Ambrosial fragrance flew : the signal given
By Ganymede, the skinker soon was ken'd ;
With Ale he heaven's capacious goblet crown'd,
To Phrygian mood Apollo tuned his lyre,
The Muses sang alternate, all caroused,
But Bacchus murmuring left the' assembled
powers.

THE

FALL OF CHLOE'S JORDAN¹.

OF wasteful havoc and destructive fate
 I sing the tragic scene, a mournful tale!
 Yet call no slaughtering hero to my aid,
 To strew my bloodless verse with mangled foes,
 A torrent spilt, but not of human gore,
 Ruin deform'd, but not of man erect.

O heaven-born Muse! (for Muse I must invoke
 Or mistress fair, for fashion or for need)
 Deign to describe the memorable Fall
 Of Chloe's Jordan; so by mortals named
 The vessel was, howe'er uncouth the sound,
 But veil'd by modest maids in gentler terms:
 Like Rome, the mistress of the world, it fell,
 From its own greatness only not secure.

Say first, what colours stain'd its vaulted sides,
 Lest harmless bards mistake the' important truth,
 And speak as fancy leads or rhyme directs;
 And he that terms it white as silver swans
 And spotless innocence, and new-fall'n snow,
 That spreads its plumes on Atlas' bleaky head,
 Shall suffer blemish in the wrong compare.
 Another humorous sports and jeers its hue
 Earthly and coarse, of substance indigest.
 How oft are men by devious error led
 To wander various, wide alike from truth!

¹ This poem was printed as Mr. Philips's in The Poetical Calendar, vol. iv.

A sickly pale languish'd on the' inner round,
Such as betrays the want of love-sick maids ;
Foe to the rosy cheek and coral lip,
But flies the lusty touch of warmer man,
And beauty reassumes its native seat,
Smooth were its sides, but from the bottom rose
A manly head emboss'd, for hero meant
No question, famed for arms and antique stem :
Such honours the well-meaning vulgar pay
To fame of gallant men, and waste their skill
On high-hung signs, and earth of homely hue.
What blushes did the virile image cost
The harmless maid! fearful lest so employ'd
The amorous stone should soften into life,
As erst Pygmalion's marble mistress changed
Her Parian substance, by less motive sway'd.

Without, the cerulous dye bestrew'd the urn,
And on the swelling surface, Flora's pride,
The lily and the gaudy tulip smiled,
Fed with the briny nectar it contain'd,
One handle held the vessel, arch'd and smooth,
But for its weighty office far unfit :
Here weakness lurk'd in comely form disguised,
Hence the sad source and root of all our woe :
Imprudent man too often trusts his fate
To one smooth friend, who shrinks when nearly
tried.

The unsuspecting fair-one never fail'd
At morn and eve to dew its spacious womb ;
At morn her first, at eve her latest act.
How often has it flow'd with maiden streams
Famed for rare virtues, and but seldom found ?
'Twas with this magic stream Diana spread
The branchy horns on bold Acteon's brow ;

The well e'er since a secret power retains
On human foreheads antlers to convey.
'Twas now the heavy period fix'd by Fate
Hasten'd apace, with evil mischief fraught.
'Tis true no comet stream'd terrific blaze,
Nor thunder-crack sinistrous roar'd aloud ;
Not but a crazy sound gave certain proof
Of hidden crack, foreboding wider wounds,
Yet 'scaped suspicion. Foresight ever fails
When unavowed ruin is decreed.
The feeble Sun, array'd with lifeless flames,
Inn'd at the bearded Goat, and drove his car
Extinguish'd heavy half the tour of heaven,
And winter, keen of breath, blew shivering cold
Around the globe and hid the voluble streams :
Some to the chimney's warm protection fly,
And fright the sooty earth with sooty tale
Of sprite nocturnal or adventurous knight ;
Some bid defiance to the' inclement air,
Fired with the juicy flame of old Falern.
Amidst a jovial crew fair Chloe quaff'd
With loud carouse, till sated nature craved
Timely relax, distent with liquid pain.
Alone she lifts the Jordan to her aid,
And straight a hideous din 'gan roar aloud ;
Wave dash'd on wave, deluge on deluge roll'd,
And curl'd the circling eddy to the brim.
Whole cataracts at once discharged fell down
With violent gush, and drove the deep cascade,
Till weary of its load the labouring urn
Flew from its hold : a horrid burst ensues,
And mangled limbs bestrew the bruised floor :
Not louder roars the three-edged bolt of heaven
When form'd by Vulcan, or when thrown by Jove.

Forth from the hideous shreds a tepid sea
Rolls angry foam, and smokes along the plain :
Part of the stream with slow and silent pace
Sunk unobserved, in narrow crannies lost ;
Part murmurs crowding at the portal wide
Which opes the mazy way that winding leads
To the' ancient race of earth : protected mice,
The race exiguous, uninured to wet,
Their mansions quit, and other countries seek.

Thus fell the Jordan, that had long withstood,
Firm and resolved, the shock of mighty waves,
Which lost their strength and dash'd her shores
in vain ;

Till, at the' approach of one impetuous tide,
Fate took the' occasion and confirm'd its doom.

So the famed Edystone near Plymouth Fort
(Sure mark to wandering ships and lost at night)
Contemn'd the billows tumbling round its sides
And mock'd their sports, till on a fatal night
The wind blew loud, the' enraged ocean roar'd,
And plunged the Pharos in the vast abyss.

BACCHANALIAN SONG¹.

COME, fill me a glass, fill it high ;
 A bumper a bumper I'll have :
 He's a fool that will flinch ; I'll not bate an inch,
 Though I drink myself into my grave.

Here's a health to all those jolly souls
 Who, like me, will never give o'er ;
 Whom no danger controls, but will take off their
 bowls,
 And merrily stickle for more.

Drown Reason, and all such weak foes,
 I scorn to obey her command ;
 Could she ever suppose, I'd be led by the nose,
 And let my glass idly stand ?

Reputation's a bugbear to fools,
 A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
 Made use of by tools, who'd set us new rules,
 And bring us to politic thinking.

Fill them all, I'll have six in a hand,
 For I've trifled an age away ;
 'Tis in vain to command ; the fleeting sand
 Rolls on, and cannot stay.

¹ This Song is printed in the fourth volume of Nichols's Select Collection ; and, in a subjoined note, is supposed to have been written by Mr. Philips.

Come, my Lads ! move the glass ; drink about ;
We'll drink the universe dry ;
We'll set foot to foot, and drink it all out ;
If once we grow sober, we die.

END OF VOL. XXI.



E. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.

